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Number IV

THE MILLIONAIRE YIELD OF PHILADELPHIA

BY ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

IF you have followed the geography of this series of articles, you will have seen that many highways lead to the glittering crucible of American millions. You have beheld the citadels of steel that bulwark Pittsburgh's fortune; the rock-ribbed ramparts that gave up Denver's treasure; the masts and mills that provide the prosperity of Cleveland; the ranches and mines that yield the rich ransom of San Francisco. Yet with all this varied background you are far from having exhausted the sources of American wealth.

For now we come to Philadelphia, the cradle of our independence, and for many years the metropolis of the new republic. In this Quaker City of homes and churches—set so fair between two shining streams—you find a sharp contrast to all that has gone before. It is like coming into a different world of men and of money. The clash and tumult of camp and trail seem very remote; you get no

sense of vast and sun-swept space. Instead, we have serenity, a brooding commercial peace, rich and venerable tradition. Philadelphia's wealth, like her history, is old.

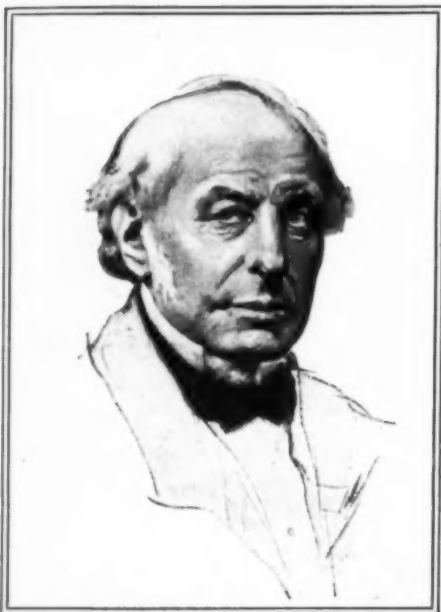
Here, where Franklin wrought and Washington rode in state, is the very corner-stone of our industry and thrift. Here the lesson of wise counsel and judicious choice was first spread upon the minutes of

our finance. Here sound American investment came into being. Here was reared the first great fortune of the new nation. Do you wonder, then, that the typical Philadelphia millionaire has a dignity and a distinction all his own?

I need not tell of the beginnings of Philadelphia. They are so interwoven into the narrative of the nation that the annals of William Penn's settlement are practically the early chapters of our colonial history. What specially concerns us here is the peculiar individuality of that long and sedate line of rich men who builded their for-



ROBERT MORRIS, THE FINANCIER OF THE REVOLUTION, FOUNDER OF THE BANK OF NORTH AMERICA, FIRST OF OUR NATIONAL BANKING INSTITUTIONS



MATTHIAS BALDWIN, A PIONEER LOCOMOTIVE-BUILDER, WHO ESTABLISHED ONE OF PHILADELPHIA'S LEADING INDUSTRIES

tunes within ear-shot of momentous events or close to the shadow of institutions linked with the destiny of America.

A city that can claim for her own a span of wealth reaching from Robert Morris, the patriot financier of the Revolution, to Jay Cooke, who found the millions that fought the Civil War; that saw the rise of Stephen Girard and sheltered the early struggles of Matthias Baldwin—such a city indeed possesses a prestige that brooks no dispute.

All trades and crafts mingle in this Quaker procession of wealth. The merchant prince, John Wanamaker, touches shoulder with the traction king, P. A. B. Widener; a humble baker, Louis J. Kolb, shares the financial rank of John G. Johnson, who made his in law; and so on. Nor is that inevitable quality of self-made success lacking; for E. T. Stotesbury, financial arbiter of the city, began life as a messenger-boy in the great house that he now dominates.

A REAL TRADITION OF WEALTH

Measured by the standards and traditions of wealth in other cities, and especially in New York, the Philadelphia millionaire stands absolutely apart. He lacks, of course, the frank, free impetuosity of the

Westerner; nor is his life bound up in the tape of the ticker. He seems to stand as the incarnation of solid, constructive means.

In other cities visited during the course of this series, I have had the feeling that the local wealth, in most instances, was comparatively new. In Philadelphia you receive the opposite impression—that the city's riches have a time-tried prestige and solidity.

Long before the seeds of the Astor planting had begun to yield their golden harvest in the friendly soil of New York, men in Philadelphia had amassed millions. Girard antedated the most militant of the Vanderbilts. It was Anthony J. Drexel who took J. Pierpont Morgan into partnership. The founders of the Pennsylvania Railroad had put their dreams into tracks and rails long before Gould, Villard, or Hill became a power.

Behind this stately tradition of Philadelphia wealth is a very significant lesson. You obtain its full meaning when you compare it with the huge New York accumulations. Summed up, it is this:

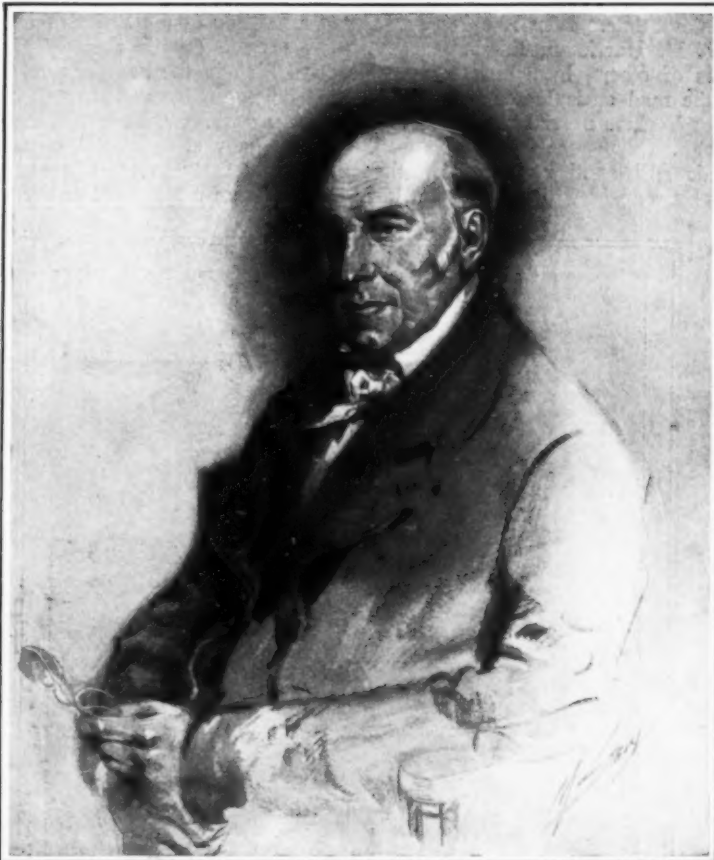


NICHOLAS BIDDLE, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES BANK, AND ONE OF THE GREAT FINANCIERS OF HIS TIME

Most Philadelphia fortunes, notably the older ones, were started in industry and enhanced by thrift. From the hand-loom and the hand-press, out of cargo and warehouse rich with the odors of the Orient, came the foundations of Quaker City opulence. Substantial business always lay be-

To build slowly, surely, and permanently has invariably been the Philadelphia rule. Her rich men have known what it is to have enough.

In New York, on the other hand, the characteristic of great fortune is swiftness of development, and, too often, a kindred



STEPHEN GIRARD, WHO WAS PROBABLY THE FIRST AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE,
AND WHO FOUNDED GIRARD COLLEGE

Drawn by M. Stein from the portrait by Otis

neath, and thus came that manufacturing supremacy which has continued ever since.

It was this kind of atmosphere that created the trust company as a real trustee, and not as a speculative fool. It was the handling of money made in this way that gave our banks their basis of integrity, and their tradition of real service to the people.

haste in its dissipation. Why? Simply because the mainspring has been speculation in one form or another. The Stock Exchange in Philadelphia is an incident; in New York it is the crowded temple of frenzied worship.

One very good reason why wealth has lasted in Philadelphia is the fact that it is

a city of homes. Success there means a chance to rest, a sanctuary from pressing cares. There is little congestion; none of the mad fervor of the metropolitan pace.

By the very nature and position of the city, New York can make no such appeal. It is the fierce melting-pot into which all humanities pour. Extravagance beckons on every hand; the very right to live becomes a struggle. The Wall Street millionaire is insatiate. Men like Henry H. Rogers, E. H. Harriman, Edwin Hawley, and scores of others, burn out their very lives in the mad struggle for power. In short, New Yorkers never know when they have enough.

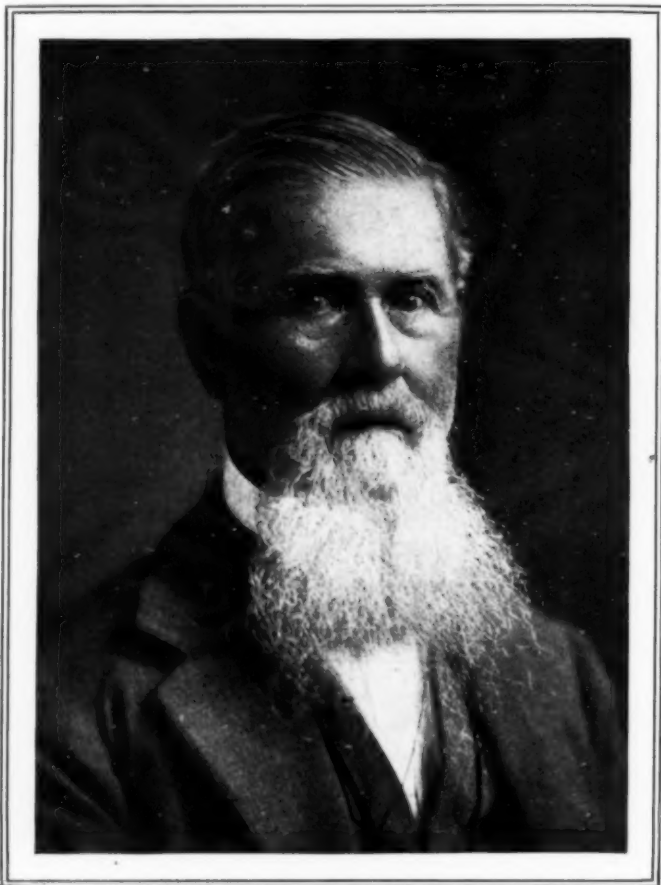
There is still another very interesting difference between the Philadelphia and the

New York millionaire. It is best illustrated, perhaps, by a concrete example. One afternoon I was talking with Mr. Alba Johnson, head of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, an institution which employs nearly twenty thousand men, and the smoke of whose engines has left a trail around the world. Suddenly he pulled out his watch and said:

"You must pardon me. I've got to go to a meeting of the Philosophical Society."

He went, despite the fact that the sun stood high in the heavens, and the roar of his mighty plant still smote the ear.

Fancy a New York millionaire, president of a vast industrial concern, leaving his office early in the afternoon to attend a meeting of a historical or literary society!



JAY COOKE, FAMOUS FOR HIS WORK IN FINANCING THE CIVIL WAR—IT WAS THE FAILURE OF HIS FIRM THAT PRECIPITATED THE PANIC OF 1873

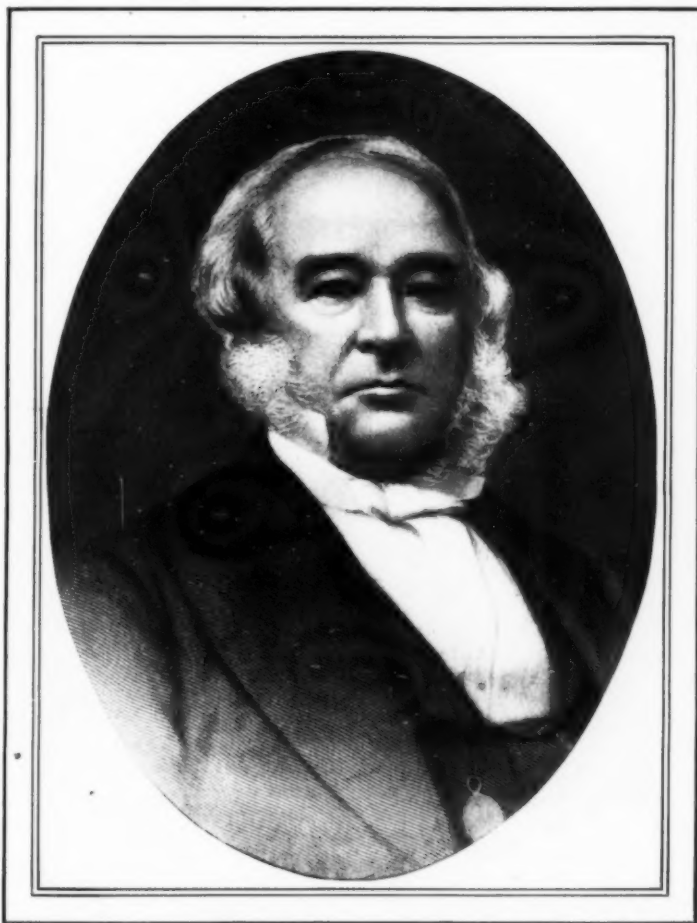
From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia

The Philadelphia millionaire finds time to play and to do good, and it does not interfere with his business. For one thing, he is on the job early in the day. The first time I met E. T. Stotesbury he had been to four meetings and had held a long con-

given up time that might have amassed fortunes in order to serve the community.

THE PIONEER IN FINANCE

Within the necessary limitations of a magazine article it is possible only to take



JOHN EDGAR THOMSON, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD,
AND AN EXECUTIVE OF COMMANDING GENIUS AND PERSONALITY

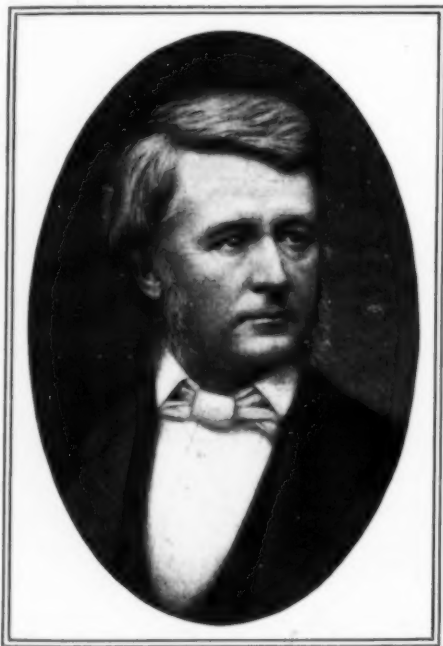
From an engraving by Sartain

ference, and it was not yet noon. His first board session was at nine o'clock.

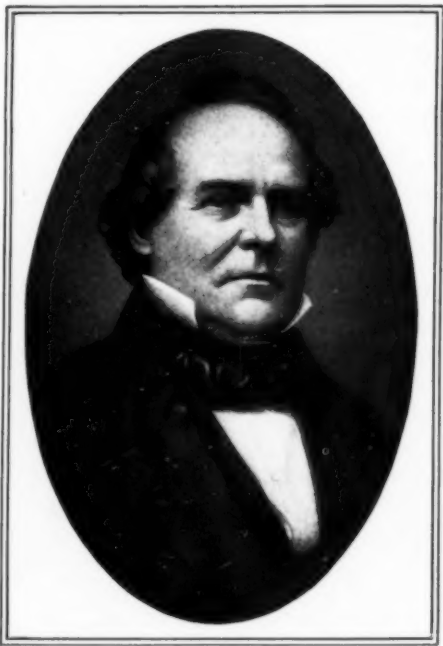
The late John H. Converse was a type of the Philadelphia millionaire who combined high civic ideals with successful money-making. At a time when the city had fallen into the grip of vice, he headed the militant movement which restored decency. So with a score of men who have

up a type here and a group there in an explanation of Philadelphia's golden legend. In seeking to embark on the story you face an embarrassment of riches, human and otherwise.

Yet the narrative would be incomplete if it did not have in its very van the figure of Robert Morris, pioneer of our banking system, signer of the Declaration of Inde-



COLONEL THOMAS A. SCOTT, SECOND PRESIDENT
OF THE PENNSYLVANIA, FAMOUS FOR HIS
WORK IN MOVING THE UNION TROOPS
DURING THE CIVIL WAR



ENOCH W. CLARK, ONE OF THE GREATEST OF
THE EARLY PHILADELPHIA BANKERS,
IN WHOSE OFFICE JAY COOKE
GOT HIS TRAINING

pendence, sharer in the framing of the Constitution, and, in the end, plaything of destiny. He gave to American finance a tradition of high service and unselfish devotion.

Morris was born in England, was sent to Philadelphia to make his fortune, and was apprenticed to a commercial firm. In time he rose to be partner. He sat in the Continental Congress, and helped to provide it with the sinews of war. He financed General Greene's operations in the South, and secured the funds which enabled Washington to capture Yorktown and end the conflict.

Later, Morris founded the Bank of North America, first of our national banking institutions. Though he had rendered invaluable service to the patriotic cause, he was the victim of persistent attack and bitter opposition. His charter was annulled, so he went into politics and had it restored. When the first Federal administration took shape, the Secretaryship of the Treasury was tendered him. He refused, but recommended Alexander Hamilton, and thus the nation got the rich benefits of that con-

structive mind which was to be extinguished under such tragic circumstances.

Subsequently Morris became involved in extensive mercantile operations—especially in the Chinese trade—in partnership with Gouverneur Morris. The enterprise finally collapsed, and he landed in a debtors' jail, where he languished for several years. A merciful fate, more kindly than his creditors, enabled him to die within the walls of his own home.

STEPHEN GIRARD, MERCHANT AND MARINER

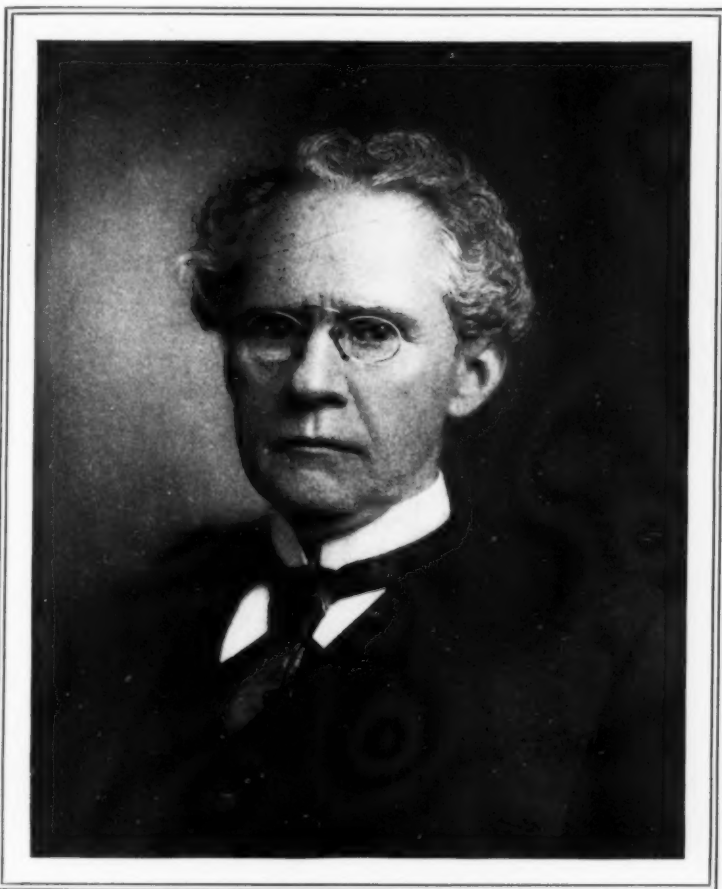
Out of the chaos of those Revolutionary days stepped the most picturesque and distinctive of all the Philadelphia masters of wealth. Rising from cabin-boy to be the richest American of his time, Stephen Girard not only dominated his own era, but left an impress upon history. He had the Astor shrewdness, the Russell Sage grip of money, the big and comprehending vision of Harriman.

Girard was born at Bordeaux, in France, in 1750. Early in life he suffered an injury to his right eye. As a boy it caused him great annoyance and some persecution,

and it helped to give him a sinister look. At twelve he shipped on a boat bound for the West Indies, and for ten years the sea was practically his home. He came to be mate. While in command of a ship he put in at Philadelphia, became engaged in a

President Jackson, he set up his own bank, which was a bulwark of credit in an embarrassed community. By this step he became the leading banker of the country.

But Stephen Girard, "merchant and mariner," as he chose to call himself, is not



THOMAS DOLAN, WHO BEGAN LIFE AS A TOLL-GATE KEEPER AND BECAME ONE OF THE LEADING CAPITALISTS OF PHILADELPHIA

From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia

business venture there, and henceforth was bound up with the destiny of the city.

It is not necessary to rehearse here those steps by which Girard advanced to be the Rothschild of his day in America. He was successively bottler of wine, merchant, ship-factor, banker, and all-round financial genius. He built fleets, established chains of warehouses, and created whole residence districts. When the Bank of the United States tottered under the onslaughts of

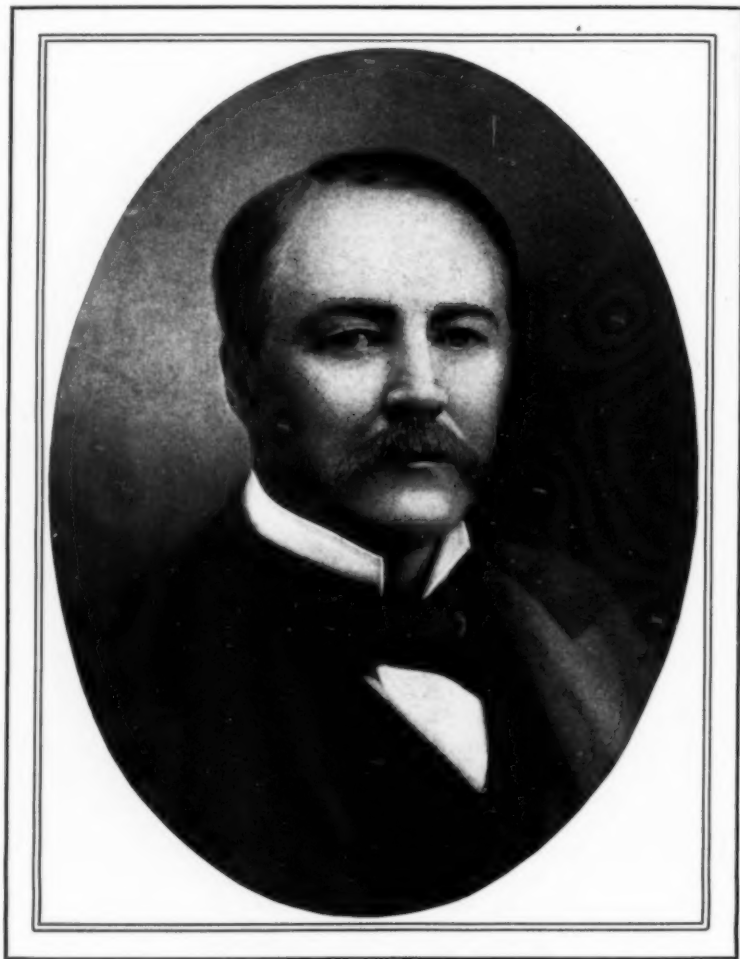
so fascinating to the human-interest historian as Stephen Girard the eccentric miser and philanthropist, whose peculiarities of temperament marked him as a man apart. He was austere, morose, and childless; his wife died in a madhouse; he lived alone in a little back room in a house adjoining the wharves, and redolent with the odors from his many cargoes. Though he had millions, he haggled over pennies. He boasted that an overcoat would last him fifteen years,

No one ever saw him in new clothes, and he scorned the use of a carriage.

Though he fumed over pennies, Girard knew how to be generous in a big way. A bitter atheist, he bestowed much money upon churches. He justified his gifts by

recipient of his bounty acquiesced gracefully, the banker would sometimes double his contribution.

He drove merciless bargains, and he worked in curious ways to bring about the results he wanted. People with whom he



A. J. CASSATT, WHO, AS PRESIDENT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD, PLANNED THE GREAT NEW YORK TERMINAL—HE WAS LARGELY INSTRUMENTAL IN INTRODUCING THE AIR-BRAKE

From a photograph by Gutchnust, Philadelphia

saying that he believed churches improved the appearance and value of the city.

His manner of benevolence was typical. If a minister questioned or expressed surprise over the gift he received, Girard, would by some pretext get the check back, and tear it up. If, on the other hand, the

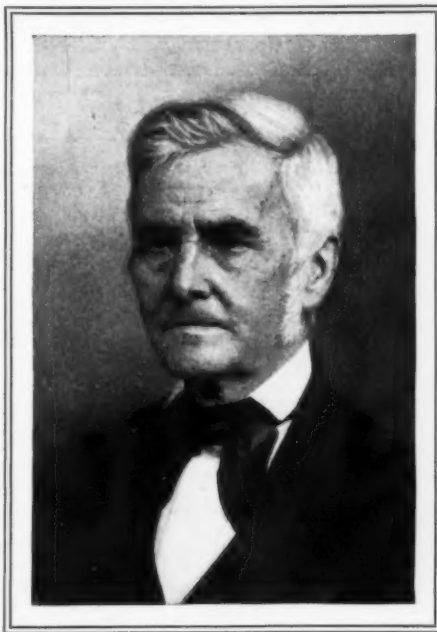
did business were asked to meet him at his house at midnight; he would keep them up for two or three hours, and then ask them to come back to breakfast with him at six o'clock.

He died in 1832. His will, which created a nation-wide sensation, was almost as



GEORGE W. CHILDS, FOR THIRTY YEARS OWNER OF THE PUBLIC LEDGER, FAMOUS BOTH AS A PUBLISHER AND AS A PHILANTHROPIST

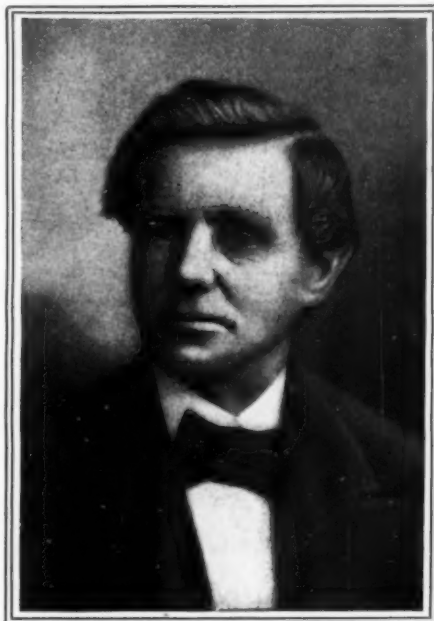
From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia



I. V. WILLIAMSON, A MILLIONAIRE PHILADELPHIA MERCHANT AND PHILANTHROPIST, WHO FOUNDED THE WILLIAMSON TRADE SCHOOL

From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia

remarkable in its way as was that of Cecil Rhodes. This crabbed, miserly old man, who had shown so dour a face to his neighbors, was revealed as a philanthropist of breadth, discrimination, and generosity. He scattered his fortune of ten million dollars, the largest of his day, like a sage and seer. He fed the hungry, clothed the needy, and helped to lighten the burden of taxation. Most famous of all his bequests was his endowment of Girard College for the education of orphan boys. Here he made the stipulation that no religious services



HENRY DISSTON, WHO GAVE PHILADELPHIA AN INDUSTRY WHICH HAS A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION

should be held, and that no minister's shadow should ever darken the gateway of the institution.

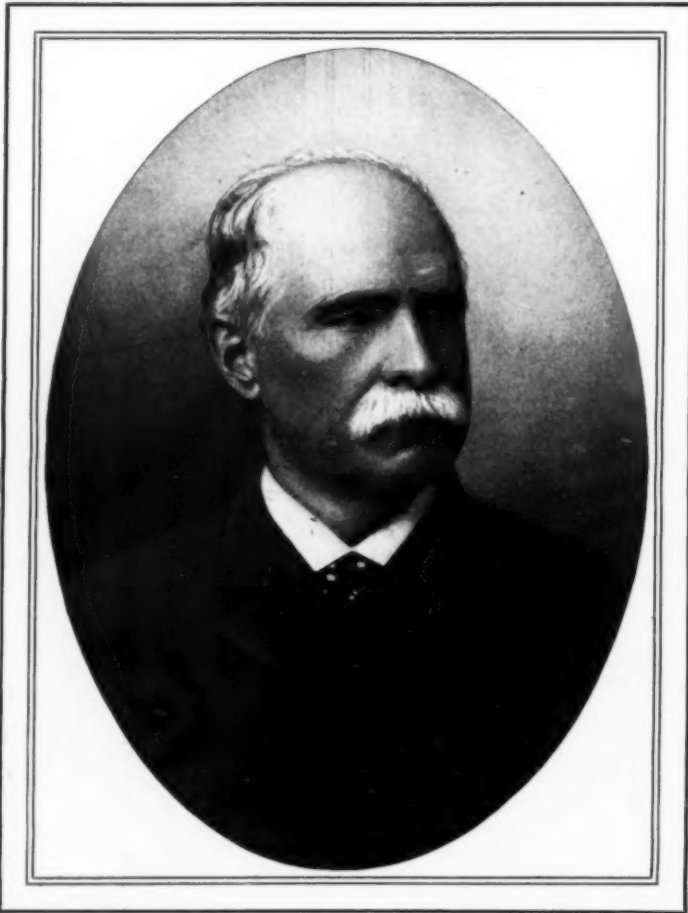
Sometime contemporary of this grim money machine was Nicholas Biddle, who, after a career as statesman, diplomat, and author stood at the helm of the United States Bank during most of the years when Andrew Jackson made it the object of a bitter partizan attack. Jackson prevailed, and finally the institution closed its doors amid wild financial confusion.

Biddle, who was called the handsomest man of his time, helped to es-

tablish Girard College under the terms of the founder's remarkable will. Since his day the Biddles have figured more or less prominently in Philadelphia affairs, but of

things. Yet the very fact that the Baldwin Locomotive Works remains where its pioneer started it is typically Philadelphian.

That many-acred spot, alive with throb-



ANTHONY J. DREXEL, FOR YEARS THE LEADING PHILADELPHIA BANKER—IN 1871 MR. DREXEL TOOK J. PIERPONT MORGAN INTO PARTNERSHIP, THEREBY SETTING HIM IN THE PATH OF FINANCIAL SUPREMACY

From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia

late years their activities have been principally social.

THE GREAT LOCOMOTIVE-BUILDER

When you walk along Broad Street, in Philadelphia, you suddenly find, just north of the towering City Hall, a great, grimy, smoke-bannered plant spread over seventeen acres. Perhaps in no other big American city will you see a huge industrial establishment situated in the very heart of

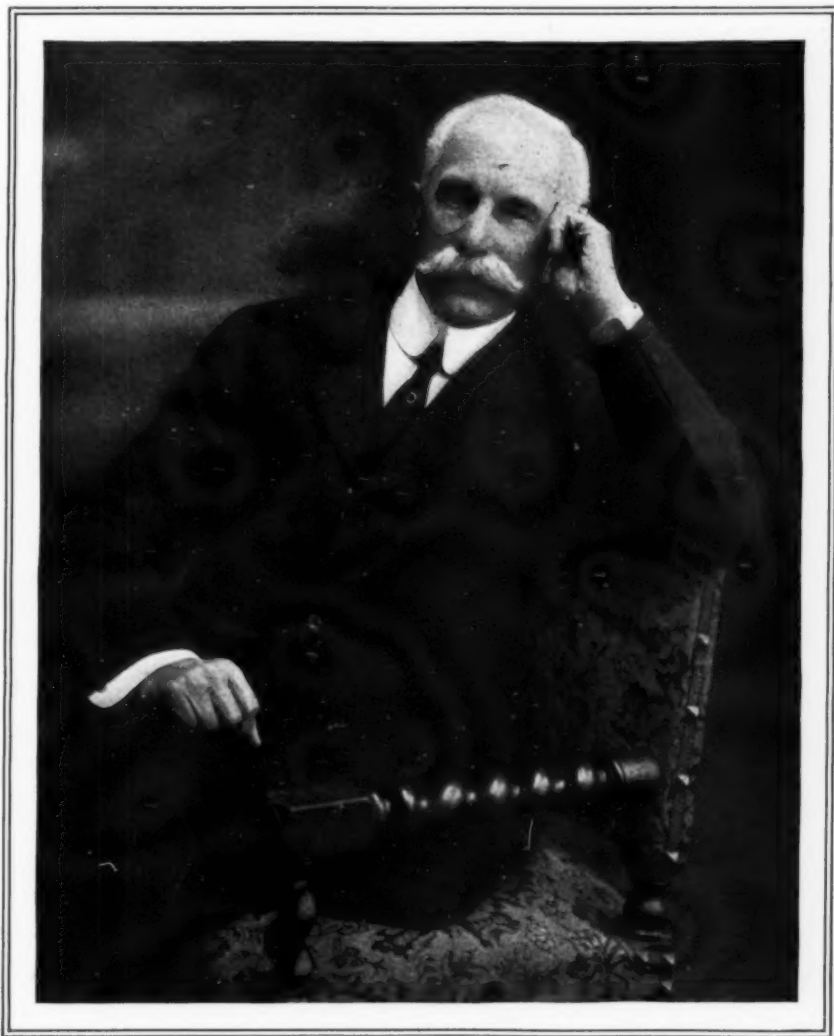
bing industry, is rich with tradition, for there Matthias Baldwin, when the last century was young, established the outposts of the business which has carried his name around the globe. Here has been created an industrial community almost without parallel. It antedated the Carnegie group, for Baldwin, like the Scottish steelmaster, had the faculty of bringing good men around him. The concern has been a clearing-house for mechanical genius.

Baldwin was born in New Jersey, and at sixteen he was apprenticed to a jeweler in Philadelphia. Frugal, thrifty, and industrious, he was soon able to go into business for himself. Always inventive, he early patented a process for gold-plating that is still in use. He was a God-fearing man, and it is related of him that one night, when he sat down to think over his future life, he came to the conclusion that he would change trades.

"I made up my mind," he said, "that when I came to the last judgment, I could not bear to say that I had spent my time making gewgaws."

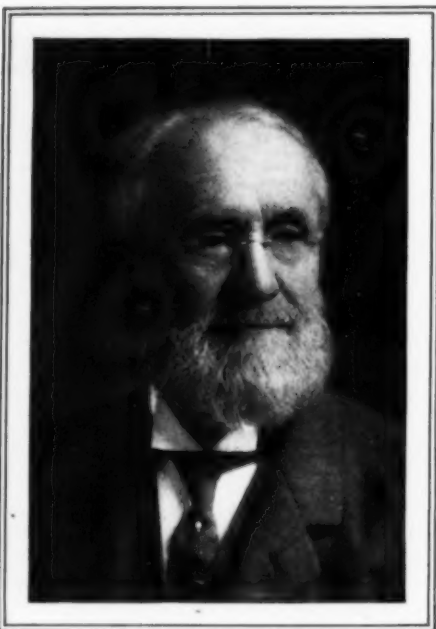
He started the manufacture of bookbinders' tools and of rolls for calico-printers. In this work he found occasion to build a steam-engine, and thus he was led to the vast and enduring enterprise of his life.

At that time the world was wondering at



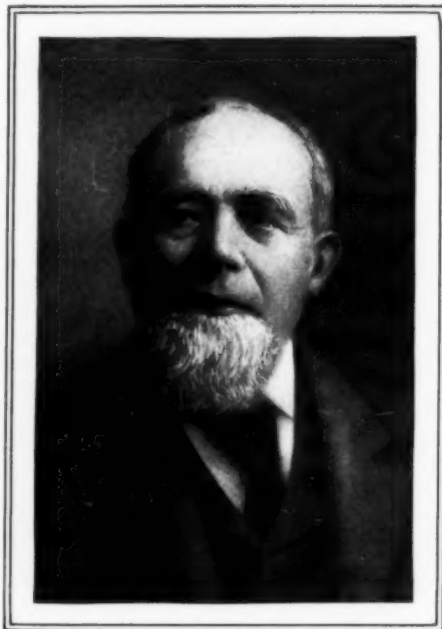
EDWARD T. STOTESBURY, WHO, BEGINNING AS A CLERK, HAS RISEN TO BE HEAD OF THE DREXEL HOUSE—HE IS PHILADELPHIA'S LEADING FINANCIER AND A GENEROUS PATRON OF THE ARTS

From a photograph by Desgranges, Nice



ISAAC H. CLOTHIER, A QUAKER MERCHANT WHO,
WITH JUSTUS STRAWBRIDGE, BUILT UP A
GREAT RETAIL ESTABLISHMENT

From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia



ADAM GIMBEL, A PIONEER IN MERCHANDISING,
WHO ESTABLISHED A POWERFUL CHAIN
OF DEPARTMENT STORES

From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia

the achievements of George Stephenson's locomotives, in England. Civilization stood on the brink of the momentous era of steam transportation. In 1830, Baldwin was permitted to see a locomotive that had been brought across the Atlantic. He examined it carefully, and, after climbing under its ponderous boiler, remarked:

"I can make one!"

His first was a miniature machine for the Philadelphia Museum. This was the pivotal event of his life, for soon after he built a practical engine for the Philadelphia and Germantown Railroad. It was called Ironsides, and weighed five tons. To-day the Baldwin plant turns out monsters of three hundred and fifty tons. With Ironsides the Broad Street plant was started, and the development of that institution is the record of a large part of the progress of locomotive engineering in the United States.

As Baldwin grew in prestige and fortune, he remained the simple, sober-minded mechanic of the early days. He endowed charities and built churches. The panic of 1837 left him in financial ruins, but it developed a characteristic incident. He had

no funds with which to pay his employees. Instead, he gave them orders for their wages; and such was the general confidence in the great locomotive-builder that the storekeepers accepted them in lieu of money.

Baldwin never ceased to be a workman. Day after day he prowled around the great shops, wearing a long duster and a cap punched full of holes.

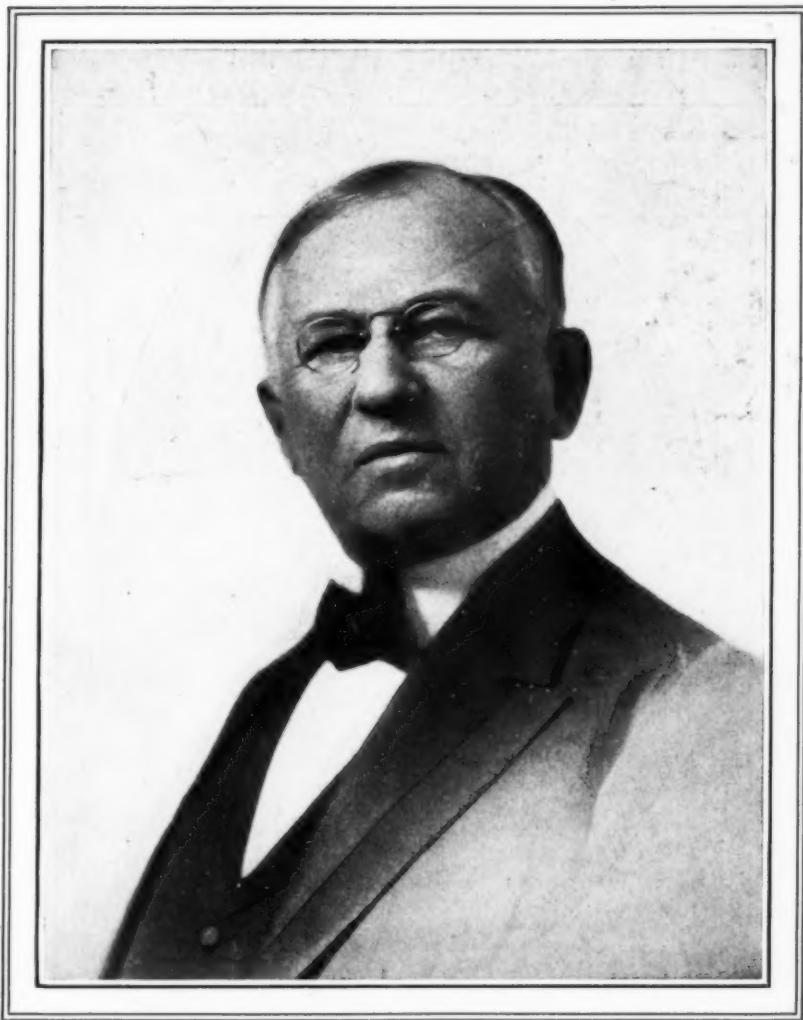
It is tribute to his unusual qualities that a remarkable line of men followed him in authority. First was George Burnham, who rose from clerk to be financier of the firm. Then came Charles T. Parry, who started as a pattern-maker and became superintendent. But the most brilliant of all was Dr. Edward H. Williams, a Vermont doctor who graduated from surgery into railroad construction. He it was who, as superintendent of the Pennsylvania, standardized its time-tables and introduced block signals. Through him, moreover, there came to the Baldwin works the man who, after its distinguished founder, shed more luster upon the concern than any other individual. The way in which this came about was interesting.

When Dr. Williams was building the

Lake Shore into Chicago, he needed a secretary. A New England friend to whom he mentioned the fact at once said:

"Why, Jack Converse is the very man

college studies. He became a very efficient secretary, and when Dr. Williams went to the Baldwin works Converse went too. From correspondence clerk, he became head



JOHN WANAMAKER, ONE OF THE GREATEST OF AMERICAN MERCHANTS, AND POSTMASTER-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES UNDER PRESIDENT HARRISON

From a copyrighted photograph by MacDonald, New York

for you. I went to the University of Vermont with him."

So John H. Converse was engaged. He came from Burlington; he had worked as a telegraph-operator during the summer vacations, and had mastered stenography on winter nights, after he had finished his

of the immense business. For many years he was by common consent Philadelphia's foremost citizen. His generous purse was open to every charity; he heeded every civic appeal. He was the best type of millionaire who found time to do good.

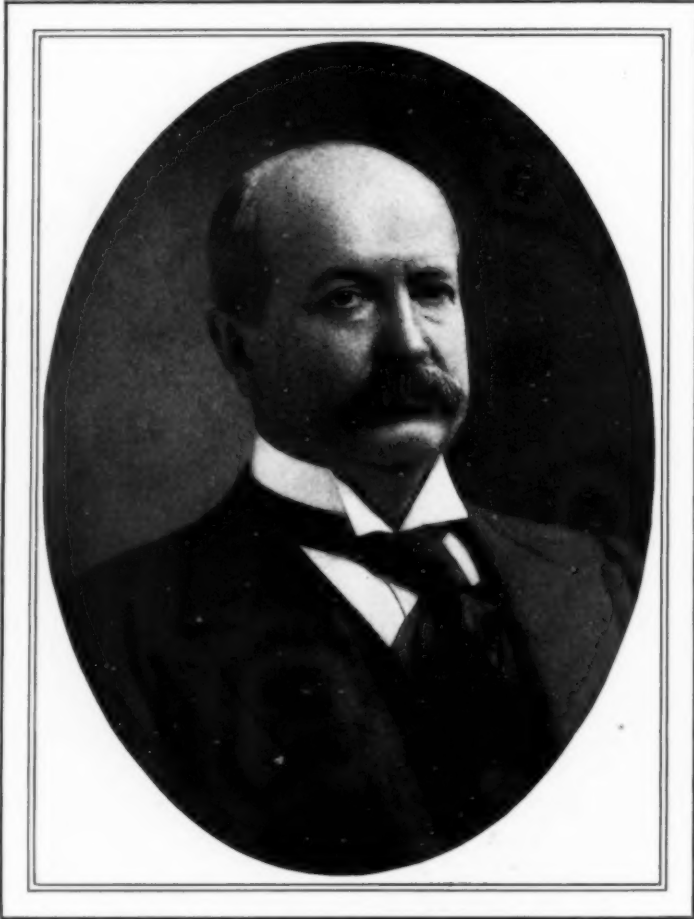
Another striking personality among the

Baldwin forces was Samuel M. Vauclain, who started as an apprentice in the Pennsylvania shops at Altoona, who erected the first compound locomotive at the Baldwin works, and who is now general superintendent of the plant.

I have left for the last what is perhaps the most striking fact in connection with

his burden of responsibility. It is only within the past few years that it became a corporation. At its head to-day is Alba Johnson, a big, upstanding man of the Converse type, who began as a messenger-boy.

As you proceed with your analysis of Philadelphia wealth, you become more and more impressed with its close connection



PETER A. B. WIDENER, WHO, IN ALLIANCE WITH WILLIAM L. ELKINS, CREATED THE MOST POWERFUL STREET-RAILWAY EMPIRE IN AMERICA

From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia

this historic business. Through all the years when it was advancing to world-wide importance, it remained a simple partnership. Those industrial giants who controlled its destinies sat at plain roll-top desks in simple rooms, each one with an equal voice in management; each bearing

with American history. Take the instance furnished by Jay Cooke, fiscal agent of the Federal government during the Civil War.

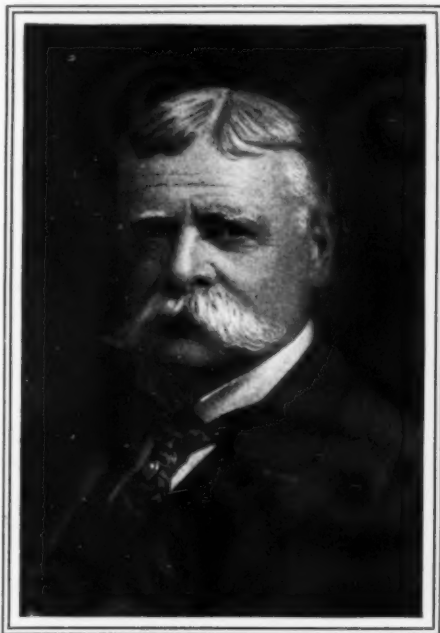
THE FINANCIER OF THE CIVIL WAR

In some respects, Cooke's career closely paralleled that of Robert Morris, who

financed the Revolution. The son of an Ohio Congressman, he came to Philadelphia toward the close of the thirties as a clerk in a shipping office. Then he was employed in the great banking-house of E. W. Clark & Co., where he learned the tricks of money. Just about the time when the first shots fired at Fort Sumter were heard all over the country, he started his own bank. The war gave him his great chance. In Ohio he had known Salmon P. Chase, who now, as Secretary of the Treasury, gave the young banker an extraordinary opportunity. Through Cooke's house the government floated various important loans, bringing great prestige to the head of the concern.

In the placing of these loans Cooke showed unusual talents. He was the pioneer of spectacular publicity in financial exploitation. As a young clerk, he had written a daily financial article for a Philadelphia newspaper, and he had learned the value of printer's ink. When he launched the famous Civil War bond campaign, he flooded the country with advertisements and attractive literature.

After the close of the war he engineered



CLEMENT A. GRISCOM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE, AND A DIRECTOR OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND OTHER CORPORATIONS

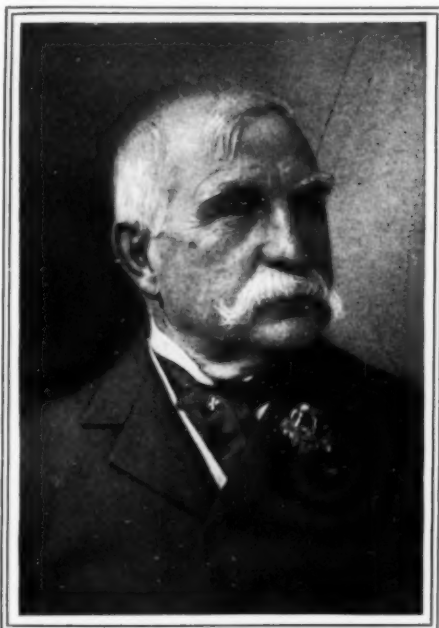
From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London

many big deals, the most notable and most tragic being his handling of the Northern Pacific enterprise. In this great constructive scheme he was ahead of his time, and its ill success forced him to close his doors. His failure, in turn, precipitated the panic of 1873, when the New York Stock Exchange closed its doors for the first time. Cooke went from affluence to near poverty, closed his magnificent home at Ogontz, and lived in retirement until Henry Villard consummated the Northern Pacific project and brought him to a measure of prosperity again.

Cooke was a striking and impressive figure. He had a long white beard, and affected a slouch hat and a cape overcoat, which gave him something of the appearance of Walt Whitman.

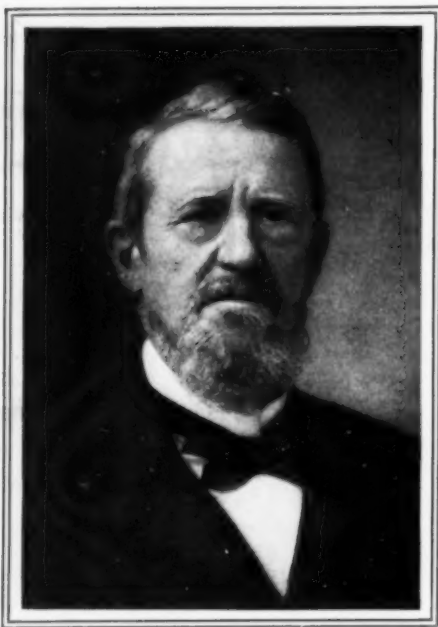
THE BUILDER OF A GREAT HOUSE

Jay Cooke, however, was not alone in that stirring war-time financing. Down on Chestnut Street, almost within the shadow of the spot where our national Magna Charta was signed, had risen the mighty house of Drexel, which is to-day the financial



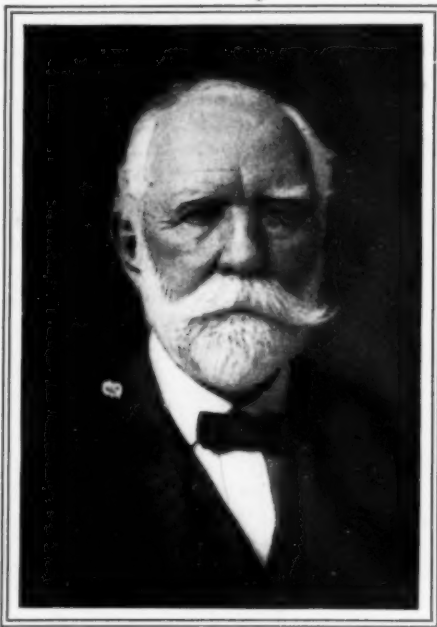
WILLIAM L. ELKINS, WHO WAS ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY, AND LATER CAME TO BE A TRACTION KING

From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia



JOSEPH WHARTON, THE QUAKER STEEL-MASTER,
ONE OF THE MOST BRILLIANT AND VERSATILE
OF PHILADELPHIA MILLIONAIRES

From a photograph



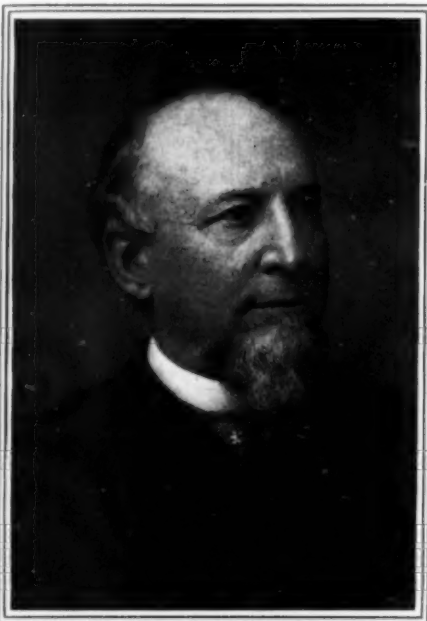
WILLIAM SELLERS, WHO FOUNDED THE EDGEMOOR
IRON COMPANY AND WAS PRESIDENT OF
THE MIDVALE STEEL COMPANY

From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia

fortress of the Quaker City—the citadel of its money lord.

It was in 1837 that Francis M. Drexel laid its first foundation. It remained for the second generation, and principally for Anthony J. Drexel, to bring it to large achievement. Mr. Drexel was one of the great bankers of his generation, and in breadth of vision, scope of project, and general astuteness he was not surpassed by any of his colleagues.

No act of his career was more momentous than his alliance with J. P. Morgan. Early in the seventies the fu-



EDWIN H. FITLER, A CORDAGE MILLIONAIRE WHO
SERVED AS MAYOR OF PHILADELPHIA

From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia

ture field-marshal of American finance was a member of the comparatively unimportant firm of Morgan, Dabney & Co. Mr. Drexel's eagle eye sought him out, and, impressed by his masterfulness, his force, and his extraordinary powers of analysis, made him a member of his New York house, which became Drexel, Morgan & Co. Later it was changed to J. P. Morgan & Co., and became the very nerve-center of big American financing.

Among the other brilliant associates of Mr. Drexel were his brothers, Francis and Joseph W. Drexel, J. Hood Wright, and

J. Norris Robinson. But he dominated the whole group, giving to the very process of banking an atmosphere of high breeding, distinguished courtesy, and impressive performance.

THE REIGNING FINANCIAL PRINCE

Far-reaching as was the significance of Mr. Drexel's alliance with J. P. Morgan, it is closely paralleled in importance, so far as local interests are concerned, by his discovery and sponsorship of the man who is to-day the reigning financial prince of the city. For Edward T. Stotesbury is to Philadelphia what Mr. Morgan is to New York.

In him self-made history repeats itself. At sixteen he was working in a wholesale grocery-house down near the wharves. But he was ambitious for a bigger field. The great house of Drexel called to the youth of the town, and seemed the stepping stone to wealth. His father, who was a sugar-refiner, secured for him a position as messenger-boy in the famous institution. In those days the Drexel bank was in Third Street, just off Chestnut. There was a telegraph-office just across the way, and for six months the boy's principal task was to carry messages back and forth. His first year's salary was two hundred dollars.

Very soon Mr. Drexel began to take notice of the bright-faced, eager lad. He was always studying, and he seemed tireless. Gradually the other members of the firm were drawn to him, so much so that Mr. Norris often took the boy home with him, and taught him bookkeeping. He was advanced to money clerk, and here he stood at the counter, often side by side with his chiefs, handling gold and currency.

One day, when Stotesbury was twenty-six, Mr. Drexel called him aside and said: "Ned, you take a great interest in our business. Henceforth you shall have an interest in it."

From that time dates his larger career; but the price was incessant labor. Mr. Stotesbury has told me that he often slept at the office at night, so as to lose as little time as possible from his desk. Instead of going out to meals, he munched sandwiches

as he toiled. He became a marvelous judge of commercial paper. It is a tradition in the Drexel house that the firm has never lost a penny on a security of this kind that he has bought, and his purchases in some years have ranged to twenty million dollars.

To be a good judge of commercial paper you must have searching powers of analysis, and must be able to go behind mere columns of figures. Diligent inquiry, persistent pursuit of information, and absolute impartiality all contribute to the performance. Here you get some measure of Mr. Stotesbury's capability.

In 1893 Mr. Stotesbury became a full partner in the house, and this carried with it a partnership in Drexel, Morgan & Co. in New York and Drexel, Harjes & Co. in Paris. On the death of Mr. Drexel, in 1893, the name of the New York house was changed to J. P. Morgan & Co., and that of the Paris house to Morgan, Harjes & Company.

As the years went by, and one by one the old men at the helm passed away, the boy who had started in life in a grocery warehouse marched to the head of the great bank. Here he sits to-day enthroned in tremendous power, a man much sought and always heeded, who has applied immense resources to many constructive ends.

Go to the Drexel Building—a plain gray edifice with something of the character of the typical English banking-house—and if you have business with him, you will find Mr. Stotesbury seated at a big roll-top desk in a little office in the shadow of a great dome. It is scarcely larger than an ante-room. In some respects it is like a smaller replica of Mr. Morgan's famous "back office," for the pictures are old and faded, the furniture is venerable, there is a mellowed air about everything.

More interesting than its equipment, however, is the short, slender, well-groomed man who sits at the big desk. The lines in his face are fine and long; his hair and mustache are white; his blue eyes gleam with a searching penetration; his hands are small and strong. His whole manner suggests the alert, well-poised, highly sensitive organization keyed up to the hair-trigger point.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The present article is the fifth of a series dealing with our great American cities, with the industrial and commercial factors that have contributed to their growth and to their wealth, and with their most prominent moneyed families and individuals. The previous papers dealt with Pittsburgh (published in *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* for March), Cleveland (April), Denver (May), and San Francisco (June). Next month's article will be entitled "The Millionaire Yield of Boston."

When he speaks in a board meeting, it is the voice of authority. No man in Philadelphia sits in so many directorates. They include nearly a dozen financial institutions, and range in activities from the Cramp ship-building works to the Keystone Watch Company. He is in railroads, trolley-lines, steel-works—in short, a myriad activities feel his power and come under the influence of his guidance.

In Philadelphia he is regarded as a financial life-saver. When, for example, the local traction situation seemed hopelessly muddled, owing largely to the usual pyramiding of overcapitalized companies, Mr. Stotesbury stepped into the breach and wrought order, confidence, and profit out of the confusion.

Nor is everything business. When Oscar Hammerstein saw the failure of his Philadelphia opera project staring him in the face, it was Mr. Stotesbury who came forward and loaned the impresario more than four hundred thousand dollars. Ever since he has continued as the "angel" of the city's opera, for last season he made up a deficit of forty thousand dollars.

Again, he wanted Philadelphia to be represented in the great international horse-shows, so he started a great stock-farm, and his horses now wear the ribbons of a dozen exhibitions. When a section of Fairmount Park was threatened with destruction, he presented the funds for its beautification. There are many other evidences of a civic spirit which has made him, in some respects, a successor to the lamented Converse.

What, then, is the big quality behind this man's remarkable success?—for, with the possible exception of P. A. B. Widener, he is rated as the richest citizen of Philadelphia. Summed up, Mr. Stotesbury would tell you that it was hard work and sticking to it.

Like Mr. Morgan, he believes in surrounding himself with "young partners," although he does not lean on them. Chief among his colleagues are Horatio E. Lloyd and Arthur E. Newbold, who bear the same relation to the Philadelphia house that Henry P. Davison and Thomas W. Lamont do to the New York firm.

It is an open secret that for years Mr. Morgan has been trying to persuade Mr. Stotesbury to come over to New York and set up his quarters there, with a view to taking the wheel when the grizzled old pilot

of money shall have dropped it. But save for one stretch of seven months, Mr. Stotesbury has refused the offer. He prefers to be the financial lord of Philadelphia.

I might add, in this connection, that while the Drexel house is preeminently the first private banking establishment of Philadelphia, there are at least three others of commanding position. These three are E. W. Clark & Co., where Jay Cooke went to his financial school, with a second E. W. Clark as its present chief; Brown Brothers & Co., staid and old, with splendid traditions and with George H. Frazier at the head; and Edward B. Smith & Co., with which are three very able men—Mr. Smith, F. Bond, and George W. Norris.

A MILITANT TRIUMVIRATE

No city's financial prestige can come from banks alone. There must always be those groups of daring exploiters whose larger corporate venturing, especially in public utilities, builds municipal empire. In New York there was the Whitney-Ryan alliance, and in Philadelphia you have the Widener-Elkins-Dolan combination. Each member of this trio is a picturesque human study; together they operated with a teamwork that for many years held the town in its grip.

Let us first take P. A. B. Widener, the butcher who became a multimillionaire. His parents were obscure Germans, and as a boy he became a helper in a meat-shop. Before long he had his own establishment, which prospered. Let it be said to his credit that he was never ashamed of his first occupation, even when, in after years, he was asked to carve the beef at dinner.

He got into politics, and this proved to be the first step to real fortune. In 1873 he was appointed city treasurer, to fill out an unexpired term, and later he was elected to serve a full period. It was a time when treasurers grew rich, for they received all the interest on the city deposits. Still more valuable than this was the alliance that Mr. Widener made with William H. Kemble, the political boss, whose influence was powerful in securing franchises. When he retired from the treasurer's office, he naturally turned to street-railways, and soon became one of the traction kings of America.

It was at this point that he joined forces with William L. Elkins—a fateful union, for between them they carried through vast enterprises. Their street-railway kingdom

reached out to New York, Chicago, Baltimore, and Pittsburgh. One of their early colleagues was Charles T. Yerkes, who later became so prominent in Chicago and in London.

Widener became known as a master corporate organizer and reorganizer. He helped to form the celebrated Metropolitan Securities Company, now part of the great Interborough system in New York. At one of the preliminary meetings of this company, held in Jersey City, he created a celebrated remark. A vote was about to be taken on a certain proposition when a stockholder protested, saying:

"Let us discuss the matter first."

"No!" answered Widener. "Vote first and discuss afterward!"

Here was born one of the cardinal rules of high finance, which has since done yeoman work in various corporate operations.

Widener branched out in many directions. Together with Elkins, he began to buy up big blocks of real estate. To-day he is one of the greatest realty-owners of Philadelphia. Yet with all the ramifications of his various interests he has long taken a profound and intelligent interest in art, and his collection of paintings is one of the best in the United States.

The Widener succession would have fallen on the shoulders of George D. Widener, the eldest son, but he went down in the Titanic wreck. There is a younger son, Joseph D., and a son of George, who bears the name of his father.

William L. Elkins's start was as humble as that of his colleague. At fifteen he was clerk in a business office; at twenty he had started a teaming and produce business, and drove one of the vans himself. Early in the sixties he was attracted to the oil business. He saw the enormous possibilities of the Pennsylvania field, and he got in on the ground floor at Oil Creek.

He rubbed shoulders with the pioneer giants of petroleum, and became one of the founders of the Standard Oil Company. He was one of the most successful of the early refiners, and it is said that the first gasoline made in this country was produced at his works. He had the Henry H. Rogers quality of domination, and in time he was master of the refining business in Philadelphia.

You have already seen how he joined forces with Widener for a traction autocracy. He was one of the founders of the United Gas and Improvement Company, one of the

greatest of Philadelphia corporations. He was also an ally of William C. Whitney in the New York surface lines, and he made his financial influence felt in many quarters. He was a stern, heavy, strong man, who knew how to wield the iron hand.

Thomas Dolan, the third member of the triumvirate, was born on a Pennsylvania farm, and as a lad tended a toll-gate on the public highway. When he was in his teens, he came to Philadelphia to make his fortune, and found a place with a commission house dealing in hosiery and fancy knit goods. As with Widener, it was not long before he had embarked for himself in a small way. He began to manufacture knitted goods, and out of this modest beginning grew the Keystone Knitting Company.

Having made his stake in manufacture, Dolan turned to corporations, and became linked with Widener and Elkins in the enterprises which made all three multimillionaires. He was especially interested in the United Gas and Improvement Company. While president of it, he became the storm center of a historic controversy. In 1905 the "U. G. I.," as his company was called, desired a certain gas lease, and the political bosses were ready to deliver it. Certain public-spirited citizens opposed the transaction, and out of this contest grew the famous revolt against corruption which made Mayor John Weaver a hero for a brief while. Weaver faded away, but the seed was sown for an upheaval which now finds its best result in the administration of a reform mayor, Rudolph Blankenberg. During those stirring days Dolan was reviled and assailed on all sides, but he faced the onslaught with the same determination that enabled him to rise from obscurity to opulence.

Mr. Dolan, now past seventy, is a benevolent, almost clerical-looking person, not without a sense of humor. He tells a story on himself in which his three sons figure. Like many rich men's boys, they had given little heed to the responsibilities of life; so one day their father called them together, and told them it was high time to choose careers.

"Boys," he said, "for many years I have been working for you day after day. It is time to make some change."

The sons asked permission to retire to think it over. When they came back, the eldest said:

"Well, father, we have come to the

conclusion that you had better work at night!"

Mr. Dolan has practically retired from active work. He is no longer president of the U. G. I., but his voice is heard in momentous directors' meetings, and his advice and counsel are still sage and sound.

THE POWER OF THE PENNSYLVANIA

A great railway wields such tremendous financial power in Philadelphia as could not be paralleled in any other American city. For generations the very name of the Pennsylvania Railroad has spelled prestige. Its directorate is a corporate Olympus in which all good Philadelphians hope to sit. By a little-known provision in its charter, no man can be a member of the board who is not a resident of the State; thus it becomes a peculiarly local institution.

The list of presidents of the Pennsylvania is a roster of achievement almost without peer in the history of steam transportation. It has been a succession of master minds ever since the day when John Edgar Thomson first signed his name as chief executive.

Thomson, whose father constructed the first experimental railroad in the United States, started in as chief engineer of the Pennsylvania. He became president before the road was in operation, and he continued to be its directing genius for twenty-seven years. They were the momentous times when the line was finding itself.

He was a strong, taciturn character, who concentrated upon the great work before him. He believed uncompromisingly in system. Only one other thing shared in his consuming faith, and that was the future of the American railroad. In this he may be called a forerunner of Harriman. Like the wizard of the Pacific, Thomson built up a large fortune, and made the railroad era in which he moved his own.

No less brilliant was his successor, Colonel Thomas A. Scott, who began his railroading as station-agent in a small town. He had risen to be vice-president of the Pennsylvania when the Civil War broke out. In that mighty turmoil Scott found a great task. Transportation of troops was absolutely essential to the successful conduct of the war, and Simon Cameron, Lincoln's first Secretary of War, turned to Scott to keep the wheels moving. He was put in charge of government railways and telegraphs, and to facilitate his labors he was made Assistant Secretary of War. Lin-

coln leaned heavily on this sturdy, indomitable, resolute man, who triumphed over distance, difficulty, and disaster.

One of his early achievements was the swift completion of the line between Washington and Annapolis. Lincoln was deeply concerned in the project which meant much to the Union cause. Meeting Scott, he asked about the progress of the road.

"The road is completed," replied Scott.

"When may we expect troops over it?" asked the President.

"A train is already in with a regiment, and others are on the way," he responded.

"Thank God," said Lincoln fervently, "we are all right again!"

Aside from being a traffic king, Colonel Scott had another claim to fame. He will go down in history as having been the first patron of Andrew Carnegie. He early recognized the value of the young Scot's personality, and made him private secretary. In this capacity Carnegie had rare opportunities to meet important people, and he capitalized them to the fullest extent.

After Colonel Scott, the presidency of the Pennsylvania passed to George B. Roberts who maintained the best traditions of the office. But it remained for the late Alexander J. Cassatt to give fresh distinction to the post. Like Thomson, he was a trained engineer, and knew railroading from the road-bed up. He was among the first prominent men to recognize the far-reaching merits of the air-brake, and its introduction by him, after the most elaborate tests, led to its world-wide adoption.

Greatest, perhaps, of all his later feats was the entry of the Pennsylvania into New York City. This included the acquisition of the Long Island Railroad, the construction of tunnels under two navigable channels, and the erection of the costly and magnificent terminal in the very heart of the metropolis which is one of the great railway stations of the world. Mr. Cassatt bore to the railroad world something of the relation that Anthony J. Drexel bore to banking; he infused the dignity of high bearing and distinguished service.

But the personality of its presidents is only one source of the Pennsylvania Railroad's authority. Its financial connections exceed in number and importance that of any corporation in the State. Run over the list of great Philadelphia banks and trust companies, and you find a Pennsylvania director in every one.

In the Fidelity, for instance, it has Rudolph Ellis, one of the ablest of the moneyed men of the town. In the Philadelphia National Bank there is N. Parker Shortridge, equally capable. In the Fourth Street National is Clement A. Griscom, father of the International Mercantile Marine, and a figure of commanding strength. In the Franklin National its representative is T. DeWitt Cuyler, another strong capitalist. In the great Girard Trust Company you find Effingham Morris, who is president of the institution. In short, you cannot move a step in the money lanes of Philadelphia without encountering some evidence of the place and power of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

A MASTER OF MERCHANDISE

By this time you will have become impressed with the fact that Philadelphia wealth has what might be called the basic quality—that is, the association with pioneering. It was so with banking, with locomotive-building, with the development of a huge railway system. So, too, with merchandizing, for here you find one of its masters, creator of a kind of business institution that is well-nigh synonymous with his own name. Such is the place that John Wanamaker holds in the chronology of commerce.

The life story of Mr. Wanamaker is familiar. The son of a brick-maker, his earliest job was "turning brick" in his father's yard. He earned his first real wage as a messenger in a publishing-house. Then he became errand-boy in a clothing-store, and in this way got his first contact with the art of retailing. The earnest-faced, painstaking lad made an impression on customers, and when they came back they asked for "John." In this way he early emphasized one of his cardinal traits of business, which is personality.

In 1861 he established the clothing firm of Wanamaker & Brown. It is said that the partners themselves wheeled part of their stock to the store in wheel-barrows. Their first day's receipts were twenty-four dollars and sixty-seven cents. They spent the twenty-four dollars in advertising and the remaining sixty-seven cents they saved for change the next day. Thus from the start Mr. Wanamaker showed his belief in advertising, and through him that mighty agency has had a vast impetus.

Enterprise and originality of method

marked him from the beginning. In 1875 he bought an abandoned freight station, and set up a general store in it. From that time dates his militant march as a merchant prince, and likewise a new era in American retail merchandizing. His career has been one of continuous expansion.

To write of John Wanamaker, the merchant, is to tell a great part of the development of the retail store in the United States during the past half-century. This erect, keen-eyed, broad-shouldered, energetic man, who carries the burden of his seventy-two years so lightly, has really made of commerce a great and dignified calling. He went boldly forward where others feared to tread, and popularized the one-price idea and the "direct from manufacturer to consumer" process.

He believes in building men as well as business, and to this end he has established a huge university of trade within his great stores. Here boys and girls, while earning a livelihood, are made more efficient for the struggle of life. More constructive training than this has been devised by no man.

Any estimate of John Wanamaker naturally invites comparison with Marshall Field. While both of these men made trade history along similar lines, their methods were entirely different. Mr. Field was a brilliant financier; he might have been at the head of a great corporate concern with Wall Street affiliations. He believed in organization, and left many of the details of his enterprise to his associates—men like H. N. Higginbotham, Thomas Templeton, John G. Shedd, and H. J. Selfridge.

Mr. Wanamaker, on the other hand, is his own organization. He has valued and competent aides, but he is the compelling and dominating head. Unlike Mr. Field, he is not involved in speculation or high finance. It is understood that his only investments outside his business are in Philadelphia real estate.

Deep down at the bottom of John Wanamaker's success is his extraordinary capacity for work, and this continues up to the present time. Not long ago he asked the heads of the various departments in his New York store to let him see every piece of goods that had been in stock more than six months. He started at seven o'clock one morning, and, with slight interruptions for frugal meals, continued at the task until three o'clock the following morning, when it was completed. He was at his desk

four hours after the last of the managers had tumbled, exhausted, into bed.

Mr. Wanamaker has brought honors to business other than those which a long and honored career bestows. He was Postmaster-General under President Harrison; he killed the lottery by expelling it from the mails, and he was an earnest advocate of the parcel-post.

Like many men of large affairs, he seeks distraction in picturesque fashion. In his Philadelphia office, for instance, you may see a number of porcelain cats ranged on shelves, where he can see them as he sits at his desk. One of these cats has a paw up to his ear. This, Mr. Wanamaker says, is his silent partner, who is always listening, and yet who never speaks back.

Mr. Wanamaker has taken no chances on the family succession. His only surviving son, Rodman Wanamaker, has been trained to take upon his broad shoulders the responsibility which must inevitably be his. Hard schooling in both of the American stores was followed by long experience in the Paris office, where his natural artistic sense was broadened and developed. "R. W.," as they call him in the stores, is a business replica of his father, although his long residence abroad has given him a slightly foreign look. He has vision, courage, and originality.

A ROTHSCHILD OF RETAILING

But Philadelphia is not a one-merchant city. She seems to have been a great training-ground for princes of trade. Absolutely distinct in his type was the late Adam Gimbel, who might be called the Rothschild of retailing, for he had the old German banker's deep and abiding faith in the value of family team-work.

Mr. Gimbel was born in Bavaria, but came to America as a lad. He landed in New Orleans, where he first worked as a longshoreman. The Mississippi was the great highway to the North, so he started up the mighty stream. Turning off to the Ohio, and then into Indiana, he set up a small store at Vincennes, a station on the scarcely beaten trail to the Western country. It is said that this was the second strictly retail dry-goods shop established in the United States.

It was a rude and informal time, and Vincennes was almost on the frontiers of civilization. Men traded in skins and furs, and merchandizing was simply a matter of

barter and haggle; but Mr. Gimbel thought far ahead of his own day. He early set down this rule:

"One profit is enough—but be sure you get that."

He marked his goods plainly with one price, and that price stuck. The little store began to expand, and gradually grew to be the heart of a distributing trade spreading out all over the State. In 1869 Mr. Gimbel started a branch at Danville, Illinois, the first outpost of a trade empire that now includes Milwaukee, Philadelphia, and New York.

The Philadelphia store, by the way, grew out of one of Mr. Gimbel's pioneering projects. He had long felt that the middleman should be eliminated, and that the factory should sell direct to the retail distributor. He opened a manufacturing plant in Philadelphia, and as a result of this venture came the great Market Street store.

Mr. Gimbel was a sort of Haroun al Raschid of commerce, in that he liked to wander about the cities where he had stores; to stop in front of one of his establishments, and to ask passers-by what they thought of it. He always maintained that he got interesting and helpful suggestions in this way.

He had the true paternal sense in business, and he drew his seven sons around him to maintain the traditions that he had created. These sons were Jacob, Isaac, Charles, Daniel, Ellis, Louis, and Ben. All survive him but the last-named. It was one of his farewell requests that the record of every meeting of the partners should be headed by a quotation from the Book of Proverbs. He selected the five quotations to be employed. One of them, which had a peculiar bearing on the business, was:

A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city, and their contentions are like the strong bars of castles.

I might put other lords of trade in this roster of great Philadelphia merchants, but one more group will serve to give another pair of types. I mean Isaac H. Clothier and Justus C. Strawbridge, the Quakers, each representing a different wing of the church. Joining for a great mercantile enterprise, they helped to give to Philadelphia retailing the stamp of high character and fair dealing. Their business is now owned and conducted by the sons of the founders—

Morris L. Clothier, Frederick H. Strawbridge, Robert E. Strawbridge, Isaac H. Clothier, Jr., and Francis R. Strawbridge.

THE QUAKER STEELMASTER

Of all the men who have helped to make the industrial history of Philadelphia, none has stood out with such amazing many-sidedness as Joseph Wharton, the Quaker steelmaster. He was infinitely more than a worker and refiner of ore. He had the foresight of a statesman, the vision of a prophet, the tender sense of a naturalist, and the soul of a seer. He was the first man who successfully manufactured nickel and zinc in America. He helped to found the Bethlehem Steel Works. Instigated by the Secretary of the Navy, he was the pioneer of armor-plate construction in the United States, and he built much of the armor that withstood the Spanish guns at Santiago. He was a great tariff expert, and he endowed and made possible the Wharton School of Finance of the University of Pennsylvania. In short, his whole life was one of continuous and varied mental and physical activity.

No less picturesque, although less versatile, was his fellow Quaker, the late William Weightman, who emigrated to America as a boy, learned the drug business, and at the time of his death had one of the largest laboratories in the world. During the Civil War he had a practical monopoly of the supply of quinin. Nevertheless, he was a merciless foe of speculation, and it was one of his proud boasts that every dollar of his immense fortune was made in legitimate business or straight investment. He was one of Philadelphia's greatest landowners. One-third of his wealth was in ground-rents, a form of perpetual mortgage largely employed in Chicago by Marshall Field.

Through the Weightman fortune the Philadelphia annals of wealth are enriched

with another distinctive chapter. The chief legatee of the energetic Quaker pharmacist was his daughter, who at the time of her great inheritance was Mrs. Anna Weightman Walker. She took up her responsibility with an organizing genius that would have done credit to the most experienced and gifted man. Yet with all her entanglement in money matters, she remained a gracious and womanly woman. Since her marriage to Frederic Courtlandt Penfield she has relaxed from commercial cares and devoted much time to philanthropy and travel. The late Pope made her a marchioness, and as a princess of the church she has done much for its charities.

The whole Philadelphia industrial legend is studded with the achievements of men whose names are household words. Among them are William Cramp, founder of the great shipbuilding establishment which bears his name; John B. Stetson, builder of a hat business which is known all over the world; Henry Disston, who gave the American saw a universal supremacy; John Dobson, who established the greatest carpet, cloth, and plush mills in the United States; Edwin H. Fitler, one-time mayor, and cordage king; Thomas Potter, who wrested a great fortune out of oilcloth and linoleum; George W. Childs, who rose from a clerk's desk to be a millionaire publisher and philanthropist; Cyrus H. K. Curtis, who developed a struggling household periodical into a great publishing business. But why continue? The list could be lengthened to pages, and there is room here only for an occasional type.

The lesson of the Philadelphia fortunes is sane, seasonable, and impressive, with a moral for everybody. At their root lie toil, thrift, and caution, and in these three things are their permanency. Seasoned millions are the best rebuke to speculation and hazard.

It pays to be conservative.

THE CITY WAKES

A STREAK of blue that stretches cross the water,
A filmy veil that's thrown athwart the dawn;
A tint of red upon the misty towers;
A coat of dew upon the parkway's lawn;
An early cart that rumbles o'er the cobbles,
While busy sparrows search the roadway's soil;
The milkman's call, the workman's heavy shuffle—
And lo, how vast an army stirs to toil!

Vivian Moses

WHAT MR. ROOSEVELT'S ELECTION WILL MEAN TO THE BUSINESS WORLD

BY FRANK A. MUNSEY

THIS article is written on the day following the Ohio preferential primary, May 22. Things are moving so rapidly in these times that a magazine article, necessarily written several weeks before publication, but read as from the date of the issue of the magazine, may well seem a misfit. It is essential, therefore, to fix the time of writing that the reader may see as from the writer's viewpoint.

If there were any longer any considerable doubt of Mr. Roosevelt's nomination at Chicago, it would be venturesome to write anything for publication a month hence under the caption of this article. The question every one is asking himself or his neighbor to-day is:

"What will Mr. Roosevelt's election mean to the business world? Will it mean greater general prosperity, or greater confusion and disturbance than we now have?"

This is exactly what every man wishes to know. It is with him, after all, a question of busy factories and bulging commerce rather than the election of any particular man to the Presidency.

In the contest for delegates to the nominating convention in Chicago, most business and professional men throughout the country have opposed Mr. Roosevelt. Their opposition has been based on the fancy, or fear, that if again elected President he would not give us as safe an administration as Mr. Taft would. This is the very heart of the matter.

Such concern about Mr. Roosevelt's attitude toward business, toward railroads, toward corporations, and industries generally, cannot be squared to a just and intelligent review of his former administration. Mr. Roosevelt is not an experiment. He has been many years in public life, during seven of which he was President of the United States.

THE CHARGES AGAINST ROOSEVELT

The chief charges against him have their origin in—

HIS FIGHT AGAINST RAILROAD METHODS THAT WERE ARCHAIC AND DISHONEST.

HIS INITIATION OF PROCEEDINGS AGAINST TRUSTS.

THE PANIC OF 1907.

Wall Street was perfectly satisfied with the railroad situation, so far as concerned its freedom to run business in its own way and to keep accounts in its own way. Before Mr. Roosevelt's administration railroading was looked upon very much as a personal business—a business with which the man at the head of it, subject to his board of directors, had a right to do pretty much as he pleased. Railroading was an empire unto itself. Its freedom and tremendous power made for dramatic speculation and the highest kind of high finance. Something was happening, something doing in the railroad world, every day, that gave the Street a chill, or thrilled it with speculative intoxication.

Those were wonderful days in the arena of high financial tumbling, the like of which we shall never see again. The variegated pictures of delirium that were thrown upon the speculative screen almost from day to day were masterpieces of interwoven fact and fiction.

Mr. Roosevelt had no patience with the idea that a railroad was of the nature of a personal business, like a man's farm, for instance, or the shop of a small merchant, or a local trucking business, all of which do have, or can easily have, ample competition.

A railroad, as he saw it—and he saw it right—is a public-service concern, which must serve the public generally, and which exists by grace of the public. It is a private property in the sense of the actual dollars invested in it, but the property of the community in the bigger and broader sense—a dual property, which could not exist without the good-will of the community, on the one hand, and the money put into it, on the other.

This was a conception that found no place in Wall Street and with railroad managements. It is not recorded that more than one railroad magnate openly said "the public be damned," but as acts sometimes speak louder than words, and more convincingly, it is obvious that this particular railroad president did not stand alone in his view of the relation between a railroad and the public.

ROOSEVELT'S RAILROAD REGULATION

So, when this man Roosevelt took it upon himself to bring sane business methods and regulation to the railroad world, to introduce a uniform system of bookkeeping, to cut out rebates, to regulate freight-rates, and to insist on reports that should show with reasonable accuracy the financial condition of a railroad, all Wall Street and all the speculators rose up in their wrath and denounced him.

There was no precedent for all this, they cried. No President had hitherto taken it upon himself to meddle in railroad affairs in any such way, and had we not had a great and glorious list of Presidents? This man Roosevelt was a usurper of the rights of the people, a dictator, a demagogue, playing to the mob.

From this time on Mr. Roosevelt's administration was a battle-ground. Lined up together against him were the interests, all

big business, all the speculators, and the politicians.

Eight or ten years have elapsed since this effort at the regulation of railroads, and since this new doctrine of public service on the part of railroads was vitalized by Mr. Roosevelt. To-day, the reforms that he insisted upon have become ingrained into the very life of railroading, and have proved, for the most part, to be possessed of broad common sense and justice and fairness, both to the railroads themselves and to the community.

No first-rate railroad management would wish to go back to the old conditions of rate-cutting and indiscriminate rebates and idiosyncratic methods of accounting, neither would the legitimate bankers or the serious investors be willing to return to the uncertainties of the pre-Roosevelt period, so far as concerns the stability of the prices of securities.

THE NORTHERN SECURITIES VICTORY

Mr. Roosevelt's courageous and masterful work in forcing through these reforms, and in awakening the public conscience to their righteousness, showed great vision, great sense of justice, great statesmanship.

One of Mr. Roosevelt's most notable victories was his triumph in the Northern Securities case, compelling the dissolution of that enormous holding company, which, in the inception, was to control the Great Northern, the Northern Pacific, and the C., B. and Q. But for the determined war Mr. Roosevelt waged on this holding corporation, a concern that had the backing of the most powerful financial forces of the country, we might to-day be practically without competition in our railroad systems.

Indeed, it is not reasonable to assume that the Northern Securities Company would have stopped with the roads with which it started. It would, perhaps, have gone on taking in other railway systems until it controlled all, or a large part, of the important railroads of the country.

It might have been this, or it might have been that one or two similar holding companies would have been established, resulting in throwing all our railroads into the hands of one, two, or three gigantic trusts, and leaving our people without competing railway systems, leaving our business interests without competing freight-rates.

After he had the railroad situation well in hand and it was in process of clarification

tion, Mr. Roosevelt turned his attention to big business. He initiated prosecutions against the Standard Oil Company, the American Tobacco Company, the Virginia-Carolina Chemical Company, and some others. He also began an investigation of the Sugar Trust's customs frauds.

These aggressive moves looking to the regulation of big business further embittered the money centers and speculative communities. Their antagonism had grown to such enormous proportions, and had so warped their judgment, that nothing Mr. Roosevelt did was right and everything he did was wrong. Oversensitive and hostile capital could see no good in him, and fought him relentlessly then, as it still does.

Mr. Roosevelt might have had a peaceful and colorless administration if he had chosen the easy path, but he elected, instead, to work for the good of the ninety millions, and to see, so far as in him lay, and so far as his official powers would permit, that every man, rich or poor, influential or otherwise, had the squarest kind of a deal.

This meant war on arrogant entrenched interests, and in this war he stood well-nigh alone, save for the support of the people themselves and of the more progressive minds in Congress.

THE PANIC OF 1907

Then came the panic of 1907, which Wall Street and its allies charged entirely to Roosevelt. There never was a more mistaken conclusion than this. The panic was inevitable. It could not have been prevented: No human force could have prevented it. With speculation strained to the breaking-point, with business strained to the breaking-point, with capital strained to the breaking-point, something had to give way.

The panic was two years overdue when it came. It would have come quite as surely, whether Mr. Roosevelt or some one else had been in the White House, if the overstrained business conditions had been the same.

The fact is, we hadn't money enough to do the work we were doing, and to do the work we wanted to do. Every phase of industry was pushed to its utmost capacity. There had never been a period of equal activity, of equal expansion. All legitimate business was as optimistic, as reckless, as heedless of danger as Wall Street and the speculative world generally.

Factories of every kind all over the land were running on full time, running overtime, running night and day, and couldn't keep up with their orders. Many new factories had been built, and others had been enlarged, or were in process of enlargement. The building trade was at high pressure. Sky-scrapers were going up everywhere, from one end of the country to the other, and sky-scrapers call for real money, and lots of it.

Traffic was so heavy and business so enormous that the railroads were hopelessly inadequate to meet the demands upon them. They were literally groaning under the burdens of prosperity. They couldn't handle the business of the country. In the Dakotas, in the winter of 1906 and 1907, the people found themselves in danger of freezing to death for want of coal, which the railroads could not haul, congested as they were with the mountains of freight hurled at them. So great was this congestion that many shopkeepers in the extreme Northwest did not get their Christmas goods until long after the holidays were over—not until late in January or February.

James J. Hill, the seer of the Western railroad world, about that time pointed out the critical dangers of the situation, and the hopeless incapacity of our transportation systems to keep pace with the growth of our industries and the output of our soil. He urged that money should be found somewhere with which to double both the trackage and the equipment of all our railroads. But where and how to raise this money was a problem that staggered him. It meant billions and billions of dollars.

And the farmers were no laggards in that period. They felt the spur of inflated prosperity, and let themselves go as the business world had let itself go in the matter of expansion, betterments, and expenditures.

Wages were going up everywhere, and as wages went up the prices of all commodities went up; rents increased, the value of farm-lands increased, all realty increased, even as the price of stocks and bonds increased.

A PERIOD OF TOO MUCH PROSPERITY

It was a period of intense speculation in securities, in real estate, in everything. Everybody was prosperity-mad, everybody talked of our boundless resources, of bigger and bigger and yet bigger prices for securities, and of bigger and bigger and yet bigger prices for everything. There was no

pessimism anywhere, there was no note of the impending crash. There was no thought of the day of reckoning, no thought of the panic that was soon to fall so heavily upon the land.

Money in Wall Street had reached one hundred and twenty per cent on call—that is, money borrowed from day to day—and at other times forty, ninety, and one hundred per cent. With stocks all the while bounding upward, day after day marked higher and higher, what mattered it that money averaged to cost ten or twenty per cent? The thought of interest was petty and narrow, considered beside the glittering profits of the higher and always higher prices.

And time money—that is, money borrowed for a specified period, three months, four months, or six months—was very difficult to get and ranged at impossible rates.

In March, 1907, the first break came in the price of securities. That was, in fact, the beginning of the panic. With this break the European money-markets closed their doors to us. They were deaf to our demands for money, and turned their backs on our securities.

We were going at such a pace that we were compelled to have money. We couldn't stop in a minute, and there was no apparent way of gradually slowing down. No longer able to sell our securities in Europe, and with the tremendous volume of securities held in Europe and thrown back upon us, we were unable to stem the tide. Everybody was crying for money and willing to pay almost any price for it. Everybody had to have money to meet commitments, to finance industry and commerce and the matchless business that still swept on in undiminished strides.

A WARNING THAT WAS NOT HEEDED

The spring crash in securities seemed not to affect general business at all. Wall Street was looked upon as a thing apart from the rest of the country, and business men saw nothing in what had happened there that meant a warning to them. In fact, business, which is never too friendly to Wall Street, felt no sense of depression at the curbing of speculation. It meant less demand for money from holders of securities, which foreshadowed more and easier money for business.

The crumbling and tumbling of prices in March was regarded by many in the

Street as merely a temporary setback, and every effort was made to restore prices to the old sky-high figures.

But with occasional rallies, the sagging went on throughout the dreary months of summer. Everybody who had sufficient foresight reduced his holdings of securities, or got out of the market altogether if he could, but every share of stock that was sold was bought by somebody, and the purchaser soon found himself burdened with a declining security.

And so it went on until the great panic broke upon us in October. The first upheaval came in the Mercantile National Bank and the National Bank of North America, two institutions in the Morse chain of banks, where high finance had run riot. This was the beginning of Morse's troubles, which involved the Heinzes, the Thomases, and Barney, president of the Knickerbocker Trust Company.

Morse and his associates almost immediately resigned from these two banks, and from other institutions which they controlled, or with which they were prominently connected. Then came the announcement that Barney had been compelled to resign from the Knickerbocker Trust, and a little later the entire community was shocked and stunned by the news that he had committed suicide. The Knickerbocker was one of the leading trust companies of the city, and Barney was thought to be a genius in finance.

Thus the great panic started here in New York, and thus it spread from one institution to another, until it leaped the boundaries of the city and swept like a cyclone over the whole country.

WAS MR. ROOSEVELT RESPONSIBLE?

Was Mr. Roosevelt responsible for this period of reckless speculation? Certainly not.

Was Mr. Roosevelt responsible for bidding prices of securities up to the breaking-point? Certainly not.

Was Mr. Roosevelt responsible for Morse and his chain of banks and his system of high finance? Certainly not.

Was Mr. Roosevelt responsible for Barney's reckless management of the Knickerbocker Trust Company, his dismissal from that company, and his suicide? Certainly not.

Was Mr. Roosevelt responsible for all the high finance of that period, for the over-

extension in every branch of business, for the tremendous scale of building that had developed, for the artificial and sensational life of the community, dazzled by the song of wealth and the scheme of money-getting? Certainly not.

And yet Wall Street and all those who think, or fancy they think, as Wall Street thinks charged it up to Roosevelt, and haven't yet got the idea out of their heads.

In one sense he was responsible—in the sense that under his administration this greatest record of business prosperity was reached. Nothing like it had ever been known before, and nothing like it has happened since. It was more than a mere speculative inflation. It was big, broad, genuine prosperity, all-round prosperity. And it was on this prosperity that speculation rested, this prosperity that made possible the figures to which our securities were marked up and the enormous volume of transactions in them.

It was a case of too much prosperity, dangerous prosperity, and without criticizable responsibility to any one. Man reflects in his acts and thoughts the period, the very moment of the period, and in these times of matchless optimism few men could see disaster ahead.

It is to Mr. Roosevelt's credit that this era of greatest prosperity was reached under his administration, and not to his discredit. What happened in 1907 will happen again under similar or approximately similar conditions—that is, when business and speculation and extravagance are pushed to the breaking-point. Money will stand a certain strain, no more.

In this view of Mr. Roosevelt as President, of his relation to the railroads, to big business, and to the great panic of 1907, is there anything, I submit, to justify the belief that he is a dangerous man to the business interests of the country, to the industries of the country?

He faced in his administration a condition that no longer exists, and he met it as a strong man meets difficult situations. We had gone just as far as we could under the old, go-as-you-please, capitalistic domination. The people were in revolt against it and would have no more of it. They demanded reforms, certain righteous reforms, and this demand reached a crisis during Mr. Roosevelt's incumbency of office.

He had to deal with a condition that had never before urgently confronted any ad-

ministration since the formation of the government, and he handled it with great courage and striking ability.

If Mr. Roosevelt is elected this fall, he will enter upon his duties as President under entirely different conditions. The drastic work that fell to his hands to do, he did. There is no occasion for such drastic work now. Regulation, upbuilding, and the polishing off of the work of his former administration is, in part, the task that would confront him on March 4, 1913. His new work would be that of construction, not that of reconstruction.

ROOSEVELT'S RECORD AS PRESIDENT

What did Mr. Roosevelt do as President that he should not have done, in the public interest, that was dangerous and hurtful to business? Let us look at the facts, and base our conclusions on them—not on prejudice, not on vagaries.

Was Mr. Roosevelt's intervention in the coal strike, in a crisis such as existed at that time, justifiable or not? Wasn't it, to the very last note, in the interest of general business and the people as a whole, who had to have coal?

Was Mr. Roosevelt's action against the Northern Securities Company justifiable or not, and was it dangerous and hurtful to business?

Was Mr. Roosevelt's Pure Food and Drugs Act justifiable, and was it dangerous and hurtful to legitimate business?

Were Mr. Roosevelt's efforts in keeping the door of China open to American commerce dangerous and hurtful to business?

Was Mr. Roosevelt's masterful work in bringing about the settlement of the Russo-Japanese War dangerous and hurtful to business?

Was Mr. Roosevelt's Panama Canal project dangerous and hurtful to business?

Was Mr. Roosevelt's movement for the conservation of our natural resources dangerous and hurtful to business?

Was Mr. Roosevelt's inauguration of an annual conference of the Governors of all our States dangerous and hurtful to business?

Was Mr. Roosevelt's inauguration of a movement for the improvement of conditions of country life dangerous and hurtful to business?

Was Mr. Roosevelt's act forbidding corporations to contribute to campaign funds dangerous and hurtful to business?

Was Mr. Roosevelt's reduction of the interest-bearing debt by more than ninety million dollars dangerous and hurtful to business?

Was Mr. Roosevelt's settlement of the Alaska boundary dispute dangerous and hurtful to business?

Was Mr. Roosevelt's act calling for the extension of the forest reserves dangerous and hurtful to business?

Was Mr. Roosevelt's National Irrigation Act dangerous and hurtful to business?

Was Mr. Roosevelt's act for the improvement of waterways and water-power sites dangerous and hurtful to business?

Were Mr. Roosevelt's Employers' Liability Act, Safety Appliance Act, and the regulation of railroad employees' hours of labor dangerous and hurtful to business?

If not these, and if not his stand against archaic and dishonest railroad methods and against trusts, what is there, may I ask, in his record as President, to justify the conclusion that he would be a dangerous man to the business interests of the country?

And here are some of his urgent recommendations which he did not have time to concrete into law before he left the White House:

The reform of the banking and currency system. Is there anything in this dangerous and hurtful to business?

An inheritance tax and an income tax. Is there anything in these that is dangerous and hurtful to business?

The passage of an employers' liability act to meet objections raised by the Supreme Court. Is there anything in this dangerous and hurtful to business?

A postal savings-bank act. Is there anything in this dangerous and hurtful to business?

A parcel-post act. Is there anything dangerous and hurtful to business in this?

A recommendation for an anti-trust act that will make clear what a business man can and cannot do lawfully. Is there anything in this dangerous and hurtful to business? Wouldn't something of the sort clarify the situation and be a great deal better for business than the present indefinite, uncertain Sherman Law?

Legislation to prevent overcapitalization, stock-watering, and so forth, of common carriers. Is there anything dangerous and hurtful to business in this?

Legislation compelling incorporation under Federal laws of corporations engaged

in interstate commerce. Is there anything dangerous and hurtful to business in this?

CHANGED CONDITIONS OF TO-DAY

To get an idea of what Mr. Roosevelt would mean to the business world if elected again, it is well first to get a clear idea of what his former Presidency meant to the business world. It does not follow, however, that his new administration would be like his former. The conditions would not be the same, neither would Mr. Roosevelt himself be the same. He is four years older, and with increasing years come increasing consideration, increasing conservatism, greater poise, and greater deliberation.

These are bad when the man starts with an inefficient horse-power, with more balance than energy, with more caution than aggressiveness. But in a man like Roosevelt, who is supercharged with energy, whose horse-power is twenty times greater than that of the normal man, the ripening process of experience that comes with added years, if not too many, means increased wisdom and increased usefulness.

A man must be true to himself. He cannot be aggressive on the one hand and judicial and inert on the other. Roosevelt does things, is the embodiment of action and energy. And in his aggressiveness he not infrequently expresses himself in a way that pictures him as more radical than he is in fact—more radical than he ever is in his administrative acts. In all that he does, and in the outworking of his ideas, he is much the greatest and soundest conservative of all the big progressives of the country. And eighty per cent of our people are to-day progressives—a force to be reckoned with.

A POST THAT CALLS FOR A STRONG MAN

Our system of government, with a nation grown so big, calls for a man in the White House of the greatest measure of executive and administrative qualities. No man can make a dent in that situation unless he be specially endowed with these abilities from God Almighty.

Executive and administrative genius are just as distinct gifts as music and art and song. The orator and the poet and the logician of renown are born orator, poet, and logician. They can't be made on this earth. No university has ever yet made one, and no university ever will make one.

In Germany, when a city wants a mayor,

it searches the country over for a mayor, searches for the man highly endowed with the qualifications for executive work, supplemented by training and experience. Local pride and politics cut no figure in choosing a mayor in wisely governed Germany.

We should do well in this country, when we want a President or Governor or mayor, to follow the German custom and go after the man fitted for the job.

The business of the country is now in much closer relation to the government than ever before. Indeed, it is so much under the control of the government that the latter, in a way, has the dominating voice in the board of directors of our railroads and all our great corporations.

We cannot go back to the old system of individual ownership, with its unstable prices, unwise competition, and greater cost and greater waste. We must so do business that the cost will be at the lowest possible figure, and then, as a government, we must see that the people benefit by this lowest cost. This is the governmental control we must have; a wise, just, helpful control—helpful alike to our industries and to our people.

Business to-day is unsettled, halting, and timid. It doesn't know what it can do or what it can't do.

We have the natural resources, we have the people of brains and energy and courage, and we have the money with which to resume the leading place among the nations as an industrial and commercial country. All we need to bring this about is a wise policy on the part of the government—a policy that will not seek to strangle business, but to help business, and in helping business to help the money-earner and the consumer, to help all the people, of whatever calling and of whatever position.

OUR NEED OF FIRST-RATE LEADERSHIP

To bring order out of the present chaotic governmental methods will require a very strong man as the leader and general manager of the country's business. I don't believe we can reasonably hope for anything from Washington of at all a satisfactory nature unless we have such a man—a man who can command results, a man who knows what we want and will see that we get it.

Is there in the whole country another man who so measures up to this requirement as Theodore Roosevelt? If there be, I do not know who it is.

When we had a little bit of a republic, with small industries and narrow vision, our scheme of government made it possible to get on after a fashion with an indifferent man in the White House. But with so big a nation as we have now, and with all the local interests of the country clamoring for part of the "swag," it is well-nigh impossible to get through Congress the unselfish, patriotic legislation that we need, except we have in the White House a man who commands results. And such an executive is likewise essential to the efficient handling of the official departments, which need first-rate leadership quite as much as does big business.

Wall Street has bitterly criticized Mr. Roosevelt for his mistakes—Wall Street, which itself, mind you, holds the record for mistakes. In discussing Mr. Roosevelt's mistakes, it discreetly says nothing about his successes. There is a lot of hypocrisy, a lot of dishonesty, in all this.

As for myself, let me say I am glad that Mr. Roosevelt is human enough, big enough, to make mistakes. If he were not, he wouldn't be good for anything. The man who makes no mistakes never accomplishes anything really worth while. To get an accurate measurement of a man—to know his real worth—we must compare his good work with his bad, his successes with his failures. If the average shows strongly in his favor, he is the man for the job; if the average is against him, he isn't the man for the job.

Roosevelt's mistakes as President were trivial as compared with his brilliant and far-reaching achievements. Roosevelt's mistakes as President were relatively fewer, I should say, than the mistakes of any one of our great captains of industry—fewer than those of Morgan, Rockefeller, Carnegie, Jim Hill, or any other man whose financial undertakings span the world. They all make mistakes, both in utterance and acts. If they were to try to square themselves to a policy of no mistakes, their usefulness as great leaders in the business world would be at an end.

Far better the mistakes of progress than the inertia of the sure thing.

That Mr. Roosevelt, if elected, will restore confidence to the business world, I am certain. That he will point the way to reawakened commerce and become the leader of revived prosperity, I am equally certain.

THE COWARD

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

"YOU are one fine specimen of a man to be hitched up with in this infernal place—you coward!"

Boz spoke with infinite scorn. Carlton did not reply; he simply sank down into a corner of the ill-smelling cell, too broken in body and spirit to answer what he knew was true. He watched the other prisoner's tall figure stride to the opposite end of the chamber, to stare out of the barred window.

Outside, in front of the grating, squatted the fat, bow-legged little Filipino who was guarding them. He sat on an odd-shaped stool, which from time to time he slid into different positions, making a rasping noise that stung Carlton's worn nerves as if sand-paper had crossed their raw ends.

Boz had tried to get his fellow prisoner to aid him in an attempt to escape. He wanted Carlton to simulate sickness, and draw the brown watcher into the cell, where Boz's big hands would quickly choke him into helplessness; but Carlton did not dare. That was all—he did not dare. He knew he would fail; and yet something caught in his throat that seemed to stifle him. The guard, with glint of teeth, had told him that they were to be shot the next morning at sunrise!

Boz would have attempted the scheme alone, but he knew that the little Filipino feared him with a deep and holy fear, and hated him as thoroughly as he feared him. The watcher would see him die first, before he would enter the cell or send for aid.

The cell grew quiet. Evening was coming on. The *sargento* in charge came up, stared at them through the grating, and questioned the guard, who nodded. Then he lit the sputtering oil lamp down the corridor, and went out. The guard leaned back against the white wall; and the march of time commenced—on, on to the sunrise. Then—Carlton trembled in sheer weakness.

Soon he heard the heavy breathing of Boz; he was asleep. Sleep at such a time!

Carlton tried to close his eyes, but the thought of the sunrise—the swift march before the people were astir—the shallow grave—the uprising odor of the new dirt—the word of command—the rattle of guns—ah! He sat up straight, gasping, staring, like one roused from a hideous dream.

Looking toward the grating, he saw the guard motioning toward him, softly, anxiously. Carlton rose to a knee. Was it delirium? Was he dreaming that the little Filipino was beckoning to him? No, he was awake; he would go. Trembling, he crossed the cell to the grating, which the guard swung open.

The guard pointed down the ill-lighted corridor, and whispered sibilantly in his native tongue:

"Quick! She waits!"

Not understanding, but knowing that freedom awaited him there if anywhere, Carlton hurried down the corridor. As he stepped out, a shadow advanced; a small hand seized his arm, and led him on through the darkness, rapidly, down walks, by a clattering bamboo-grove, and then through an open door into a lighted room.

He found himself looking into the face of a girl who staggered back with a cry as she looked at him.

"You! You are not Boz! Him I wanted. Oh, what has happened?"

She sank against the wall. Carlton gripped the bamboo lattice near him. He understood the whole situation in a flash. This was the dark-eyed girl whom he had seen with Boz near the old *presidencia*—the daughter of Aguinaldo's friend. Not daring to do it openly, some one in authority had arranged it so that Boz would be permitted to escape; but by the guard's blunder, it was Carlton.

It was all plain when she turned upon him.

"You—not you—I do not love you—it is all a mistake!" she moaned, and much

more sped from her lips that he could not understand.

Carlton heard the wind murmur, and its breath touched him through the lattice. That wind came from the hills, beyond which was safety. He turned to the door, then paused. "You coward!" His mouth went bitter and acid. Yet—

"Speak to the guard," he said to her.

"No, no! I had but one order, for one. He would not dare; if both of you go, the people will—only one of you—Boz!"

He understood her meaning. There would be a chance for one, but for him who remained—the sunrise.

She sprang up as if stung to action by a thought.

"I will have you caught—"

Then she seemed to realize what such action would mean for herself.

A moment they stared at each other; then she collapsed from a tense, stricken woman to a mere sobbing, heart-broken girl. Carlton, still clinging to the lattice, watched her. Boz loved her with an honorable love—that he knew, for often in the old days, before their friendship was broken, the big soldier had spoken of her.

What should he do? The wind murmured again from the dim night-world outside, calling him to be away. Once more Carlton turned; one step he took toward the door. Sharply again, in his inner consciousness, he heard the brief, terrible—"You coward!"

He snapped his jaws together. He touched her on the shoulder.

"Look, little one, I will go back, tell the guard he made a mistake, and send Boz to you."

The girl lifted a radiant face. Back she led him to the rear entrance. Sinking his teeth in his lips until they met through the flesh, in order to allay his longing to dive into the darkness, he went in.

The dozing guard stiffened in staring surprise. In a low, mumbling whisper, Carlton told him his mistake. With cat-like swiftness the little fellow opened the grating. Carlton felt his way to the corner, and touched Boz.

The big frame stirred, tense, rigid, ready for anything. Carlton pointed to the opened grating and the beckoning guard. Like a great panther, and as softly, Boz slid to the door. There the guard told him what he had whispered to Carlton. Boz was gone. The grating closed.

Carlton sank to the floor, and muttered a prayer that death might come before dawn. The wind called, half wonderingly, half mockingly, from the papayas, but he did not stir.

Boz would reach safety because of him. Boz would learn from her what had happened, and would never be able to tell around the *comandancia* that Carlton was a coward. The word had lost its sting. Yet Carlton thought of the freedom so near, and all that it would have brought. His eyes grew dim with tears of weakness, and he was unashamed; the game was over, and he was alone.

Through the mist in his eyes he dimly saw the grating. It seemed to be whirling! He rubbed the film from his eyes; and the sight that opened before him chilled him into stone. Something had shot from behind the dozing guard—a big, burly form, quick as a shadow; its hands, like great talons, closed around the short throat, and the guard hung like a limp rag. Boz, who feared nothing, had come back! He was beckoning!

Hours went by, it seemed to Carlton, before he reached the door; then the big form seized him and half carried him to the open air.

"Brace up, Del, old man—here are the horses!" Boz whispered triumphantly, his voice quivering with the joy of battle.

A gurgling cry came from the corridor; the guard was regaining consciousness.

"Now!" Boz called.

Carlton was lifted into the saddle. He felt the great muscles churn under him, and they were off. Dimly he saw the masses of shadow plunge past; dully the sounds of the night cried out at him.

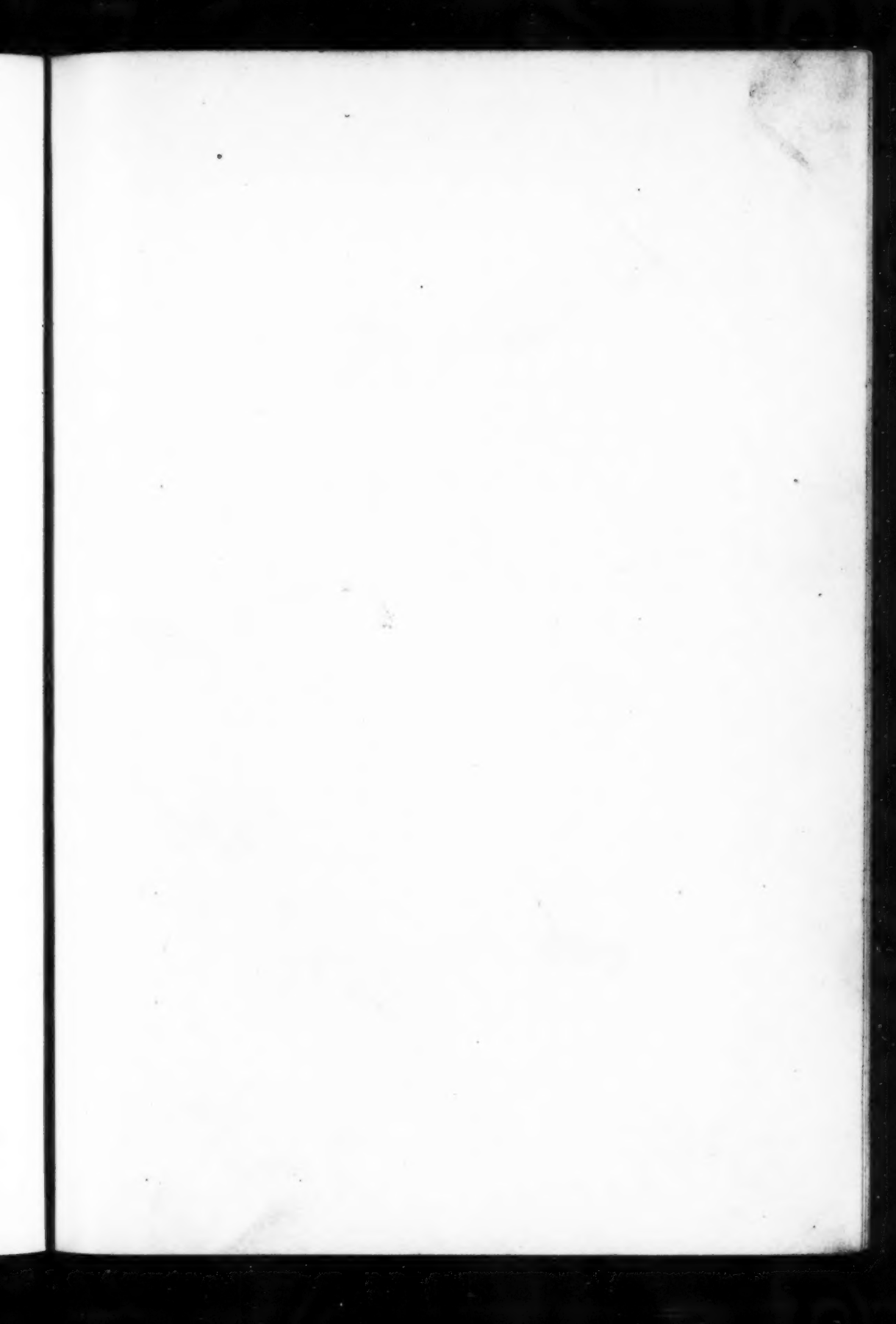
Dawn met them like a blast of flame on the last ridge. The worn horses stopped. Carlton swayed in the saddle, but a strong arm seized him.

"Drink!" came the command.

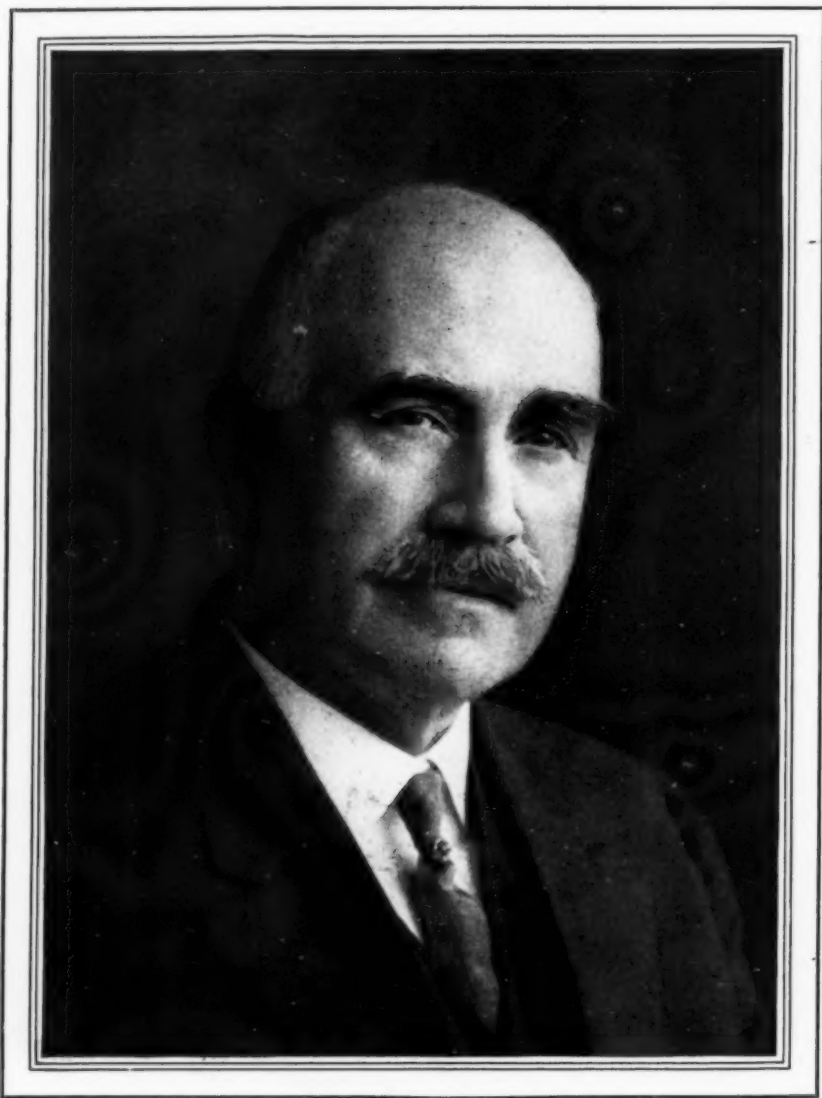
Under the life-giving sting of the liquor, he looked up. Boz was smiling in the old comradely way. A girl with a haggard face, but dark eyes shining, was resting her head against his shoulder. Carlton remembered that he thought he had heard another horse.

Boz reached up his hand.

"Get off, Del; we'll rest here a little while. You're all in—more'n I thought. Del, forget what I said—we're pals from now on. Shake! Just a few miles more, and then—the flag!"



WHICH OF THESE —



JUDSON HARMON, GOVERNOR OF OHIO

From a copyrighted photograph by Pach, New York

Governor Harmon will appear before the Democratic national convention as the favorite son of Ohio, the recent primary election having once more demonstrated his strength as a party leader in his State. He is in his sixty-seventh year, and has had a long and varied experience in law, finance, and public life. The son of a clergyman, he first served as mayor of his home town, was a judge for twelve years, and became Attorney-General during Cleveland's second term. He has since been professor of law in Cincinnati University, and a successful reorganizer of bankrupt railroads. In 1908, when Taft carried Ohio by nearly seventy thousand plurality, Harmon defeated the Republican candidate for Governor by twenty thousand votes. In 1910 he was reelected by more than one hundred thousand plurality.

IF EITHER OF THEM ?



OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD, CONGRESSMAN FROM ALABAMA

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As Alabama is alphabetically the leading State, the first name presented for the Presidential nomination at the Democratic convention in Baltimore will be that of Representative Underwood. Although Governor Wilson was born in the South, and Speaker Clark hails from a border State, Mr. Underwood is most typically a Southern candidate, being a native of Kentucky, a graduate of the University of Virginia, and a resident of Birmingham, Alabama. He was fifty years old on the 6th of May last. He is now serving his ninth consecutive term in the House of Representatives, and is chairman of the Ways and Means Committee and floor leader of the majority party. Should he be nominated for the Presidency, he would be the first Southern candidate named by either of the great parties since the Civil War.

EDITORIAL

COFFEE AND THE COMITIES

THE government of Brazil, in partnership with powerful banking groups in England, France, Germany, Holland, and this country, has practically cornered the world's coffee supply, and has raised prices in this country something like fifty per cent in less than two years. The combination recently had nearly a million bags of coffee in American warehouses, and vastly more in other countries, which it was holding off the market in order to keep up the price. In May, Uncle Sam started action to seize the coffee in New York and sell it.

In behalf of the combination, it was urged that as Brazil was a sovereign nation and the chief party in direct interest, we could not prosecute it as a conspiracy in restraint of trade; or, if we did, that we should insult Brazil and ruin our commercial relations with her, resulting in great commercial losses to us.

Let's see. For the last complete fiscal year, the official figures show that we bought more than one hundred million dollars' worth of Brazil's products, while Brazil took from us about twenty-seven million dollars' worth. The amount that Brazil is adding to the price of our coffee will almost absorb the entire value of our exports to her. We admit coffee and crude rubber—the main imports from Brazil—free of duty; most of our exports to that country are heavily taxed at her ports.

Brazil seems to be in the way of losing a good deal more than we should, if there should arise a serious difference of opinion about her coffee trust. If Uncle Sam should stop using coffee and rubber, Brazil would have a panic on her hands. We are the world's chief consumers of both articles. Perhaps the international comities bind us to look pleasant and pay, pay, pay; but when the comities get involved with efforts to hoist the cost of living by the creation of monopoly behind the shelter of a foreign sovereignty, it looks as if the comities were in for a bad jar.

ONE OF THE UNSUNG HEROES

THE flag of the State Department was half-masted recently in honor to the memory of an American diplomat who, if he had died on the battle-field, would no more truly have given his life for his country. He was Thomas Cleland Dawson, of Iowa.

Fifteen years ago Dawson went to Rio as a youthful secretary of legation who took his duties very seriously. He learned the languages, the literature, the institutions, the annals of the South American republics, and wrote a history of them which is a standard everywhere. Becoming a specialist in the diplomacy of Latin America, he was hurried away to Santo Domingo to make a model readjustment of the country's finances and to prevent European interference.

Success in one task only meant the imposition of a harder one. Dawson was sent as minister to Colombia, to convince the touchy people of that republic that the United States is not their mortal enemy. Next he hastened to Chile, to save a delicate situation caused by the blundering delivery of an unnecessary ultimatum to that proud and pro-

NOTE—All editorials in this department were written before the end of May.

gressive little country in connection with a disputed claim. Thence he went to Panama, to straighten out complications there. He was America's special ambassador to Venezuela on the occasion of its centennial anniversary of independence. He succeeded in clearing up a seemingly hopeless situation in Nicaragua, and was working on a like effort in behalf of Honduras when he died.

Always managing the difficult things, he knew little of gold lace and decorations. He was a business diplomat, ordered from one firing-line to another. Where there was real trouble, there was Dawson.

On his travels he lived in all climates and at all altitudes; he endured manifold hardships and untold nervous strain. He left health and comfort behind him on his way. Repeatedly he passed promising Fortune, her arms laden with opportunities, with no more than a casual nod. At forty-six he died, a victim of hard work done and of maladies contracted in the doing. Yet it was better far, and what he himself would have chosen, to pass out in the prime of life with such a record of usefulness, than to live for a hundred years without accomplishing aught worth the doing.

He was an evangelist of peace; did little that was spectacular, but a vast deal that was splendidly serviceable. If monuments were built for those who best deserve them, Dawson would have his statue in the Pan-American Union building in Washington.

CHECKING THE DIVORCE-MILL

THE indications are that before another year has passed the city of Reno will have ceased to be the refuge of restless hearts. In other words, the divorce-mill, which has been grinding faster than the proverbial mills of the gods, will have been checked by a proposed amendment to the law that now makes legal separation so swift and easy. Here is a significant step in the direction of a higher public morale.

Although the statute requiring only six months' residence in Nevada as sufficient to secure a divorce has been in force since 1861, its terms were not widely known until Sioux Falls, South Dakota, ceased to be the sanctuary of the mismated. Suddenly Reno became the capital of the divorce map. For a time, the charming little town on the Truckee rather enjoyed its notoriety. Then it began to realize that it was paying a high price for its "get-divorce-quick" fame. The dashing ladies who pitched their showy tents while waiting for relief set an example of extravagance that spread to the women of the place; the men who came established questionable precedents that were too quickly taken up by the youth of the community. Nevada business men who sought financial or commercial connections elsewhere were met with butt and jest about their divorce factory. Where there is jest, there is seldom serious employment of money.

Soon came the reaction. Many of the better citizens of Reno got together and started a campaign, which is now in full swing, and which will crystallize at the next meeting of the Legislature in January, when a bill will be introduced amending the law so as to require a year's residence before permitting a divorce. This will put Nevada on a plane with most of the other States, and the people who have found her laxity so attractive will not care to take the trip across the continent. So much in earnest are the advocates of the proposed change that all legislative candidates will be required to commit themselves on the subject before being placed on the primary petitions.

During the past twenty years, more than a million divorces have been granted in the United States—an average of one divorce for every thirteen weddings. Opinions differ widely as to the comparative moral effect of strict or easy divorce laws, but there is no question whatever that grave scandals have resulted from the endless discrepancies between the statutes of our forty-eight States. South Carolina, for instance, grants no divorces at all, while in other commonwealths the marriage bond may be dissolved for a wide variety of relatively trivial reasons. A complete standardization of divorce laws

is no doubt unattainable, but a greater degree of uniformity is highly to be desired, and would help to instil a salutary caution into the light-minded makers of reckless marriages.

AN ARTISTIC TRIUMPH FOR CHICAGO

TO Walter B. Griffin, of Chicago, has been awarded the first prize in the world-wide competition for designs for the new capital city of the Australian Commonwealth. What Major L'Enfant was to our Washington, Griffin becomes to the Australian capital that is to be hewn out of a wilderness. The scheme included a general plan of the city of the future, and required special attention to the government buildings, their grouping, harmonies, and general architectural character.

Some persiflage has been aimed toward Chicago, embittered by reflection upon the packing-house motifs for architectural elegance with which the great lakeside city is supposed to be best equipped to inspire its artists. The persiflage is unnecessary and ill-directed. Certainly it should have been an American who would rise to the inspiring theme of creating a capital for a new republic on the other side of the world; and why not a Chicago American?

Chicago is developing a general scheme of city betterment, organization, and beautification second to none in this country, if in the world; and Chicago, too, wrought the artistic triumph of the Columbian Exposition of 1893, which, for artistic perfection in its line, is still rated as the greatest achievement of man. Chicago is entitled to win, and did; that's all.

OUR URBAN AND RURAL POPULATION

THE tendency of population toward the cities continues, despite the country-life propaganda that finds its testimonials in picture-sections of the papers and magazines. A bulletin of the census for 1910 shows that the population of some of the Eastern States is in the cities to a startling extent. For instance, Rhode Island has 524,000 people in cities, and only 18,000 in the country. The country, by the way, means not only the open country, but also includes towns and villages of less than twenty-five hundred inhabitants. In the whole United States, several million people live in such communities, and are in truth more urban than rural.

Massachusetts has 3,125,000 people in cities and towns of more than twenty-five hundred inhabitants, and only 241,000 in the country and the villages. Even in Illinois, in the heart of the agricultural region, the urban population has outrun the rural; and the same is true of Ohio.

Vermont is the only New England State where rural population, thus reckoned, exceeds urban. The South and Southwest contain the greatest proportions of rural inhabitants. Texas has three times as many rural as urban, Georgia almost four times as many, and Arkansas more than six times as many.

We are coming to realize that the conditions of this problem have been precisely reversed in the last generation. The country used to be the place for the man without capital: Uncle Sam, as the old song said, was rich enough to give us all a farm. To-day, we begin to hear the complaint that the countryman must be either a capitalist or a hired man. It is the city, we are told, that affords the opportunities for energy, enterprise, talent, to gain recognition and reward, even though they have no immediate backing of capital. The city makes the capitalists, and then the capitalists go out to the country—for week-ends and vacations and the fun of spending their money.

There is something in these ideas, no doubt, and the census reports show that they are having their effect upon the movement of our population. Yet there is another side

to the picture. The greater the rush to the cities, the fiercer becomes the competition for every opening in business. As the producers of food dwindle in numbers and the consumers multiply, the cost of living is forced upward and the conditions of the struggle become more and more difficult. The rewards of success are still there, but the penalties of failure grow more and more terrible.

Let the farm lad who dreams of the "opportunities" of the city think twice—yes, and thrice—before he yields to the lure of the crowded market-place. Will money—even if he can succeed in grasping it—repay him for leaving the healthier and more independent life of the country, with its freedom from fear of the squalid poverty so hideously in evidence in our seething slums?

THE OLYMPIC GAMES AT STOCKHOLM

MANY roads will lead to Stockholm as the month of July approaches. Not only is the Swedish capital a center of interest for the habitual lovers of the various forms of sport, but the Olympic games, which are about to take place, win the attention of the general public. The idea that the modern contests are in a certain sense a revival of those which took place on the plains of Elis while Greece was in her prime appeals to the world's imagination.

The United States has given a good account of herself at every meet, and it is reasonably certain that a number of the important prizes will come to this country. It is a striking fact that in previous meets some of the Americans who carried off the honors were men engaged in sedentary occupations. At London, in 1908, the winner of the Marathon race was a salesman in a New York department-store. Another victor was a broker. It is a curious confirmation of the statement often made by Civil War survivors that the men who could endure the greatest hardships, in the times which tried body as well as soul, were, as a rule, not the farmers, supposed to be hardened by their outdoor life, but the town boys, who were naturally expected to be mollicoddles. Fatigue and loss of sleep seemed to come natural to them, while the man who had followed the plow was less adaptable to the vicissitudes of campaign life.

So it is not necessarily among the trained athletes whose names are well known to local associations that we may expect to find all of this year's Olympic victors. It is to the like of Johnny Hayes, from behind the counter, that some of the honors may come.

A CLASS IN PURE FOOD

AT North Yakima, Washington, it appears that they examine the local groceries, butcher-shops, bakeries, and soda-stands, just as if they were pupils in the seventh grade, and mark them on the same percentage score. A grocery that gets ninety-three is in the first division, according to the last bulletin of the North Yakima city government.

They pay a fancy salary to the health officer out there; considerably more than to the mayor—which isn't so unreasonable, after all, when you think that in the business of living, keeping alive is an even more important feature than being governed. This health officer actually earns his salary. He examines the North Yakima shops as to all sorts of conditions, and the monthly bulletin, which the town publishes, and which isn't dependent on the favor of advertisers, prints the score-card. The grocer or the baker can get up to ten points each on his display of goods, the appearance of his help, the general cleanliness and sanitary condition of his premises, and so on. A perfect mark would be one hundred, but nobody gets it.

In this same town they had a typhoid epidemic that was traced to a pond owned by

a big lumber concern. The town insisted that the place should be cleaned out, and it was; but after spending a lot of money doing that, the lumber concern insisted that an equal degree of care should be taken by other people. So the whole town is scoured up all the time, the shopkeepers compete for the best monthly ratings, and the people are in a high state of glee over their administration—under the commission government plan.

A DOMESTIC SCIENCE EXHIBITION

THE girls of the domestic science class in a Milwaukee college recently gave a two-day public exhibition. They cooked excellent meals at modest cost, understood the food values of everything they served, showed that they could darn, sew, "cut and fit," and—yes, and "tend babies." But it was not only for these facts that the affair was worth noting.

Nothing would be more beneficial to society at large than a sort of education for women that would make it fashionable to do all these household duties, and to do them well. It's arrant nonsense to pretend that the men prefer to marry competent girls. They ought to, but they never do. Men marry *the* girl, not the competent girl. They learn about her adjectival attributes later. But if it were fashionable for girls to cook well and sew neatly, as it is to play bridge by rule and the piano showily; if educational methods could induce a real pride in useful accomplishments, much would have been accomplished toward making living easier.

Aside from the economic conditions which make it impossible for most households to have even one servant, we are coming to a social era in which the supply of servants will positively refuse to go around. Women must know housekeeping, and be willing to do it, or else the home as an institution must give way to the boarding-house and apartment hotel, which might be described as the home reduced to the factory basis.

Make it fashionable for girls to know and do the useful things, and they'll be solving various problems for us.

A BENEFACTION TO AMERICAN AGRICULTURE

THE recent gift of one million dollars by a Chicago firm for the improvement of crop conditions in the United States has behind it a twofold value of far-reaching significance. In the first place, it has for its object the betterment of that activity which lies at the very basis of all prosperity. The plan is intelligent and practical. Instead of devoting the money to one huge fund, it is to be divided into a thousand funds of a thousand dollars each. Each of the thousand districts, therefore, can have its own fund, and under local direction the work can be adapted to the most urgent and important local needs. Thus it becomes a community effort, which may be made intimate and very helpful.

The other purpose—which is largely economic—grows out of the inspiration of the gift. The money is given primarily to the Crop Improvement Committee of the Council of Grain Exchanges. This is a step not only in the direction of a standardization of crops, but in the regulation of grain speculation. Where there is no violent fluctuation in crops there will be diminished incentive for wild manipulation of prices on the floors of the exchanges. The elimination of such frenzy would spell greater certainty of income for the farmer and less mental and financial strain for the broker.

There is still another value in this benefaction. It points the way for a new method of spending money—a plan as constructive and beneficial to civilization as the library and hospital habits.

A SHORT-CIRCUITED STORY

BY FRANK M. O'BRIEN

AUTHOR OF "A TASTE FOR ADORNMENT," "THE BOY NEXT DOOR," ETC.

WELLS was discussing "training" with Everson and Woggs, while the three sat in the big room of the *Planet* office, waiting for assignments. Usually the topic discussed under such conditions is the city editor's remarkable dullness in not finding, promptly upon a space writer's arrival, a snappy assignment that will net about fourteen dollars, and that can be finished in time for a leisurely dinner.

But it was nigh on three o'clock, and the day was slow. The star man had been sent out to interview a gentleman who, according to the afternoon papers, had just been rescued from an island in Great South Bay, where since early December he had lived on clams; and this was the middle of January. The second star man was supposed to be gathering bombs for an assault on the street-cleaning department. The condition of Park Row was such as to make one believe that the job would be easy.

"I don't believe," said Woggs, "that Parker is on his way to Amityville to see the Robinson Crusoe clam-eater. That would be foolish. By this time the hero is either incapable of further conversation, or is on his way to the *Flash* office, a sandwich in either hand. Training will tell Parker to spend the afternoon in deep thought at Tipton's bar, and then, with the aid of the last editions of the evening papers, he will write a crackerjack story—much better than if he had seen the marooned mutt."

Everson ventured probabilities in the case of Faffen, the man with the street-cleaning assignment.

"Training," said he, "will tell Faffen not to prowl the soggy streets, as an amateur might, but to dig up the energetic Mr. Wagle, the predecessor of the present commissioner. He'll get more live wires from Wagle than he would by walking every street in New York."

Wells got up and yawned.

"In brief," he said, "training in the gathering of news consists, not of going to the people who are at the dead center of things, but to find the people who will talk about things."

"Right!" said Everson, who had once been attached to a London bureau. "To confirm a rumor about a crisis in the Balkans, you don't go to the Balkans, but to a certain club in London."

"Likewise," said Woggs, "if you wish to know whether there is to be an extra session at Albany, you can save railroad-fares and even telegraph-tolls by asking a bartender at Foley's."

The city editor's errand-boy gum-shoed up to the trio.

"Mr. Wells," he said, "Mr. Hark wants you."

Hark talked to Wells for nearly five minutes in very low tones. Then the reporter, on his way for hat and coat, rejoined Everson and Woggs for a moment.

"It's a nice tough one!" he said. "The old man"—meaning Hark—"has got a private tip about a robbery at the Van Glaatens'—you know, Seventieth Street, just off the avenue. Not a whisper has come from police headquarters about it. The story goes that a masked man rang the front door-bell last night, stuck up the butler with a gun, and when Mrs. Van Glaaten came down-stairs, on her way to a dance at Merry's, he took a pearl rope and a lot of other junk from her and got away with it. That's all we know. Jasper, at headquarters, hasn't been able to get anything about it. The Van Glaatens, of course, will do anything to choke off a sensation."

Woggs tried to be helpful.

"You know young Quorn, the fifth deputy police commissioner, don't you?" he asked.

"Yes," said Wells. "I've known him

since we were boys. He might put me right."

"If he doesn't," said Everson, "try Matty Smith, one of the plain-clothes men in that precinct. He's usually to be found in Jim Brewer's saloon on Third Avenue, near the station-house, around six o'clock."

Wells made a note of Smith. He didn't know the detective, but he knew Brewer.

"Then there's the cop on the beat," said Woggs. "If he isn't too sore, he might give up. Tell him you'll have him dash up, just too late, in the story."

"And the Bowes Protective Service man on the block," volunteered Everson. "He might be handy. If he wasn't called in, he's sure to have heard some details."

Thus fortified, Wells started out. Crime stories were not to his liking, except when picturesque detail was plentiful. Masked men had glutted the market all that winter, and were held at a discount. Still, he admitted, it would make a pretty good story, for the Van Glaatens were great folk, as great folk go between the North and East Rivers.

Old Mr. Van Glaaten was abroad, he knew, gathering art treasures. Mrs. Van Glaaten was one of the three hundred and ninety members of the "four hundred" who do not like to see their name in print. She was the last of the Brockhuysens. She had never been interviewed. She had never had her picture in the newspapers. She had never done anything until now—and of course being robbed isn't actually doing anything—that would cause her name to be printed except "among those present." Wells had a notion, from what he had heard of the lady, that even that polite mention must be distasteful to her.

The Subway dumped Wells out at Canal Street, and he was soon in audience with his friend the fifth deputy.

"Really, old man," said Quorn, "there's nothing in that yarn. No such robbery at all. You know we give out all such things to the press."

But Wells slipped away.

"I might better have gone to the chief of the detective bureau, whoever he may be this week," he said to himself. "He would have told me a more artistic lie. Some men would barter their souls for a cheap deputyship!"

The next move was Matty Smith. Matty was at Jim Brewer's, and Wells knew him at once by his collar, mustache, and shoes.

For the plain-clothes man goes in the category wherein Kipling has put the priest, the mason, and the journalist. Once a plain-clothes man, always and seven times forever a plain-clothes man. If you took a plain-clothes man, gave him a thousand years more to live, and permanently exiled him to the heart of Tibet, there would be in Tibet, nine hundred and ninety-nine years from now, a man with a low wing collar, a heavy mustache, and shiny, square-toed number ten shoes.

"Nothin' doin'," said Matty. "I'd like to help out any friend of Jim Brewer, but the weisenheimers from down-town took the case out of my hands before I was hep to the details. So I'm sayin' nothin', because I don't know nothin'."

Wells went regretfully into the unpleasant evening. A soft, heavy snow fell, adding to the mush that Faffen even then was castigating. The wind was beginning to stir, and Wells drew his collar about his neck.

"Now for the man on the beat," he sighed.

The search lasted half an hour.

"I wasn't on duty on this post last night," said the policeman. "They took me off reserve this afternoon and sent me here. Geegan was on this beat last night." He looked nervously around to see if he was being watched. "I think," he whispered, "that Geegan was suspended on account of some robbery. If he was, you can probably find him at home. He lives in Canarsie."

Canarsie! On such a night the fate of the Great South Bay clam-eater seemed rosy as compared with a journey to Canarsie. Henry might go to Canossa, but Wells would not go to Canarsie!

"Good night and thank you," he said to the bluecoat.

One shot was left in his locker—the Bowes Protective Service cop, one of the men in gray who patrol in front of the homes of the rich. It was eight o'clock when Wells found him. A hard heart beat beneath the nickel badge.

"No information," said the special officer. "No, I don't smoke. We are paid to protect houses, not to blab to reporters."

"Then why don't you protect?" said Wells snappishly.

"Ah, gwan!" said the Bowes man.

It was snowing now like "Way Down East." Wells trudged sullenly along Seventieth Street with no real purpose except,

perhaps, to shake his fist at the great house of Van Glaaten.

There it was, and a fine house, too, with its wide façade of marble. Light glimmered warmly from nearly every window in its four stories. A reporter for the *Flash* would have taken a shy at the basement, in an effort to worm the story from the domestics. The ethics of the *Planet* forbade such doings.

Wells considered his evening's work, pro and con, while the snow sifted down his collar.

"I have done my best," he decided. "I have tried every available means to get this story. No other paper has it; if we can't get it, no one else is going to get it. For, by the simple act of warning the Van Glaaten household that the hellhounds of the press are on the trail, I am going to short-circuit the story. I am going to have the excluding door of the exclusive house slammed in my face, but I am going to put the story on the bum so far as our rivals are concerned!"

So he forded the sloppy street and ran up the high steps to the front door. He jammed his thumb upon the button of the bell and kept it there for half a minute. Then the door swung open and revealed the butler—the dignified butler, his eyebrows slightly raised in surprise at such a rowdy ring.

Wells's voice rang loud and clear.

"I am a newspaperman," he said. "I have come to get the details of the sensational hold-up and robbery which I am told occurred here last night."

The butler stood, rigid. Be it said to his professional credit that he showed little emotion at this, the most brazen intrusion—bar one—of all his experience. Had the masked man reappeared, it would have been hardly a greater shock to Johnson than was the boldness of Wells. The butler simply stared.

Then, at the rear of the hall, a sudden light was diffused, as if a portière had been flung back. Into this light there stepped a white-haired, handsome, regal woman—the great Mrs. Van Glaaten. She had heard Wells, and now she spoke.

"Johnson," she said, in the clearest, kindest, most soothing voice that Wells had heard for years, "don't keep the gentleman standing in the door. Attend to his coat and hat." And then, to Wells: "Johnson will show you into the library, when you are ready, and I shall be glad to tell you all I can of last night's events. They really were quite thrilling, and I think, for the sake of the general public, that they should be printed. This is the first time that a representative of the press has ever honored us with a call."

Everson and Woggs, who roomed together, looked over the front page of the *Planet* next morning.

"Wells got a great story, eh?" said Everson, pointing to the first column.

"Why shouldn't he?" asked Woggs. "How could he fall down when we had shown him so many ways to get the details? The trained reporter always gets his story!"

THE DREAM

Oh, little dream of restlessness

That men call life,

What is its substance, what its wraith,

Its peace, its strife?

We chose not when to go to sleep,

Whether the will to laugh or weep;

Your triumphs shift, yet we have faith

To call you life,

Oh, little dream of consciousness!

Oh, unknown waking from the dream

That men call death!

From shade to light, or light to shade,

We catch our breath:

Which marks our worth for time to leave—

The thoughts we feel, the deeds we weave,

The task believed in, game well played?

We call you death,

Oh, answer to our living dream!

Edith Livingston Smith

BIG LEAGUERS IN THE SPANGLES AND OUT

BY CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

WITH DRAWINGS BY M. STEIN, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

A GREAT journalist of the present day began his career as the London correspondent of a New York daily paper, reporting for the edification of democratic America the doings of kings, princes, dukes, earls, and other noble strangers. After a brilliant success, the young journalist was called home, but he left behind him some practical advice for the guidance of his successor.

"In writing an interview with a prince," said he, "always tell the folks at home what kind of trousers he had on, and whether they fitted him or not. In describing the appearance of a duke or an earl, you can afford to skip all mention of his face, but it would be fatal to omit a careful description of his waistcoat and tie. Americans like to know these little intimate things about the great ones of the earth."

We do. We admit it. Curiosity concerning the great is our national vice. We want to follow the matinée idol after the curtain falls, at least to the point

where he removes his toupee. We pursue the timid, shrinking author into his club and his private life. It pleases us to know that he drinks three cups of coffee for breakfast, but it pleases us still more to know how many lumps he takes, and whether he really loves his wife.

But authors and actors are not the only ones. We now have a third figure, broad and life-sized in the white light of our national curiosity—the big league baseball-player. Time was when he was supposed to be a low-

browed individual with gnarled fingers and a coarse, raucous voice. We know him better now; and in point of personal following and popularity, where is the actor or the author who can count friendly noses with Tyrus R. Cobb, Hans Wagner, "Chief" Bender, Christopher Mathewson,

TY COBB, OF DETROIT,
THE GREATEST OF
LIVING BALL-
PLAYERS



"Rube" Marquard, Ed Walsh, or Mordecai Brown?

Where indeed? Is there an actor living whose audiences stretch into five figures daily? Is there an author whose work is as widely esteemed as that of the eminent Johnson, of Washington? I dare you to name him!

Four years ago we went about electing a President, and politics should have been the one engrossing topic from July to November; but it so happened that in 1908 seven clubs in the two big leagues went thundering down to a close finish, and many of us forgot all about the Presidential race. Seven clubs ran neck and neck into October, and Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan also ran, but that was all. It was the chairman of one of the national committees who said:

"Hurry up and get this baseball thing decided. We'd like to stir up some interest in the campaign!"

Yes, the baseball-player is a national figure. He grows larger year by year. His public performance is as well known in California as it is in Maine. The other day Ty Cobb hopped blithely into the grand stand in New York and somewhat forcibly remonstrated with a spectator. The subsequent proceedings were chronicled on the front pages of all the newspapers, in space usually reserved for the great news of the day.

Since the public side of the diamond star is so well known and so painstakingly reported, let us go behind the dressing-room door with him and see what he is like after he shuts his "spangles" up in his locker. It is as fair to do this as it is spy upon the wretched author at his morning meal.

THE GREATEST OF BALL-PLAYERS

Now there's Cobb, for example. They say

of Ty, and truly, that he is the greatest of living ball-players, if not the greatest that ever lived. He came up out of Georgia seven years ago, bringing with him a long bat, a pair of slim, flat-muscle legs, and a peppery disposition. To-day he is probably the most valuable bit of baseball property in existence. Pittsburgh paid twenty-two thousand five hundred dollars for Marty O'Toole, on speculation. How much do you suppose Cobb would bring, when his very name is a guarantee of the highest grade of efficiency?

On the field Cobb is aggressive, argumentative, daring to the point of recklessness, always in the thick of the battle, fighting every minute to win. The popular idea of Cobb is that he is a sort of thunderbolt in breeches; but put him in his street clothes, and he is the quietest man on the Detroit team.

One morning last spring, the Tiger recruits and regulars dropped into New Orleans — forty-five healthy, hearty young men in prime condition. The lobby of the hotel filled up with curious ones, eager to see those famous leaguers at close range. Members of the Cleveland club also happened in to greet their official enemies and personal friends, and there was a noisy reunion.

Wild Bill Donovan, who has a voice which rumbles and reverberates, was prominent in the festivities. An elderly gentleman, looking on with deep interest, remarked:

"That's him, I reckon. Yes, that must be him. Lively young fellow, ain't he? And what a whale of a voice!"

"Who's that?" demanded one of the bell-boys.

"Why, Cobb!" said the elderly gentleman, indicating the busy Donovan. "Playful as a kitten, too!"

"That's not Cobb,"



HUGH JENNINGS,
THE DETROIT
MANAGER, WHO
IS ALSO A
PRACTISING
ATTORNEY

said the boy. "Cobb is over there in the corner, reading the paper. That's him with the green hat."

The elderly gentleman took a lingering look at a slender, blond young man who was quietly absorbing the news and paying no attention to the uproar around him. From the expression on the old man's face it was plain that another idol had fallen.

"Shucks!" he said. "He looks just like anybody else!"

He does. There isn't anything about Cobb, off the field, to attract attention. Take his uniform away from him, and he might be mistaken for anything but a ball-player. Quiet, courteous, soft-spoken—success has not turned Cobb's head, neither has popularity swelled it.

Last winter, when Cobb made a visit to his home town, the Georgia youngsters were wild to see the greatest of ball-players in action. Ty organized a juvenile team, and toured the home section, with himself as captain and pitcher. Do you suppose those youngsters will ever forget that they played behind Ty Cobb, or cease to boast about it?

MATHEWSON A CHECKER CHAMPION

Next on the list we have Christopher Mathewson of the New York Giants. To say anything about Mathewson's long and distinguished career would be to sing the stale chorus of an old, old song. Every one has heard of his "fadeaway," that elusive drop ball which breaks the hearts of recruits and troubles the souls of veterans.

Millions of people have paid money to see Mathewson work, but very few have ever seen him play. The game of baseball is toil for Mathewson; the game of checkers is his recreation.

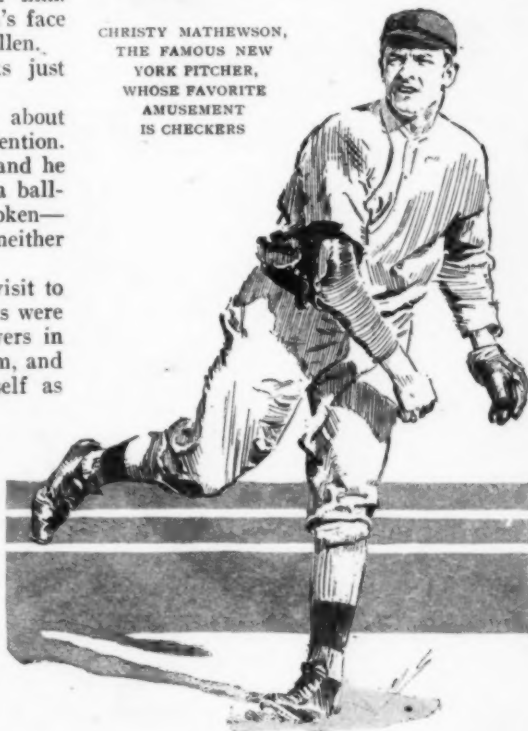
"Checkers?" you inquire, with a rising inflection.

Certainly—checkers, the old corner-grocery, cracker-box game of New England. If they ever form a checker league in this country, you will find Christopher Mathewson's name high up on the list with a fat winning percentage. Give him a checker-board, plenty of room for his feet, an opponent who can "see nine moves ahead," and Big Six is in for a pleasant evening.

About once a year he finds a man who can beat him, but the common or garden

checker-player has as much chance to beat Christy Mathewson as a high-school pitcher would have to beat him on the diamond. His idea of a lively evening's entertainment is to sit for ten minutes examining the positions of the red and black men before he

CHRISTY MATHEWSON,
THE FAMOUS NEW
YORK PITCHER,
WHOSE FAVORITE
AMUSEMENT
IS CHECKERS



makes a move. This strenuous form of amusement would be wearing to some, but Matty is a strong man, and does not seem to mind it in the least. It is on record that he once played ten men, blindfolded, and won a majority of the games. And still people wonder how it happens that he outguesses the batters!

MEYERS AN ART CONNOISSEUR

Mentioning Mathewson, one naturally thinks of John Tortes Meyers, the massive Mission Indian who gathers in the fade-aways when Big Six lets them fly. Meyers does not care for checkers. He says that game is too swift for an Indian, and contains too many elements of sudden surprise. He does not play cards, and if speech is silver and silence golden, the chief should soon be a millionaire.

Picture-galleries are Meyers's hobby. On rainy afternoons, when the other ball-players scatter to the matinées or the billiard parlors, John Tortes tucks the peace pipe into his pocket and hastens away to the art exhibitions. They say that he has never paid a visit to Boston without

Possibly the chief thinks about Whistler as he flattens one side of the ball and goes careening down to first base.

TINKER A STAR OF VAUDEVILLE

Then we have Joseph B. Tinker, of Chicago. For ten years "Tink" has been



"CHIEF" MEYERS, THE
GIANTS' INDIAN
CATCHER, WHO
IS A LOVER
OF PICTURES

going to study a certain painting which he declares to be the finest he has ever seen; and once anchored in front of his canvas, it is necessary to drag him away by force. He knows all about Franz Hals, Rembrandt, Vandyke, and Tintoretto, and he can also express opinions about Whistler, Sargent, or Abbey. Ruskin would have loved Chief Meyers, particularly when the works of James Abbot McNeil Whistler came under dissection. The chief can go that pot of paint simile one better.

No one, on seeing Meyers bang a line drive through the infield, would suspect him of artistic leanings. There is something elemental and brutal in the chief's method of cutting off a base-runner in mid career. It all goes to show that you never can tell what a matinée idol is thinking about.

as much a part of the scenery at the National League park as the Cubs' grand stand itself. He is one of the king-pin short-stops of baseball, but while he is scampering through the league season and giving Christy Mathewson a bad minute here and there, Joseph is tenderly nursing his voice for the winter vaudeville campaign.

You never hear Joe scream at an umpire. He wouldn't do it for worlds. It might strain his vocal chords and ruin his top notes. When Joseph has anything of a personal nature to say to an umpire, he goes over and leans up against him and breathes it gently into his ear, for off the field Joe's voice is his fortune, and he's saving it.

He sings, does Joseph—pathetic little ballads about home and mother dear, or

sweet Kitty McCafferty. There are those who declare that he resembles Caruso at times, especially when he gets up on his toes and reaches for his top note, his mouth opened wide like the entrance to a Subway kiosk.

But that isn't all. Bless you, no! Joseph tells jokes, too, and they must be good, because the people laugh and clap their hands. The best test of a vaudeville performer is his ability to go back over the same circuit, and Joe has never played in any town where they would not be glad to see him again. His date-book is always filled weeks ahead, and when his big league days are over, Joe can choose between the minors and the vaudevilles.

COOMBS AND BAKER LIKE FARMING

John Coombs, of the world's champion Athletics, was captured several seasons ago by the wily Connie Mack, who has a habit of snooping around the country for college players and teaching them how to play the game league fashion. Jack is a Maine Yankee, which is to say that he is prudent, far-seeing in business matters, and well acquainted with the market value of a dollar bill.

They call him "the iron man," but Coombs, realizing that iron must rust in time, has interested himself in scientific farming. Having discovered productive soil in his native State—we have his word for it, and that should be sufficient—the iron man quietly planted his world's series money in the aforesaid productive soil, and is now calmly awaiting a bumper crop.

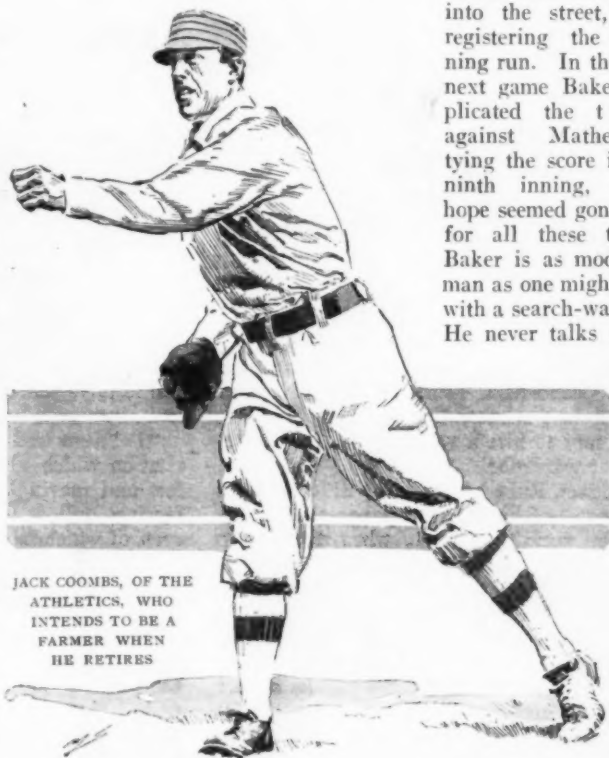
Outside of his salary for two seasons, Coombs, as well as every other player on Mr. Mack's team; received the sum of five thousand seven hundred and seventeen dollars and thirty-

eight cents, the proceeds of two winning world's series, so it will be seen that the iron man had quite a neat little bundle to plant. When the rust claims his pitching arm, it will be back to the soil for Mr. Coombs, and he intends to see to it that the soil to which he returns is his own.

At present, laboratory experiments are Jack's hobby, and he is particularly interested in the cheaper production of certain chemical products. He can talk by the hour—and he does—about the benefits which shall accrue to the man who discovers how to save a cent in the production of a gallon of ill-smelling liquid.

J. Franklin Baker, also of the Athletics, is another young man who believes that the farm is the backbone of the republic. Baker—can New York ever forget it?—is the powerful youth who wrecked two games in the series against the Giants by landing upon the ball exactly at the psychological moment.

It was Baker's bat which humbled Marquard, when, with two men out and Collins on second base, J. Franklin hammered the ball over the fence and into the street, thus registering the winning run. In the very next game Baker duplicated the trick against Mathewson, tying the score in the ninth inning, when hope seemed gone; yet for all these things Baker is as modest a man as one might find with a search-warrant. He never talks about

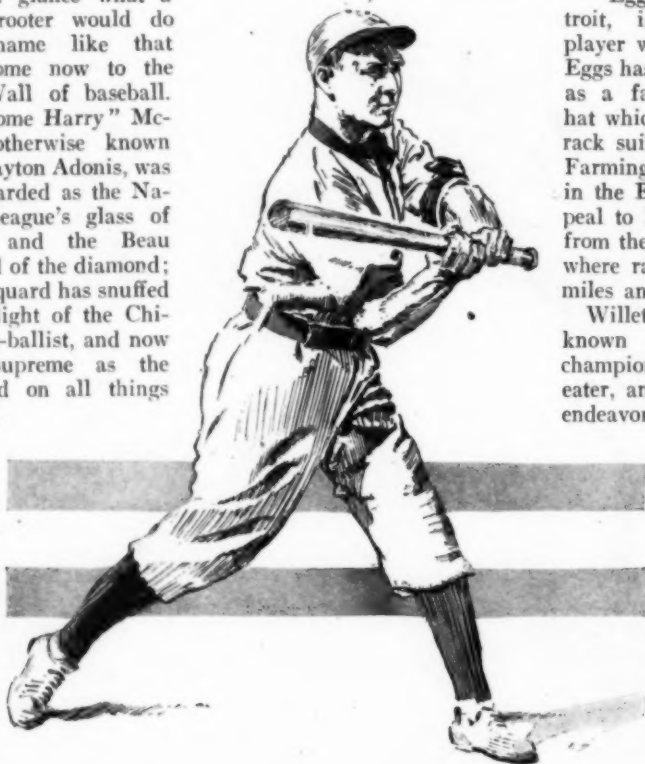


JACK COOMBS, OF THE ATHLETICS, WHO INTENDS TO BE A FARMER WHEN HE RETIRES

himself. When the baseball season is over, he catches the first train back to the home place, and remains under cover until it is time to go into spring training again.

A BEAU BRUMMEL OF THE DIAMOND

Speaking of Rube Marquard—his real name is Richard de Marquis, but you can see at a glance what a hostile rooter would do to a name like that—we come now to the Berry Wall of baseball. "Handsome Harry" McIntire, otherwise known as the Dayton Adonis, was once regarded as the National League's glass of fashion and the Beau Brummel of the diamond; but Marquard has snuffed out the light of the Chicago spit-ballist, and now reigns supreme as the last word on all things sartorial.



FRANK CHANCE,
MANAGER OF THE
CUBS, WHO OWNS
AN ORANGE GROVE
IN CALIFORNIA

Clothes? Rube owns more clothes than most second-hand men. It was whispered about, last winter, that he had found it necessary to hire a valet to care for his extensive wardrobe.

In fact, Rube has so many different suits that some of his teammates became jealous. In the spring of 1911, when the Giants were touring the South, some anonymous friends broke into his room, laid out his wardrobe upon the floor, and proceeded to play a fire-hose upon the silk pajamas, seven-dollar shirts, and fancy suits. Rube, who says that he knows how to take a joke, is still searching for the miscreants. He says that he would not have minded the water so much, but the thing which broke

his heart was the pound of violet talcum-powder which the unknown visitors sprinkled over the garments before they turned on the water.

"A joke is a joke," said Richard de Marquis, "but when it comes to ruining a man's evening clothes, that's going too far to get a laugh from me!"

"Eggs" Willett, of Detroit, is another ball-player with a single fad. Eggs has no wish to shine as a fashion-plate; any hat which he finds on the rack suits him very well. Farming, as we know it in the East, does not appeal to him, for he hails from the great Southwest, where ranches extend for miles and miles.

Willett yearns to be known as the world's champion heavy-weight eater, and at this line of endeavor he has few

equals and no superiors. Waiters esteem him highly, and watch his gastronomic performances with bated breath.

"Let's go and eat something" is an invitation which always finds Willett on his feet and moving upon the eatables. Food famines follow in his wake; the price of eggs, of which he is inordinately fond, leaps at the sound of his name.

CHICAGO'S STAR PITCHER

Mordecai Brown, probably the best-liked man in baseball to-day, spends his spare time with a dog and a gun. Sometimes he makes flying trips home to Terre Haute, where he is always greeted as a conquering hero. Brownie, as he is affectionately

dubbed by his fellow players, is always cheerful, always ready to do more than his fair share of the heavy work, and, unlike many star pitchers, he never seeks an excuse for defeat.

In the fall of 1910, when Athletics and Cubs fought for the world's championship, Brownie was sent in to pitch the second game of the series. He held the hard-hitting White Elephants to a close score for six innings, but in the seventh they fell upon him furiously, smashing the ball to the fences. Six runs went up on the board at the end of that inning, and Mordecai walked slowly back to the bench, a loser, Chicago's best gun spiked.

That night, at the railway-station in Philadelphia, a frenzied Cub rooter burst through the crowd and seized Brown on the arm.

"What happened in that seventh to-day?" he demanded. "What went wrong?"

"Huh!" grunted Brownie. "They gave me one fine licking, that's what happened. They hit everything I had, and I had plenty, too. They beat me to death, that's what happened!"

Several days later, when the Athletics needed but one more game to win the championship, Brownie was sent in again. For seven innings he held the Athletics to two runs, and in the first half of the eighth the Cubs tied the score.

In the last half of that inning the Athletics repeated their Philadelphia performance, banging out five runs and a world's championship; yet when the inning was over, thirty thousand people stood up and cheered Brown as he had never been cheered before. It was a tribute to his cheerfulness, his gameness, and his ability to lose like a man.

ANOTHER CHIEF IN BASEBALL

Charles Albert Bender, who also carries the time-honored title of "chief," mainly for the reason that every honest-to-goodness Indian who breaks into professional baseball takes tribal rank at once, has been pitching high-grade games for so many years that Philadelphia has come to regard him in the light of a public institution.

On the ball-field, Chief Bender is as full of conversation as a sparrow, carrying on

four separate and distinct arguments at once—one with the batter, one apiece with the coaches, and a side line of comment for the private ear of the umpire; but off the field it's an able conversationalist who can jar as much as a weather prediction out of him. When Jack Coombs, Baker, Ira Thomas, and the other embattled farmers of the



RUBE MARQUARD,
OF THE GIANTS,
A BEAU BRUMMEL
OF THE DIAMOND

Philadelphia club are discussing irrigation and kindred exciting topics, the chief hunts up the home papers and fills himself with politics. His flow of language is purely a business asset.

We have also the wide and mighty Wagner—John Henry in the birth records, but long beloved as "Hans" or "Honius," and usually referred to by ball-players as "the Dutchman."

Hans is playing ball these days mainly to be obliging. He doesn't have to—dear no! Hans has money in several banks and property scattered here and there throughout the country. Those who claim to know about his bank balance say that the only thing Hans need fear in the future is a rattling attack of coupon thumb.

Hans might buy a ball club if he wanted

one badly enough, but for the present he continues to whoop it up around short field for the Pirates, and to draw down a fat salary-check every little while. Hans isn't the first malefactor of great wealth to make the discovery that it is harder for a rich man to retire than it is to ease a camel through the eye of a needle.

TWO FAMOUS MANAGERS

Frank Chance, who built up the great Chicago machine, and with it won four pennants and two world's championships, divides his attention between automobiles and oranges. Baseball has been good to Chance, for he owns an interest in the Chicago club, besides his salary as manager. He spends his winters in southern California, superintending the picking of his orange crop; and after that he goes hunting or fishing, endeavoring to forget the worries which fall upon a big league manager.

From January to the middle of October,



JOHN J. MCGRAW, THE MILITANT MANAGER OF THE GIANTS

Chance has no time for anything but baseball. His waking hours are filled with plans. Off the field he is silent, taciturn, moody. He eats baseball, breathes it, dreams it; and one inevitable result of this close application and long nervous strain is that Frank Chance, at thirty-two, looks forty-two, and will sometimes admit that he feels even older than that. Happy is the man who can shut his mind to shop thoughts after business hours!

That man, it might be stated, is John J. McGraw, of the Giants. McGraw fights every bit as hard as Chance when on the field—it's Greek and Greek, and nothing to choose between them—but when the combat is over, and the straw hats are trooping through the wide-flung gates, McGraw takes off his baseball cares and his managerial responsibility with his uniform, and forgets all about the national pastime for twenty-hours.

"See here," he often says to his youngsters, "when you're out there on the field, I don't want you to have a thought in your heads that isn't about the game. Concentrate on it! Give it the best you've got! But when the game is over, forget it. You'll last longer that way."

Following out this policy, John assists his hired hands to forget by playing practical jokes upon them. Traveling with John J. McGraw is almost as much fun as tramping with a circus or a continuous vaudeville show.

Baseball is an instinct with McGraw; his greatest trouble is to train his young men to think as quickly as he does. Three or four years ago, when the Giant machine was not running smoothly, McGraw delivered himself of a criticism which has become a classic:

"Oh, what a ball club!" said the little Napoleon bitterly. "I've got nothing but a flock of arms and legs on the pay-roll. Not a real head in the bunch!"

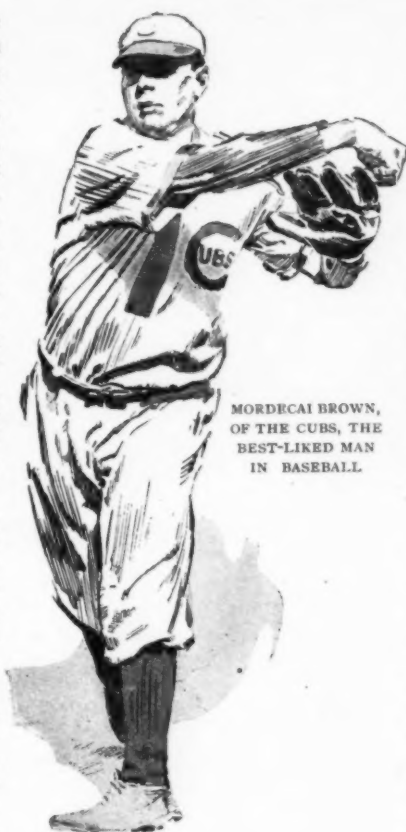
MACK A FATHER TO HIS TEAM

Mr. Connie Mack, of Philadelphia, one of the wisest and best of managers, is quite unlike Chance or McGraw, just as he is unlike any other big league manager in the business. Slender and solemn in his black suit, Connie sits upon the bench, his eyes twinkling under heavy brows. Connie is a student of men and boys. He handles no two players alike, and he rarely makes a mistake in character-reading.

Some managers have been known to use warm language on the bench after a stupid play. Connie Mack never makes any comments during the game; but that night, on the train, or the next day, in a hotel lobby, he sits down by the erring player and waits for the flood-gates to open of their own accord. Then, at the right time, he drops in a few words of fatherly advice, often illustrating the point with a recital of some similar play, twenty years before.

Connie has a remarkable ball club—a club of boys, for the most part—and he is a father to every one of them. It is to him that they go with their troubles, and patiently, and with sympathetic kindness, he straightens out the tangles, bringing to the job the experience of many years.

Perhaps there is more real affection felt for Connie Mack than for any other manager of ball-players. He has earned it, for in his dealings with the men on his payroll he is never the boss, never the man who "hires and fires," but always the mentor and friend. Baseball would be the better



MORDECAI BROWN,
OF THE CUBS, THE
BEST-LIKED MAN
IN BASEBALL

for a few more men of the Mack type.

Any glimpse of the big leaguer must be in the nature of a snap-shot. He is here to-day and gone to the minors to-morrow. His big league career is limited to the period of his highest efficiency. New blood is always crowding in, clamorous to be served. A weakened throwing arm, a bad leg, an impaired batting eye; then the minor leagues, a steadily diminishing salary check, and obscurity.

Yet there is some consolation for this. It is the very shortness of the life which makes of the professional ball-player a careful, clean-living young man. It's the player who takes care of himself that lasts longest on the pay-roll.

Averaging them as a class, the big leaguers compare favorably with the young men of any profession. The devel-

opment of baseball along scientific lines has placed a higher premium on brain than on brawn.

On the field or off, America has no reason to blush for the boys who play her national game.

THE FLEETING YEAR

How fast the year is going by!
Love, it will be September soon;
Oh, let us make the best of June!
Already, love, it is July;
The rose and honeysuckle go,
And all too soon will come the snow.

Dark berries take the place of flowers;
Of summer August still remains,
Then sad September with her rains.
Oh, love, how short a year is ours!
So swiftly does the summer fly,
Scarce time is left to say good-by!

Richard Le Gallienne



"A HAND-SHAKE IS ALL RIGHT, BUT AFTER THREE YEARS OF WIND-JAMMIN' ON THE SOUTH AMERICAN COAST, A FELLER KIND OF EXPECTS—"

SOME BEANS

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD

AUTHOR OF "THE LIVE WIRE," "THE PEPPER AND MRS. MAYNESTEIGH," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

IT was the first time in three years that young Columbus Swain had sailed his catboat, but that fact did not account for the shameful jibing of the Susan M. as she rounded Marlin's Point and carried Lum into sight of the end of the island harbor. He jumped to his feet, dropped the tiller, and stared inshore with such absorption that the swinging boom nearly amputated his ear.

"What the blisterin' Moses?" he gasped to himself. "Is that indecent shebang Cap'n Obed Marlin's old farmhouse?"

Lowering the sail, he floated slowly to the little wharf. Over it was displayed a canvas sign, which proclaimed as follows:

MARLIN IMPERIAL HOTEL
SHORE DINNERS—COME ON. BOYS

Swain, with a savage frown of disgust on his tanned face, clambered to the landing.

When he had made fast, he saw that a girl was doubtfully walking toward him. She was a very pretty girl, and Lum's frown instantly vanished.

"Why, Columbus!" she said, in a slightly guarded tone.

"Well, Susan, here we are again!" shouted Lum, offering both his brawny hands.

Miss Marlin took one of them for a moment.

"I'm real pleased," she murmured. "I got your postal from New Bedford. Father was tickled 'most to death to think of your coming back first mate. He says the old island stock is good for something yet, besides doing up summer excursioners!"

Lum, visibly puzzled and disappointed, glanced over his stalwart shoulder at the sign.

"How about your being tickled yourself,

Susie?" he complained. "A hand-shake is all right, but after three years of wind-jammin' on the South American coast, a feller kind of expects—a feller kind of—"

"Do you like the new pavilion?" interrupted Susan.

She nodded at a hideous structure which had been built in front of the gray, picturesque farmhouse. The pavilion was painted red and yellow, and resembled a soap-factory in conflagration. Purple placards adorned it, bearing such inscriptions as:

WE SELL SODA

ONE DIME BUYS OUR BOSS EGG SANDWICH

ASK CAP MARLIN FOR A WHALING
STORY

After reading them carefully, Mr. Swain kicked his toe against the beach sand and groaned.

"I don't like it for sour duff!" he announced. "What ever persuaded your father to make this five-masted show of himself, all of a sudden?"

"Now, Susie, I'm waiting!" commanded a shrill voice from the pavilion.

Miss Marlin flushed consciously.

"That's Philander—I mean, that's Mr. Ballou," she faltered. "I was helping him wash the glasses. He's father's partner, and he sort of runs the new business."

"He does, does he?" said Swain. "Well, darn his skin!"

"Lum! Mr. Ballou is from Boston!"

"I wouldn't care if he was from Jerusalem," contended Columbus. "What right has he to bunco an honest old sailor, like Qbed Marlin, into paradin' a Bowery restaurant, with a theayter annex?"

"You mustn't talk that way about Mr. Ballou, Columbus, because I—"

"And what right," broke in Swain, "has he to be callin' you 'Susie,' and orderin' you 'round?"

Before the girl could reply—except, indeed, by plainly explanatory blushes—a man's dapper figure appeared in the distant door of the restaurant. He was short—and thin—and sallow, and he wore a studiously pointed mustache. The man smirked at Susan and beckoned to her with a towel.

"Who's that shrimp?" Mr. Swain pronounced. "Is that him?"

"Yes, that's Mr. Ballou," said Susan, somewhat tremulously. "I have to go now, Columbus. We're awfully busy, getting

ready for to-night. And here's father, anyway."

She hastened into the pavilion. Her distressed lover turned to greet a ponderous ancient mariner, who bore down upon him from the ivy-clad farmhouse.

II

"AHoy there, fust orf'cer!" bellowed Captain Obed, with stentorian delight.

"How be you, Mr. Delmonico?" retorted Lum. "I ain't here for a boss egg sandwich, nor yet to hear a whalin' story, and I dunno as I ought to take up your attention."

Old Marlin seemed to be embarrassed.

"Oh, cat's foot!" he said, after they had gripped hands. "Lum, I'll tell you the yarn of it. This Philander Ballou, he cruised over to the island a couple o' months ago, stewardin' for a Elks' excursion from Boston, and I got acquainted with him, down-town at auction-time. Well, sir, we talked some—Susan was with me—and, fin'ly, he took and made this proposition. He's a real slick talker."

"I judge he must be," said Columbus grimly. "Warn't you good enough fixed before, Obed?"

"We're going to be better fixed now, so Philander claims," parried Marlin. "It all depends, though. You see, we've got to have three miles of reg'lar road built down here from town. Without a reg'lar road we might as well strip ship and lay up the hotel."

"But how can you work the town for a road?" Mr. Swain inquired.

Captain Obed, with a true sense of dramatic effect, paused, stepped backward, and winked twice.

"Lum," he explained, "this identical afternoon we've took and invited all the big bugs—the selectmen, and the road-commissioners, and the entire crew—we've invited 'em to this hotel for a grand openin'. We're agoin' to give 'em a free feed that'll pretty nigh bust 'em. I guess you reckon how every islander loves to feed. And let me tell you that Philander Ballou is the finest cook that ever hove ashes out of a galley. Lum, I never knew what cookin' was till Philander come aboard. Chowder, and stewed scallops, and eel-stifle—gosh, don't say a word!"

Columbus scowled aggressively.

"If you think you can bribe the selectmen with eel-stifle—" he began.

"'Cordin' to Ballou," interposed Obed, "it'll put 'em in a respective mood, whatever that is. As for me, knowin' islanders and knowin' Ballou's chowder, I'll bet you they'd vote us a trolley-line o' palace-cars, after they've eat that meal we're goin' to give 'em to-day. Why, they'll swear the Imperial Hotel is the best attraction they've had on the island since the F' chburg band! But that ain't the whole of the idee. Just you come inside."

He led the way eagerly to the interior of the lurid pavilion. Near the entrance was a counter for the sale of soda and cigars. Captain Marlin proudly patted it.

"See that?" he said. "To-night that'll be rigged same as a bar. I'll shove out some of that Medford rum o' mine. You remember it. See that chiny dish? That'll have a cargo of scraps of orange-peel, and coffee beans, and salt herrin', and appetizer stuff, for the gang to pick at afore they eat. Genu-wine Boston style—take partic'lar note o' that, Lum!"

Lum, however, appeared to be noting with more particularity a remote corner of the large room, where Miss Susan and Mr. Ballou, in tender juxtaposition, were washing glasses. He sighed gloomily.

"Yes, the walls are kind o' bare," misinterpreted Obed. "But we calc'late to pretty 'em for the banquet with fans, and nets, and such didoes."

"I fetched a heap o' didoes home with me," Swain observed. "Injun tricks from South America. Outlandish critters, those South American Injuns! You'd hardly believe the things they make, and wear, and feed on."

"I never v'y'ged that coast, myself," said the captain.

"Well, I'll up sail, I suppose," Lum said, darting a final and desperate glance at the dish-washers.

Marlin strolled with him to the wharf, and Swain disconsolately cast off the painter of the Susan M.

"I was—was thinkin', cap'n," he mumbled. "How about Susie and you takin' a little cruise with me to-morrow, just for the sake of old days? I hear the bluefish is runnin' in Handkerchief Rips."

"To-morrow?" repeated Obed, with some confusion. "Why, to-morrow me and Susie has agreed to go to the movin' pictures with Philander. He always treats us to 'em on Saturdays."

Lum steered morosely down the sunlit,

sparkling harbor. The Susan M. had long been reputed the trimmest and handiest of the island's catboats; but now, off Marlin's Point, she shamefully jibed again, for the second time that morning. Again did her boom scrape the ear of Columbus Swain, certified sailing-master. Lum did not seem to mind it, however. He was, in fact, executing a species of gleeful jig in the standing-room.

"By the great ding-toed sea-serpent!" he ejaculated. "Them beans! Blessed if I don't try them beans!"

III

WHEN Selectman Joshua Bastable's motor-launch left the town wharf that afternoon, Mr. Swain occupied a seat therein, among the half-dozen village magnates. He had donned his Sunday clothes for the occasion, and from the bulging pocket of his coat protruded the corner of a large brown paper bag.

"We can't build only so much new road this year," Bastable remarked. "It's a toss-up whether we lay it down to Obed's, or over to the Quidwinnet House. What do you think, McDodd?"

"Well, they certainly do serve dandy grub at the Quidwinnet," said Pie McDodd, one of the highway commissioners; and he fingered his convex waistband retrospectively.

"But Obed claims he's going to run the best joint," put in the town treasurer. "Obed claims he's got the best cook ever on the island."

"We'll see," said Bastable.

"You bet!" chuckled Pie. "We'll sample him fair and square. I ain't swallowed nothin' since breakfast, and I reckon most of us ain't, neither!"

A general grin admitted the impeachment. The motor chugged industriously, and the launch scurried through the green water toward Marlin's Point. Columbus Swain, with a diffident smile, extracted from his pocket the paper bag, untwisted it, and passed it to the town treasurer.

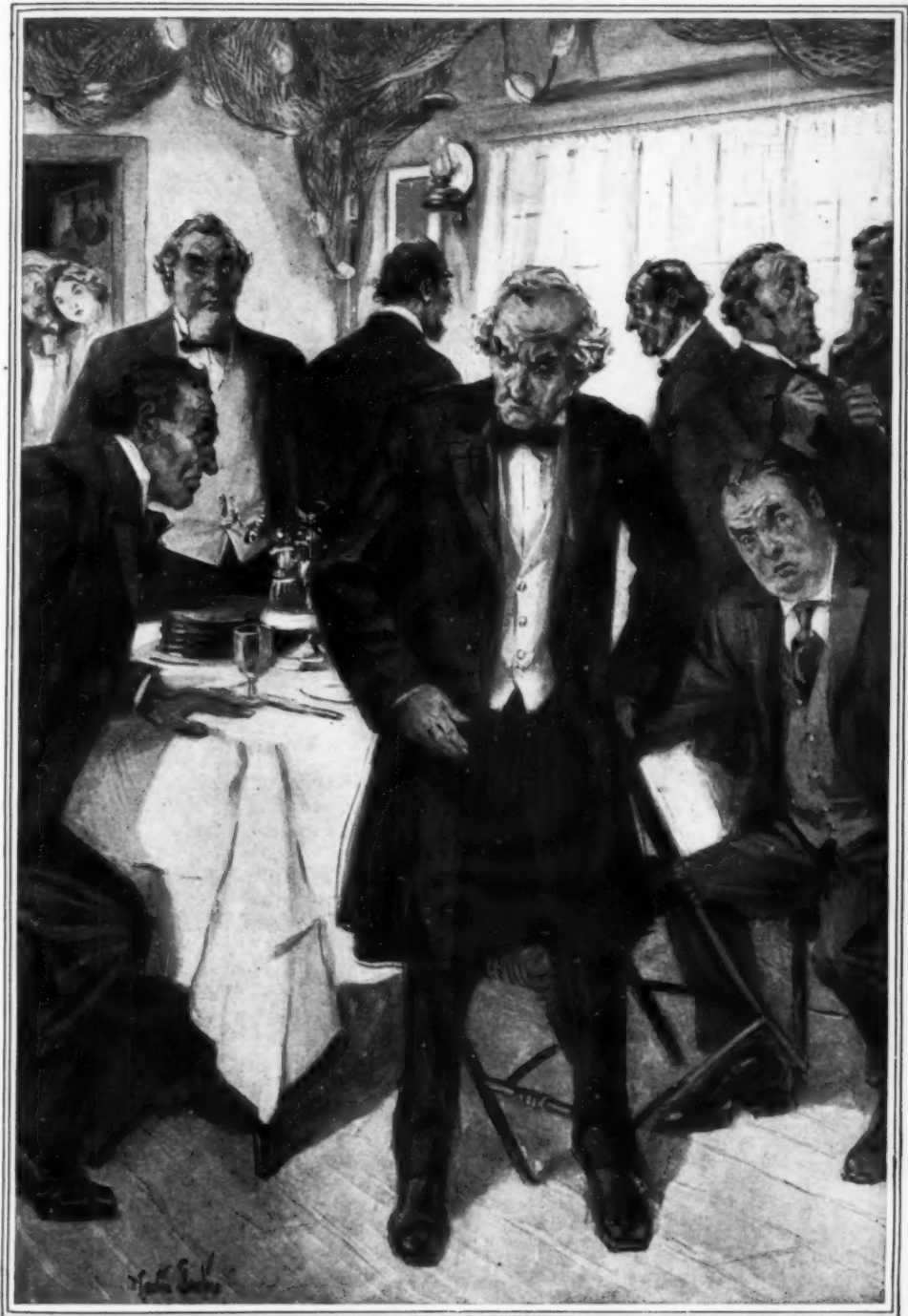
"Try one," suggested Lum softly.

"What be they?" inquired the financier.

"They look like beans."

"They are beans," agreed Swain; "tonic beans—fine things for a feller's system, too, just afore dinner-time. Try one—'t won't hurt you."

"Say, that tastes nice," commented the town treasurer, nibbling. "Take a tonic



SADLY AND SILENTLY, THE CAPTAIN'S GUESTS PUSHED BACK THEIR CHAIRS

bean, Josh? They're same as sugar-candy."

Mr. Bastable accepted. Everybody accepted. The bag became popular.

"I brought 'em from Callao," Lum elucidated modestly. "The mountain Injuns use 'em when they hanker to eat. You see, Obed spoke to me this mornin' about puttin' out a bowl of appetizin' scraps for you gentlemen to kind o' graze on while the real grub was cookin', and I thought o' these. Yes, sir, there ain't nothin' that'll save more trouble for a feller at meal-time than these beans."

"Here, gimme a couple extry," requested Mr. Pie McDodd, who had already consumed thirteen. "Gracious knows the appetite o' my system is always middlin' tolerable, but this here is a day to make sure."

Columbus rolled up the empty bag and tossed it overboard.

On the landing of the Imperial Hotel, Captain Marlin thunderously welcomed his all-important guests. He escorted them to the soda-water counter, where they imbibed excellent Medford rum in moderation, but declined altogether, with surreptitious nudges, to partake of the provocative dried orange-peel and salt herring.

"Fact is, we don't need any appy-teaser, Obed," apologized Bastable, "because, on the way over—"

But here Lum Swain intervened with a very loud and hasty question.

"Where do you reckon the new road ought to run, Cap'n Marlin?" he demanded.

"Well, now, I'm just anxious to show you gentlemen that identical p'int," said Obed excitedly. "Come right out here on the beach, gentlemen. It'll be full an hour, mebbe, till Philander Ballou has the victuals ready. Now you can see for yourselves that the slope by that clump o' pines is a terrible easy grade."

He urged the magnates through the beach-grass, with much oratory and gesticulation. Columbus followed, humbly but watchfully; and after forty-five minutes in the cool, bracing air, the hospitable clang of a gong summoned them to the feast in the pavilion.

IV

THROUGH the ambrosial clouds which ascended from the huge plates of delicious chowder, Captain Marlin's face beamed expectantly at his guests around the table.

"She smells good, anyhow," drawled the town treasurer. "She smells good, but I dunno as I—"

"What?" interjected Obed.

"Oh, nothin'!" said the official. "I warn't never a great hand for chowder."

"Nobody ever noticed you warn't, till now," growled Mr. Bastable.

"You got no license to talk, Josh," the treasurer rejoined. "You ain't tasted more'n a mite since we set down."

"Kind o' thought I'd save up for what's comin'," muttered Bastable.

"Well, you needn't all o' you save up," Captain Obed protested, with bewildered indignation. "What's wrong? This is the first time ever I see chowder go beggin' on this island!"

He glared angrily at Pie McDodd, who, with a helpless, almost wounded expression, was glaring in turn at the overflowing plate before him.

"She don't just seem to hit me," said Pie plaintively.

"Hit you?" the landlord snorted. "Hit you?"

"Yes," sighed Mr. McDodd. "Now, the chowder at the Quidwinnet House last week—you remember, Josh?"

"Here, Susie!" ordered Marlin. "Clear away this dum chowder! There's somethin' wrong with it. I wonder how broiled lobster will hit you, boys!"

The boys brightened somewhat. The town treasurer ate part of a diminutive pickle, and covertly threw the rest of it under the table. Susan came from the kitchen with a vast platter of superb lobsters, perfectly cooked.

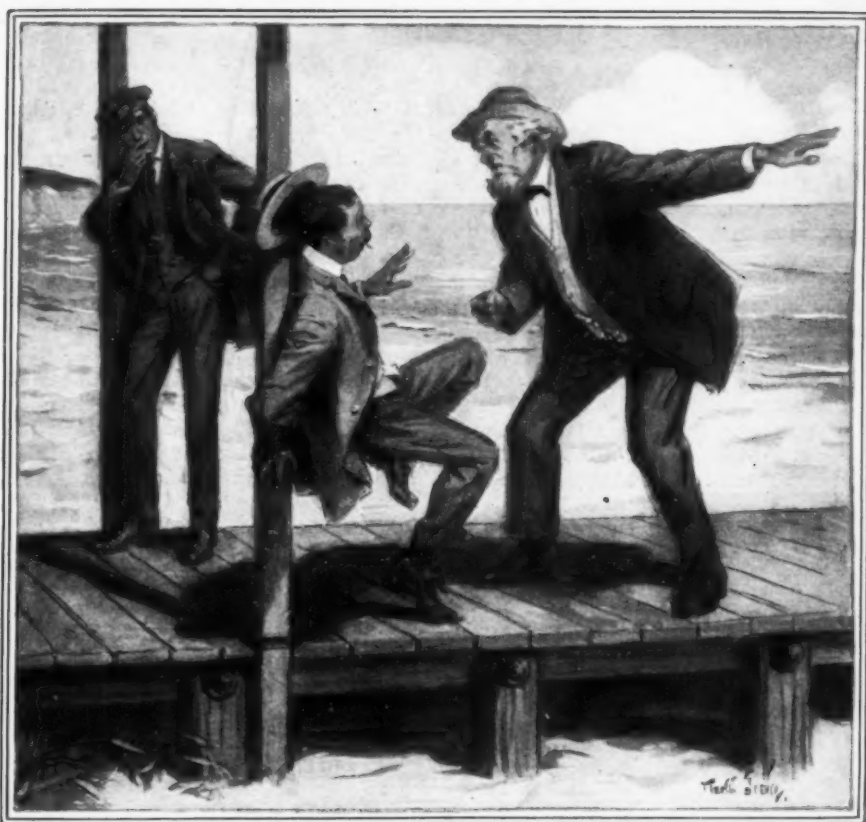
"There!" exulted Obed. "Choice goods, I tell you, and all squirmen' only twenty minutes ago! You'll take two to begin with, Josh, won't you?"

"One, I guess," amended Mr. Bastable; "a small one."

"Gimme a claw, please, Obed," quavered Pie McDodd.

Captain Marlin, his gray whiskers bristling as with wrath, brandished a fork at the town treasurer, who hastily grabbed another pickle. But the captain's wrath was not now directed at his guests.

"Susan," he whispered bitterly, in his daughter's ear, "fetch aft the rest of this banquet of Philander Ballou's! Let's see what banquet this Ballou has got. It's his obs'quies, not mine. He claimed to be a cook, and I thought he was, but it seems



"OFF'N MY DECK, YOU BOSTON SCULPIN! DON'T ANSWER BACK A WORD, NEITHER!"

like he can starve a crew quicker'n a Portege skipper!"

Therefore Miss Susan, chagrined and tearful, brought the savory eel-stifle and the browned scallops, the inviting mince-pie, and the luscious layer-cake. They were brought in vain. The despondent magnates, even under the goad of politeness, touched hardly a morsel of the viands.

"This Imperial Hotel," confided McDodd to Columbus Swain, "ain't no 'count. Obed, he's been swindled by the Bostoner; and I judge the cap'n's onto that at last, too."

Mr. Swain said nothing, but he smiled behind his napkin.

Sadly and silently, the captain's guests pushed back their chairs. Sadly and silently, they gathered on the wharf in the twilight. Nobody mentioned the new road. The town treasurer and the selectmen and the highway commissioners embarked in the

launch, and the darkness of the harbor swallowed them.

Leaning against a support of the canvas sign, Captain Obed Marlin felt a grasp on his elbow.

"Calc'lated I'd hang behind, cap'n," said Lum, "so's to help you clean ship."

The captain started violently.

"Clean ship?" he echoed. "You can bet your teeth I'll clean ship, Lum, and I'll begin right now." He spread his enormous hands trumpet-wise. "Ballou!" he yelled. "Philander Ballou!"

The dapper promoter of the Imperial Hotel emerged from the kitchen door of the pavilion, and sauntered airily down to the dock, twirling his pointed mustache.

"Off'n my deck, you Boston sculpin!" roared Captain Obed. "Don't answer back a word, neither! Fool me into thinkin' you're a cook, will you? Off'n my deck, you swab of a pirate! Yes, to-night!"

With a single mighty sweep, he ripped down the sign and flung it permanently into the water.

V

A CONTENTED trio sailed the next day in the catboat Susan M. Captain Obed, relieved of business cares, would have imparted contentment to Tantalus. Miss Marlin, relieved to find that she did not in the least regret the final departure of Philander Ballou, contentedly and often allowed Mr. Swain to press her fingers. Supreme was the contentment of Columbus.

But toward sunset the wind died, and Obed announced that he was hungry.

"I'm sorry we done up all the grub at noon," said he. "If I had me a bite o' grub now, I'd take a little snooze, and that would about suit you two young folks, wouldn't it?"

The girl's pretty cheeks colored enticingly. Swain, after a moment's deliberation, pulled a paper bag from a cubby-hole at his feet.

"Eat a few of these beans," he advised the captain. "I got 'em in Peru. The Peru Injuns live on 'em for days at a time. Like choc'late. Afore long, I'll tell you a funny thing about 'em, that happened yesterday. A few of 'em will fill you up, same as a square meal."

"They must be some beans!" exclaimed Obed.

"That's right," assented Mr. Swain, with hearty conviction. "Eat 'em!"

The captain ate, yawned, and stretched his legs comfortably on the starboard seat of the Susan M. Miss Marlin, without waiting for an invitation, moved closer to the triumphant owner of her namesake and of herself.

THE SPELL

I NEVER knew a rover,
But when he left the road—
Though he found fame and fortune
And love in his abode—
Would turn with eager longing
To watch the clouds drift by,
With something of a question,
And something of a sigh.

I never knew a rover
Whose roving days were done,
But that his heart grew restless
At setting of the sun;
But that, when birds were flying
Across the vaulted blue,
His gaze was full of yearning
To follow where they flew.

I never knew a rover
Who'd left the rover's trail,
But watched the trains that thundered
And watched the ships that sail,
And seemed to feel a magic
That sought to set him free—
A luring of the roadway,
A calling of the sea.

I never knew a rover
Who'd left the trails that call,
But seemed to fret with springtime,
And seemed to chafe with fall;
But scanned the passing pilgrims
Till wistful tears would start;
For once a man's a rover,
He's ever one at heart!

Berton Braley

A ROUND UP

BY LILLIAN NICHOLSON

READERS with a taste for stories of a Western flavor will kindly turn the page. This narrative has naught to do with cowboys and broncos, but is concerned with the rounds of a ladder—figuratively speaking.

"Giuliana Maria Pelleteri" was the name the fat little parish priest wrote on the baptismal register, after he had completed the sacred rite in the interest of a particularly red, resentful, unappreciative infant.

Seven years later, the children of a public school on the lower East Side of New York dubbed the big-eyed little Italian girl "Julie Ann Pell Mell." And after another ten years, one of Scott & Co.'s bookkeepers wrote her name in the employees' ledger as "Miss Julia Pell."

Not in one flying leap had Julia reached the big department-store of Scott & Co. and the dignity of her expurgated name. There were intermediate steps.

In the first of these she stumbled upon her ideal—which was better known as Miss Mary Jones, teacher of the "Third Reader," in Room No. 6.

Miss Mary Jones brushed her golden brown hair back loosely, twisted it into a knot, and thrust in four long rubber hair-pins. She wore the severest of blue tailor-mades, the strictest of white shirt-waists, the narrowest of blue neckties. She was beautiful in spite of all this. After Miss Mary Jones's first smiling "good morning," simplicity became Julia's watchword in dress.

Miss Mary Jones had a way of talking intelligibly about patriotism, progress, opportunity, honesty, ambition, and any number of other worthy subjects, only she didn't call them by these hard names. She sowed her good seed with youth's lavish hand, and in Julia's warm Italian heart she found at least one bit of soil rich in receptivity.

One day Miss Mary Jones took Julia home with her, to help to carry a lot of books

and papers. It was then that Julia made up her mind to save her money when she went to work, so that she could move her family into a clean, quiet apartment away up-town, and buy her mother a black dress and a frilled white apron, like those Miss Mary's mother wore.

The little girl was very quiet and thoughtful as she and the teacher rode back to Julia's home in the Elevated.

"Your father, teacher, does he work?" Julia asked suddenly.

"Why, yes, my dear," answered Miss Mary. "He's a bookkeeper."

"A bookkeeper?" repeated Julia. "That's a stylish job, ain't it?"

"Perhaps," twinkled Miss Mary. "Any kind of work with books is rather nice work, don't you think?"

Julia nodded.

"I'm going to work with books," she said.

When Julia was fourteen, she was told, in musical Italian, what corresponds to the hard American command:

"Get out and hustle for a job."

She hustled with such success that on the first day of her venturing into the marts of trade she got a job in the basement of a five-and-ten-cent store, at two dollars and a half per week. She sold tin pans for a month, and then she went boldly to the floor-walker and told him she wanted to sell books. The floor-walker had been using his sharp eyes, so he recommended the alert little "guinea" for the book-counter during the holiday rush.

It was then that Julia began to live. Her wages were increased to three dollars a week, although the unbroken pay-envelope which she threw into her mother's lap each Saturday night still recorded two dollars and fifty cents. This means that Julia could make out as good a pay-envelope as the next one. Also, that Julia opened a bank-account and kept her bank-book hidden at the store.

Julia scorned the trashy novels that she sold at ten cents a copy, and confined her reading to the books recommended by the librarian of the settlement library in her neighborhood.

Soon Julia was depositing to her own credit a dollar and a half every week. She never thought of spending even a penny of this money; it was almost as if she were holding in trust a legacy for another. She haunted the settlement classes, and learned how to make her own clothes and trim her hats, so it took very little money to keep her looking neat and even well dressed among her own kind.

II

THE old floor-walker at the five-and-ten-cent store got a better job, and a new one took his place. This youthful magnate perhaps knew women, as he flattered himself, but he didn't know Julia. The third day he was in charge Julia walked out in search of a position.

She went straight to Scott & Co.'s, a big store in the heart of the fashionable shopping district. Julia had done her meager shopping there for a year, and from the first moment when she enjoyed the feel of the green velvet carpet beneath her feet she had decided upon this store as her goal.

"Where was your last position?" asked the head of the book department.

She told him. He looked bored.

"When did you leave?"

She glanced at the clock.

"Half an hour ago," she said.

"Why?" asked the man, his pen poised over the application blank.

"Fired!"

"For what reason?"

Her answer was prompt.

"New floor-walker got fresh, and I slapped him in the face."

He gave her a long look of keen appraisal.

"What salary were you getting?"

"The biggest they pay—four dollars a week."

"We will start you at five, and raise you when you have learned the stock. Report in the morning at eight promptly. Wait a moment. Just why did you apply here for a position?"

"I should like to work where it is refined," she answered. His smile was kind as he turned away. She stopped him with a question: "Where is the bank?"

"Bank?" he repeated.

"Yes. If I'm to work here, I want to transfer my account. What interest do you pay?"

"Three per cent," said the dazed man. You will find the bank on the first floor, at the rear, to the left."

"Thank you," said Julia, clutching a black bag tightly. She deposited to the credit of "Miss Julia Pell" the sum of one hundred and eighty-eight dollars—her savings of three years.

So much for Julia's commercial career. The rest is simply a sum in progression, financial and mental. Her wages increased with her proficiency, and from time to time she put a larger figure in the corner of her pay-envelope.

Miss Julia Pell was a handsome, dignified young woman, a valued employee; and no one of the male persuasion thought for one moment of trying to step over the circle of reserve and self-respect which she drew around herself. Some of the girls at the store stormed the fastnesses of Julia's reticence with indifferent success. Some of the more spiteful ones decided that she had a dark past—that there was something in her life of which she was ashamed.

And they were right, to a certain extent; but the thing of which Julia was ashamed lived with her every hour of her life.

There was no change in the Pelleteri home from year to year, now that the babies had stopped coming. Father, mother, and ten children continued to live in the four-room flat where Julia had first blinked at cheap, flowered wall-paper. The children had gradually pushed out the lodgers whom the thrifty Mrs. Pelleteri had taken in to help pay the rent. It was all the same to her when four of the children were at work, and she had two family washings to dawdle over when she wasn't gossiping happily with the neighbors.

Mr. Pelleteri went out every morning and returned late every evening, weary and dust-begrimed; but the income of any one engaged in an artistic pursuit is apt to be a variable—and often a negligible—quantity. So Mrs. Pelleteri accepted without question whatever her husband gave. She was a happy married woman, and didn't want to vote.

There was no display of affection in Julia's family, nor was there any open discord. They led the dull, contented lives of the ignorant poor who have enough to eat and a roof over their heads. True, Julia

always showed a passionate tenderness for the family baby—an impersonal sort of love which she passed from the next youngest to the youngest, straight down the family stair steps.

Julia was nineteen, and had worked at Scott & Co.'s for two years, when she broached the subject of her ambitions to the family.

"I think we ought to move to a better neighborhood," she said one morning at breakfast.

Mother and father stared in stupid astonishment.

"There are five of us children at work now," she continued, "and a flat in Harlem wouldn't cost much more."

"Leave this, our home?" exclaimed her mother in horror. She spread her hands, shrugged her shoulders, and then laughed. "You are crazy!"

"Such a home as this is!" retorted Julia in scorn. "And I think—I'm sure I can get papa a job in the shipping department of the store. The hours wouldn't be so long, and the pay would be steady. It would be honest work—a man's work—work I wouldn't be ashamed to tell anybody about."

"You ashamed of my work?" glared her father. "You say my work not honest?"

He rose to his feet and towered above his daughter threateningly.

"Shame, shame, to talk so to your father!" cried her mother.

"Well, it may be honest," panted Julia, "but it is *low*! It is like begging. And nobody respects you—"

With a bellow of rage, the father lunged at his daughter, but the mother threw herself between them. The younger Pelleteri children began to scream with fright.

"Take yourself off!" the mother shouted to Julia above the din.

Julia obeyed, leaving Mrs. Pelleteri grappling and arguing with her husband.

III

THAT ended Julia's efforts toward elevating her family. Though the rut in which they found contentment daily became more intolerable to her, she continued to board at home. It never occurred to her to do otherwise. Perhaps one reason was because the youngest child was still a baby, cuddling its soft cheek against hers at night, awakening in her breast a tremulous longing, half fierce, half tender.

But one is very lonely when one's aim in life has been snatched away rudely and suddenly; and something wistful and yearning replaced the prim determination in Julia's countenance.

One day, in a cheap lunch-room, her somber black eyes met, for a fleeting glance, the good-natured blue eyes of a golden-haired youth who sat opposite at the long, narrow table. It was a sunny glance that went straight to the ice in the girl's nature, and her frigid reserve began to melt.

She looked up again. The young man was studying her with frank admiration. She blushed and looked the other way. She did not raise her eyes again, until he made ready to go. It was then that she saw the stripe down the blue trousers which proclaimed his clothes a sort of uniform. He reached up and put on a cap. Across the front was a silver badge, which read:

SCOTT & Co.—Del. Clk. No. 9

With one accord and one mind they were at the same place next day. He leaned over the table.

"What department you in?" he asked respectfully.

"Books," she answered, with flushed cheeks.

"Thought I saw you goin' in yesterday," he remarked pleasantly.

Then he fell to his fifteen-cent lunch of baked country sausages and mashed potatoes with a zest in keeping with his plump, pink cheeks and clear eyes.

After lunch he waited for her on the corner, with a toothpick between his lips. They walked on to the store together as if they had known each other always—which, in truth, they had. Complementary natures have been friends from the beginning of time.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Julia Pell," she answered.

"Classy name, all right!" he observed.

"Mine's Jacob Schmidt."

"Born in the old country?"

"In the *vaterland*? *Nein!*" he laughed.

"Born down by East River."

"You expect to go back to Germany to live?" she pursued.

He looked at her, puzzled.

"Not on your life!" he said. "The star-spangled banner is good enough for me!"

"Then why do you hold on to a name that sounds like a stein of beer and a Limburger sandwich? If you expect to get

anywhere in America, you have to be *American!*"

He laughed good-humoredly.

"What might my name be in good United States?"

"Smith," she answered. "I'm not sure what Jacob will be."

The next day Jacob Schmidt passed out of existence, and Mr. James Smith took his place. He did not object to Anglicizing his name. If Julia had suggested that he should walk on his hands instead of his feet, the gay-hearted youth would have made a brave attempt to do so.

There was trouble at home when Julia first began to go out in the evening. Her father looked black, and threatened to lock her up before she brought disgrace on his family. Her mother burst into tears.

"Look here! I hate a fuss, and you know it," cried Julia impatiently. "If you are going to kick up a row every time I go to the theater with a nice young man—well, I'll get a boarding-place where I can have some peace. Is there any place here where I can have company? Didn't I want to move into a better place? Would you go? And—and I guess I've got pride and self-respect enough to take care of myself!"

It was this last statement, accompanied by a steady glance and a sure lift of her head, which reduced Julia's parents to silence. They knew she spoke the truth.

Julia met James on a corner four blocks from her home, and they proceeded to a vaudeville house on Broadway. She was plainly dressed in the only clothes she had—those she wore at the store; but to her critical eyes the toilet of James evidenced a taste for loud effects as well as the greatest care.

As they were crossing the street which led to the theater, she said to him:

"I had a little tiff at home just before I came out to-night."

"That so?" he queried with polite interest. "What about?"

"I've never gone out with a young man before," she answered simply. "I guess my folks thought I never would."

"You've never gone out before?" He stared at her. His face changed. The good-natured banter left it, and something very tender and protective swept into its place. He placed her hand on his arm and squared back his shoulders. "I'll come around and see your old man, and show him I'm on the level."

"No, you won't!" the girl answered sharply. "Not—not yet."

"Whenever you say so," he said stoutly.

When they parted for the evening—at the corner four blocks from her home—James held her hand a long moment.

"I want to tell you," he said bashfully and reverently, "I've been out with a good many girls—of all kinds—but never with one who could touch you. You're a *queen!*"

IV

It was a park-bench courtship—the courtship indigenous to New York. The second warm evening which permitted them the seclusion of a park bench with crowds passing all the time, found them engaged. That same evening also disclosed the fact that James was as thrifty as Julia.

"No working for somebody else all my days!" he announced proudly. "I've got three hundred dollars tucked away toward a little business of my own."

"I've got that much, too," confessed Julia, "and enough to furnish our flat, besides. We can start a news-stand and bookstore in Harlem. I can attend to that, and you can keep your job, until our business begins to pay. And then you can go on with it." Her eyes became dreamy. "Then you can go on with it," she repeated softly.

"Bully!" he exclaimed. "But how in— in creation did you save up so much money? I'm three years older than you, and make more money, but you've got me beat. Your old man must have money. Mine is just a butcher, you know, and I've always paid good board at home to help out."

"I pay board, too," said Julia. "My father is just a—a—a musician—and a poor one." She did not explain in what sense he was a poor one. "I've always wanted him to do other work," she added.

It was typical of their class that these two young lovers knew nothing of each other's families. Julia purposely avoided the subject; and James, who followed where Julia led, had not thought of it.

The business of "butcher" called to Julia's mind a picture of white tiled floors, white marble walls, and rosy-cheeked men in white linen—a clean, "refined" business of which a man could be proud.

"Let your old man fiddle if he wants to," said James easily. "What's the diff, so long as he makes honest dough?"

"He doesn't fiddle," said Julia somberly. "He doesn't really *play* any instrument."

"I see," said James. "He directs."

"You might call it that," answered Julia with a joyless little laugh. "Maybe," she resumed, "maybe you won't want me after you've seen my folks and the way they live."

"I don't care if they live like dagoes," he said. "What's that got to do with *you*?"

"Suppose I was a dago?" she demanded.

"I ain't supposin' you're anything but what you are," he said. But the Teuton's frank contempt for the southern races showed in his tone. "Listen!"

"What?" she said sharply.

"Hear that guinea playing his hurdy-gurdy? Gee, but I love to hear them things! Come on!"

He rose from the bench and held out his hand to her.

"I *hate* to hear them!" she cried.

"Aw, come on!" he pleaded, drawing her up to her feet. "Let's get near before he gets a crowd around."

He hurried her to the corner, talking boyishly the while.

"I know this old fellow's tunes—high-class—none of your punk stuff. And that old dago puts his *soul* into that crank, somehow. Look at the crowd around! It's always that way. And look at the old fellow's face! If he ain't lost to everything but his music, I'm a dub."

It was as James said. The execrable tin-panniness of the street-piano was softened in some magic way by the hand on the crank. His rapt face bore the stamp of the musician's soul; but poverty had cheated this soul of its full sustenance, and such crumbs as his hurdy-gurdy gave, he accepted with a simple joy.

When his collector—a lean, dark little hunchback—approached with hat outstretched, Julia shrank behind James.

"Let's get out of this crowd," she said faintly, as James dropped a five-cent piece into the hat.

"Oh!" she cried passionately, when they had reached the park. "Oh, such a horrible way to make a living!"

"How do you figure that out?" he asked in surprise.

"Why, it's just like begging."

"No, it ain't—isn't," he said sturdily. "That old dago works hard for every penny he gets. People give to him because they like to hear him play. And he gives something for the money he gets, just like actors and opera people do. It wouldn't be *my* way of making a living, any more than to

push a cart of meat around the streets, like my old man does; but it's *their* way of making a living, and it's honest."

"Your father is a *push-cart* butcher?"

Her eyes were wide.

"Sure," he replied cheerfully. "Fader could have a little shop now if he wanted it; but nixey, he's had the excitement and noise of the street too long. Likes it! Coop him up, and he'd die. When I first thought I was a man, I didn't have any better sense than to be kind of ashamed of the old man's way of business. It didn't seem to have much class or style to it. But I got over such nuttiness. I jest thought it was up to me to put my notions of style into my own business, and let fader alone."

Suddenly Julia put her face in her hands and burst into tears.

"Oh," she sobbed, "you're so much better than I am!"

"Me?" said the young man. "Not much! If that's what you're crying about, stop it! You got your hands full, girlie, correctin' my grammar and polishin' me up to your shine."

"Grammar?" She put infinite scorn into the word. "What's good grammar compared to—to *bigness*—bigness like yours?" She clung to his arm. "Oh, James, that old man with the street-piano is my father! I've almost died of shame because he made his living that way. And you don't care?"

"Not a d—dang," he uttered convincingly. "Is that little hunch your brother?"

"No, a neighbor. Why"—she turned surprised eyes upon him—"why, he's never taken any of the children out with him. He's let them do the kind of work they wanted to do."

"Good for him!"

"And to know that you don't mind!" sighed Julia—poor Julia, who had suffered the pains of an exaggerated sense of caste which the first stir of ambition brings in its wake. "I saved my money because I wanted to raise the family up."

"Guess we'll do well enough if we raise ourselves up," he remarked. "Some day, maybe," he added, "them that come after us will be ashamed of our little news-stand in Harlem, and they'll hustle to own a big book-store on Fifth Avenue—eh, girlie?"

The Jacobs and Giulianas who become the Mr. and Mrs. James Smiths—upon these rest the glory and honor of our boasted American progress.

FAMOUS AFFINITIES OF HISTORY

XLIII—THE WIVES OF GENERAL HOUSTON

BY LYNDON ORR

SIXTY or seventy years ago it was considered a great joke to chalk up on any man's house-door, or on his trunk at a coaching-station, the conspicuous letters "G. T. T." The laugh went round, and every one who passed and saw the inscription chuckled and said:

"They've got it on you, old hoss!"

The three letters meant "gone to Texas"; and for any man to go to Texas, in those days, meant his moral, mental, and financial dilapidation. Either he had plunged into bankruptcy, and wished to begin life over again in a new world; or the sheriff had a warrant for his arrest; or else he was one of those wandering, gipsylike natures that instinctively seek any new field promising change and adventure.

Texas, with its empty, far-reaching plains and its immunity from the officers of the law, was supposed to be sparsely populated by horse-thieves and fugitives from justice, with a sprinkling of adventurous explorers and settlers who often had to defend themselves against wandering bands of Mexicans and outlaws.

The very task of reaching Texas was a fearful one. Rivers that overran their banks; fever-stricken lowlands where gaunt faces peered out from moldering cabins; bottomless swamps where the mud oozed greasily, and where the alligator could be seen slowly moving his repulsive form—all this stretched on for hundreds of miles, to horrify and sicken the emigrants who came toiling on foot, or struggling upon emaciated horses. Other daring pioneers and

broken refugees came by boat, running all manner of risks upon the swollen rivers, and not a few dying of starvation or by the arrow of the Indian. Still others descended from the mountains of Tennessee, and passed through a more open country and with a greater certainty of self-protection, because they were trained from childhood to wield the rifle and the long sheath-knife.

It is odd enough to read, in the chronicles of those days, that amid all this suffering and squalor there was drawn a strict line between "the quality" and those who had no claim to be patricians. "The quality" was made up of such emigrants as came from the more civilized East, or who had slaves, or who dragged with them some rickety vehicle, with carriage-horses—however gaunt the animals might be. All others—those who had no slaves or horses, and no traditions of the older States—were classed as "poor whites"; and they accepted their mediocrity without a murmur.

Because he was born in Lexington, Virginia, and moved thence with his family to Tennessee, young Sam Houston—a truly eponymous American hero—was numbered with "the quality" when, after long wandering, he reached his boyhood home. His further claim to distinction, as a boy, came from the fact that he could read and write, and was even familiar with some of the classics, in translation.

When less than eighteen years of age, he had reached a height of more than six feet. He was skilful with the rifle, a remarkable rough-and-tumble fighter, and as quick with

EDITOR'S NOTE—This series of articles deals with some of the most interesting personal romances of history, treating them as studies in human nature, and considering the moral and psychological problems which they illustrate. Recent articles in the series have dealt with "The Mystery of Charles Dickens" (January, 1912); "The Story of Karl Marx" (February); "Queen Christina of Sweden and Monaldeschi" (March); "Heinrich Heine and The Red Sefchen" (April); "Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale" (May); and "Ferdinand Lassalle and Hélène von Dönniges" (June).

his long knife as any Indian. This made him a notable figure—the more so, as he never abused his strength and courage. He was never known as anything but “Sam,” thereby recalling rare Ben Jonson and the good gray poet, Walt Whitman. In his own sphere he passed for a gentleman and a scholar, thanks to his Virginian birth and to the fact that he could repeat a great part of Pope’s translation of the “Iliad.”

His learning led him to undertake the charge of a school, to which the children of the white settlers came for a few months in the year. Indeed, Houston was so much taken with the pursuit of scholarship, that he made up his mind to learn Greek and Latin. Not unnaturally, this seemed mere foolishness to his mother, his six strapping brothers, and his three stalwart sisters, who cared as little for the dead languages as does Mr. Carnegie at the present time. So sharp was the difference between Sam and the rest of the family that he gave up his yearning after the classics, and went to the other extreme by leaving home and plunging into the heart of the forest, beyond sight of any white man or woman, or any thought of Hellas and ancient Rome.

Here, in the dimly lighted glades, he was most happy. The Indians admired him for his woodcraft and for the skill with which he chased the wild game amid the forests. From his copy of the “Iliad” he would read to them the thoughts of the world’s greatest poet.

It is told that nearly forty years after, when Houston had long led a different life, and had made his home in Washington, a deputation of more than forty untamed Indians from Texas arrived there, under the charge of several army officers. They chanced to meet Sam Houston.

One and all ran to him, clasped him in their brawny arms, hugged him like bears to their naked breasts, and called him “father.” Beneath the copper skin and thick paint, the blood rushed, and their faces changed, and the lips of many a warrior trembled, although the Indian may not weep.

In the gigantic form of Houston, on whose ample brow the beneficent love of a father was struggling with the sternness of the patriarch and warrior, we saw civilization awing the savage at his feet. We needed no interpreter to tell us that this impressive supremacy was gained in the forest.

His family had been at first alarmed by his stay among the Indians; but when, after a time, he returned for a new outfit, they saw

that he was entirely safe, and left him to wander among the red men. Later, he came forth and resumed the pursuits of civilization. He took up his studies; he learned the rudiments of law, and entered upon its active practise. When barely thirty-six, he had won every office that was open to him, ending with his election to the Governorship of Tennessee in 1827.

HOUSTON AND MISS ELIZA ALLEN

Then came a strange episode which changed the whole course of his life. Until then the love of woman had never stirred his veins. His physical activities in the forests, his unique intimacy with Indian life, had kept him away from the social intercourse of towns and cities. In Nashville, Houston came to know, for the first time, the fascination of feminine society. As a lawyer, a politician, and the holder of important offices, he could not keep aloof from that gentler and more winning influence which had hitherto been unknown to him.

One can imagine how strange this giant figure must have seemed when, as Governor of the State, he entered the drawing-room of a social leader and tried to conduct himself with the ease of manner that is acquired only by long practise. But when a man has a very commanding figure and a natural grace, he can readily acquire the external arts of society. So it was that Mrs. Trollope and her husband, at this very time, met President Jackson, and exclaimed in amazement over his winning manners and his high-bred bearing.

In 1828, Governor Houston was obliged to visit different portions of the State, stopping, as was the custom, to visit at the homes of “the quality,” and to be introduced to wives and daughters, as well as to their sportsman sons. On one of his official journeys, he met Miss Eliza Allen, a daughter of one of the “influential families” of Sumner County, on the northern border of Tennessee. He found her responsive, charming, and greatly to be admired. She was a slender type of Southern beauty, well calculated to gain the affection of a lover, and especially of one whose associations had been chiefly with the women of frontier communities, not bred for indoor life, nor for the amenities of the drawing-room.

To meet a girl who had refined tastes and wide reading, and who was at the same time graceful and full of humor, must have come

as a pleasant experience to Houston. He and Miss Allen saw much of each other, and few of their friends were surprised when the word went forth that they were engaged to be married.

The marriage occurred in January, 1829. They were surrounded with friends of all classes and ranks, for Houston was the associate of Jackson, and was immensely popular in his own State. He seemed to have before him a brilliant career. He had won a lovely bride to make a home for him; so that no man seemed to have more attractive prospects. What was there which at this time interposed in some malignant way to blight his future?

HIS PARTING FROM HIS BRIDE

It was a little more than a month after his marriage when he met a friend, and, taking him out into a strip of quiet woodland, said to him:

"I have something to tell you, but you must not ask me anything about it. My wife and I will separate before long. She will return to her father's, while I must make my way alone."

Houston's friend seized him by the arm and gazed at him with horror.

"Governor," said he, "you're going to ruin your whole life! What reason have you for treating this young lady in such a way? What has she done that you should leave her? Or what have you done that she should leave you? Every one will fall away from you. Tell me what you mean?"

Houston grimly replied:

"I have no explanation to give you. My wife has none to give you. She will not complain of me, nor shall I complain of her. It is no one's business in the world except our own. Any interference will be impertinent, and I shall punish it with my own hand."

"But," said his friend, "think of it! The people at large will not allow such action. They will believe that you, who have been their idol, have descended to insult a woman. Your political career is ended. It will not be safe for you to walk the streets!"

"What difference does it make to me?" said Houston gloomily. "What must be, must be. I tell you, as a friend, in advance, so that you may be prepared; but the parting will take place very soon."

Little was heard for another month or two, and then came the announcement that

the Governor's wife had left him, and had returned to her parents' home. The news flew like wild-fire from town to hamlet, and was the theme of every tongue. Friends of Mrs. Houston swarmed about her, and begged to know the meaning of the whole affair. Adherents of Houston, on the other hand, set afloat stories of his wife's coldness and her peevishness. The State was divided into factions; and what really concerned a very few was, as usual, made everybody's business.

There were times when, if Houston had appeared near the dwelling of his former wife, he would have been lynched or riddled with bullets. Again, there were enemies and slanderers of his who, had they shown themselves in Nashville, would have been torn to pieces by men who hailed Houston as a hero, and who believed that he could not possibly have done wrong.

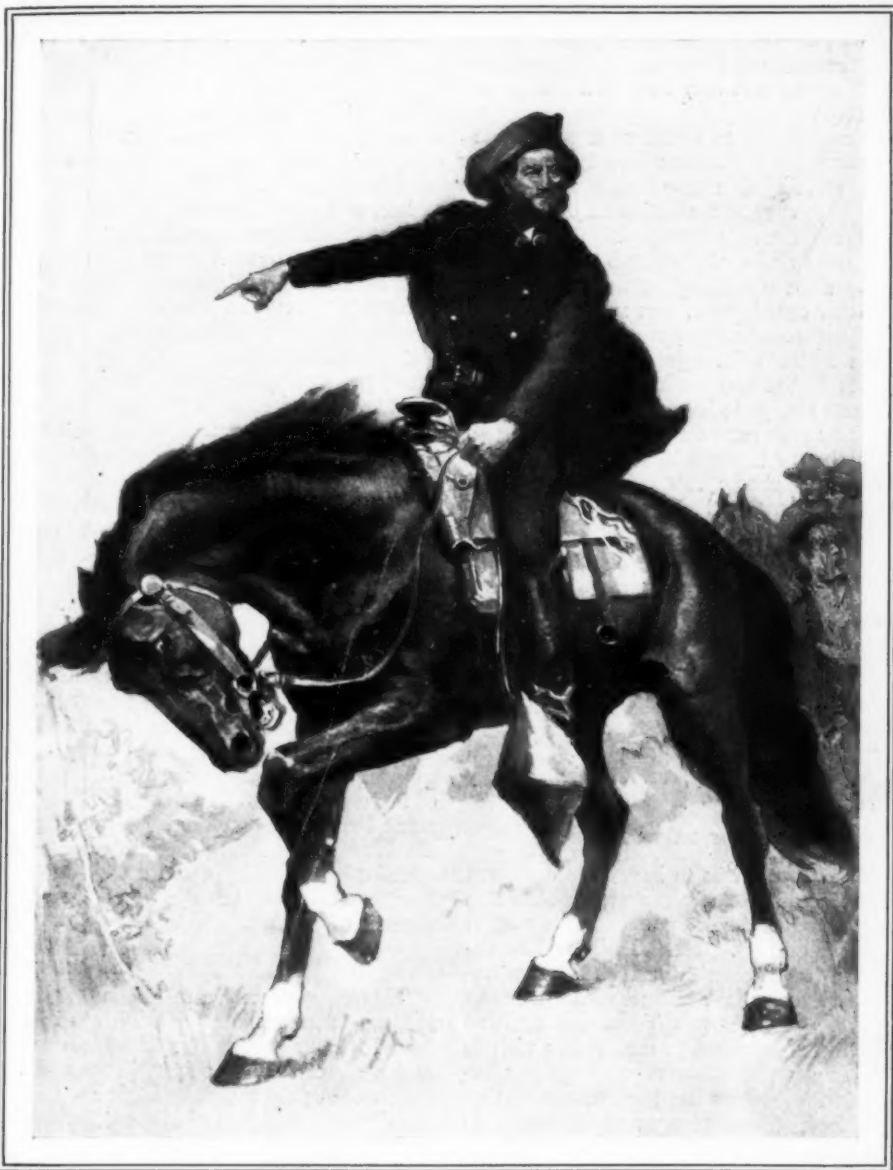
However his friends might rage, and however her people might wonder and seek to pry into the secret, no satisfaction was given on either side. The abandoned wife never uttered a word of explanation. Houston was equally reticent and self-controlled. In later years he sometimes drank deeply, and was loose-tongued; but never, even in his cups, could he be persuaded to say a single word about the woman from whom he had parted.

AN UNEXPLAINED MYSTERY

The whole thing is a mystery, and cannot be solved by any evidence that we have. Almost every one who has written of it seems to have indulged in mere guesswork. One popular theory is that Miss Allen was in love with some one else; that her parents forced her into a brilliant marriage with Houston, which, however, she could not afterward endure; and that Houston, learning the facts, left her because he knew that her heart was not really his.

But the evidence is all against this. Had it been so, she would surely have secured a divorce, and would then have married the man whom she truly loved. As a matter of fact, although she did divorce Houston, it was only after several years, and the man whom she subsequently married was not acquainted with her at the time of the separation.

Another theory suggests that Houston was harsh and rough in his treatment of his wife, and offended her by his untaught manners and extreme self-conceit. But it is



"REMEMBER THE ALAMO!"—GENERAL HOUSTON LEADING THE TEXANS AT THE BATTLE OF
SAN JACINTO, APRIL 21, 1836

From the painting by Seymour Thomas

not likely that she objected to his manners, since she had become familiar with them before she gave him her hand; and as to his conceit, there is no evidence that it was as yet unduly developed. After his Texan campaign, he sometimes showed a rather

lofty idea of his own achievements; but he does not seem to have done so in these early days.

Some have ascribed the separation to his passion for drink; but here, again, we must discriminate. Later in life he became very

fond of spirits, and drank whisky with the Indians; but during his earlier years he was most abstemious. It scarcely seems possible that his wife left him because he was in-temperate.

If one wishes to construct a reasonable hypothesis on a subject where the facts are either wanting or conflicting, it is not impossible to suggest a solution of this puzzle about Houston. Although his abandoned wife never spoke of him, and shut her lips tightly when she was questioned about him, Houston, on his part, was not so taciturn. He never consciously gave any direct clue to his matrimonial mystery; but he never forgot this girl who was his bride, and whom he seems always to have loved. In what he said he never ceased to let a vein of self-reproach run through his words.

I should choose this one paragraph as the most significant. It was written immediately after they had parted:

Eliza stands acquitted by me. I have received her as a virtuous, chaste wife, and as such I pray God I may ever regard her, and I trust I ever shall. She was cold to me, and I thought she did not love me.

And again he said to an old and valued friend, at about the same time:

"I can make no explanation. I exonerate the lady fully, and do not justify myself."

A PERIOD OF FALSE DELICACY

Miss Allen seems to have been a woman of the sensitive American type which was so common in the early and middle part of the last century. Mrs. Trollope has described it for us with very little exaggeration. Dickens has drawn it with a touch of malice, and yet not without truth. Miss Martineau described it during her visit to this country, and her account quite coincides with those of her two contemporaries.

Indeed, American women of that time unconsciously described themselves in a thousand different ways. They were, after all, only a less striking type of the sentimental Englishwomen who read L. E. L. and the early novels of Bulwer-Lytton. On both sides of the Atlantic there was a reign of sentiment, and a prevalence of what was then called "delicacy." It was a die-away, unwholesome attitude toward life, and was morbid to the last degree.

In circles where these ideas prevailed, to eat a hearty dinner was considered un-

womanly. To talk of anything except some gilded "annual," or "book of beauty," or the gossip of the neighborhood, was wholly to be condemned. The typical girl of such a community was thin and slender, and given to a mild starvation, though she might eat quantities of jam and pickles and sale-ratus biscuit. She had the strangest views of life, and an almost unnatural shrinking from any usual converse with men.

Houston, on his side, was a thoroughly natural and healthful man, having lived an outdoor life, hunting and camping in the forest, and displaying the unaffected manner of the pioneer. Having lived the solitary life of the woods, it was a strange thing for him to meet a girl who had been bred in an entirely different way; who had learned a thousand little reservations and dainty graces, and whose very breath was coyness and reserve. Their mating was the mating of the man of the forest with the woman of the sheltered life.

Houston assumed everything; his bride shrank from everything. There was a mutual shock amounting almost to repulsion. She, on her side, probably thought she had found in him only the brute which lurks in man. He, on the other, repelled and checked, at once grasped the belief that his wife cared nothing for him because she would not meet his ardors with like ardors of her own. It is the mistake that has been made by thousands of men and women at the beginning of their married lives—the mistake on one side of too great sensitiveness, and on the other side of too great warmth of passion.

HOUSTON LEAVES TENNESSEE

This episode may seem trivial, and yet it is one that explains many things in human life. So far as concerns Houston, it had a direct bearing on the history of our country. A proud man, he could not endure the slights and gossip of his associates. He resigned the Governorship of Tennessee, and left by night, in such a way as to surround his departure with mystery.

There had come over him the old longing for Indian life; and when he was next visible he was in the land of the Cherokees, who had long before adopted him as a son. He was clad in buckskin and armed with knife and rifle, and served under the old chief Oolooteka. He was a gallant defender of the Indians.

When he found how some of the Indian

agents had abused his adoptive brothers, he went to Washington to protest, still wearing his frontier garb. One William Stansberry, a Congressman from Ohio, insulted Houston, who leaped upon him like a panther, dragged him about the Hall of Representatives, and beat him within an inch of his life. He was arrested, imprisoned, and fined; but his old friend, President Jackson, remitted his imprisonment and gruffly advised him not to pay the fine—a thing, in fact, which he never did.

Returning to his Indians, he made his way to a new field which promised much adventure. This was Texas, of whose condition in those early days something has already been said. Houston found a rough American settlement, composed of scattered villages, extending along the disputed frontier of Mexico. Already, in the true Anglo-Saxon spirit, the settlers had formed a rudimentary State, and as they increased and multiplied they framed a simple code of laws.

Then, quite naturally, there came a clash between them and the Mexicans. The Texans, headed by Moses Austin, had set up a republic and asked for admission to the United States. Mexico regarded them as rebels, and despised them because they made no military display and had no very accurate military drill. They were dressed in buckskin and ragged clothing; but their knives were very bright, and their rifles carried surely. Furthermore, they laughed at odds, and if only a dozen of them were gathered together they would "take on" almost any number of Mexican regulars.

In February, 1836, the acute and able Mexican, Santa Anna, led across the Rio Grande a force of several thousand Mexicans, showily uniformed and completely armed. Every one remembers how they fell upon the little garrison at the Alamo, now within the city limits of San Antonio, but then an isolated mission building, surrounded by a thick adobe wall. The Americans numbered less than three hundred men, while Santa Anna had about four thousand.

A sharp attack was made with these overwhelming odds. The Americans drove the assailants back with their rifle fire, but they had nothing to oppose to the Mexican artillery. The contest continued for several days, and finally the Mexicans breached the wall and fell upon the garrison, who were now reduced by more than half. There was an hour of blood, and every one of the

Alamo's defenders, including the wounded, was put to death. The only survivors of the slaughter were two negro slaves, a woman, and a baby girl.

THE CLIMAX OF HOUSTON'S CAREER

When the news of this bloody affair reached Houston, he leaped forth to the combat like a lion. He was made commander-in-chief of the scanty Texan forces. He managed to rally about seven hundred men, and set out against Santa Anna, with little in the way of equipment, and with nothing but the flame of frenzy to stimulate his followers. By march and countermarch, the hostile forces came face to face near the shore of San Jacinto Bay, not far from the present city of Houston. Slowly they moved upon each other, when Houston halted, and his sharpshooters raked the Mexican battle-line with terrible effect. Then Houston uttered the cry:

"Remember the Alamo!"

With deadly swiftness he led his men in a charge upon Santa Anna's lines. The Mexicans were scattered as by a mighty wind, their commander was taken prisoner, and Mexico was forced to give its recognition to Texas as a free republic, of which General Houston became the first president.

This was the climax of Houston's life, but the end of it leaves us with something still to say. Long after his marriage with Miss Allen, he took an Indian girl to wife, and lived with her quite happily. She was a very beautiful woman, a half-breed, with the English name of Tyania Rodgers. Very little, however, is known of her life with Houston. Later still—in 1840—he married a lady from Marion, Alabama, named Margaret Moffette Lea. He was then in his forty-seventh year, while she was only twenty-one; but again, as with his Indian wife, he knew nothing but domestic tranquillity. These later experiences go far to prove the truth of what has already been given as the probable cause of his first mysterious failure to make a woman happy.

After Texas entered the Union, in 1845, Houston was elected to the United States Senate, in which he served for thirteen years. In 1852, 1856, and 1860, as a Southerner who opposed any movement looking toward secession, he was regarded as a possible Presidential candidate; but his career was now almost over, and in 1863, while the Civil War—which he had striven to prevent—was at its height, he died.



CLARA BARTON'S BIRTHPLACE AT OXFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

CLARA BARTON, FOUNDER OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

BY DELLA CAMPBELL MacLEOD

"HEAVEN'S Christmas gift to the world" is a title that has been fittingly applied to Clara Barton, who was born on December 25, 1821, at Oxford, Massachusetts, and who died at Glen Echo, near Washington, on the 12th of last April, in her ninety-first year.

Her father, Captain Stephen Barton, had served as a non-commissioned officer under General Wayne, during "Mad Anthony's" successful campaign against the Indians in 1793 and 1794. Clara, his youngest daughter, learned from him to know much of military matters, and to take a precocious interest in political affairs.

Some of her biographers have stated that

as a girl Miss Barton worked in a cloth-factory, and paid off a mortgage on her parents' home with her earnings.

"I wish that story were true," she said herself. "Nothing to-day could gratify me more than to know that I had been one of those self-reliant, intelligent American girls like our sweet poetess, Lucy Larcom, and had stood, like her, before the power-looms in the early progress of the manufactures of our great and matchless country."

The only foundation for the story was the fact that, after leaving school, Miss Barton insisted on going into a cloth-mill owned by her brothers—who were much older than herself, she being the youngest

member of the family—and learning from actual experience the mysteries of the process of weaving.

She had been in the mill only three weeks when it was burned down, and she turned, for an occupation, to teaching school. There are pages in a diary kept at this time telling of her methods of "disciplining" her first pupils, who were, prior to her coming, very unruly. She relates how she taught them to play their games fairly, and to take the same spirit to their classroom duties. "They respected me because I was as strong as themselves," she says. She marvels that her methods attracted attention outside of her own school district. "Child that I was," she writes, "I did not know that the surest test of discipline is its absence."

She was a very successful teacher. Indeed, young as she was, she soon became

an educational leader. After being an assistant in several New Jersey schools, she branched out upon lines of her own, and founded, at Bordentown, one of the first free schools in the State. It is recorded that in one year she saw her pupils increase in numbers from six to six hundred.

A little later her health broke down so badly that she was obliged to give up teaching and go southward in search of a warmer climate. This was a cloud that must have looked black enough at the time, but it proved to have a lining of silver, if not of gold; for what seemed like the ending of a promising career proved to be the entrance to a life of world-wide usefulness and honor.

FIRST WOMAN IN DEPARTMENT SERVICE

Miss Barton's public service began when the commissioner of patents offered her a



MISS BARTON AS PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS SOCIETY,
WHICH SHE FOUNDED IN 1882

From a photograph by Fassett, Washington

position as his confidential secretary. She accepted it, probably without realizing the responsibilities it would involve or the opportunities it would open up. No woman had ever before been publicly employed in a government department, and her appointment aroused much ill-feeling. She endured no small degree of hardship in blazing the path that so many thousands of her sex have since trodden.

Under President Buchanan she was discharged from the service on account of her open advocacy of anti-slavery views. She returned to Massachusetts, where she engaged in study, but when the Civil War broke out she went back to Washington and made the remarkable offer to the commissioner of patents that she "would perform the duties of any two disloyal men in the office below the grade of examiner, providing they should be dismissed and their salaries covered into the United States Treasury."

The offer was not accepted—and fortunately so, for its refusal left Miss Barton free to undertake a much more important and memorable work. When the first wounded men were brought back to the national capital, it was she who first realized the urgent need of help, and who led in organizing a far-reaching and beneficent system of relief. From that time until the fateful day of Appomattox she was faithful to her self-imposed task. More than any other of the noble women who so unselfishly devoted themselves to the work of succoring wounded and dying soldiers, she was trusted and respected by the authorities. Her fame grew as the years passed, and she became known throughout the civilized world as "the American Florence Nightingale."

When the war was over, Miss Barton undertook another task of mercy—the search for the missing soldiers of the Federal army, or for the unmarked graves in which they had been hastily buried on scores of battle-fields, or in remote prison camps. At Andersonville alone, where the Federal captives had sickened and died by thousands, she succeeded in identifying more than twelve thousand of the unknown dead.

For four years, at intervals, this trying work was maintained, often at Miss Barton's own expense, with money that she raised by lecturing. She was reimbursed, however, when Congress passed the following resolution as a tribute to her services:

Whereas, Miss Clara Barton has expended from her own resources large sums of money in endeavoring to discover missing soldiers of the U. S. Army, and in communicating intelligence to their relatives, therefore

Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives, that the sum of \$15,000 be appropriated to reimburse Miss Barton and to aid in the further prosecution of the search; and that the printing necessary for the furtherance of this object shall be done by the public printer.

In 1869 Miss Barton went abroad, in search of rest and health; but her brief holiday only led to a widening of her work. At Geneva she came into contact with the activities of the Red Cross, which had been founded there as an international society five years before. Urged to return the following summer, she was in Switzerland when war broke out between France and Germany. She promptly volunteered for service, and all through that fierce and bloody struggle, and through the still more terrible days of the Paris Commune, she acted as a Red Cross representative, always keeping as near the front as was possible.

It was no wonder that her health again broke down, and for five or six years she was almost helplessly invalided. Nevertheless, she worked unceasingly upon the task that was to be the great monument to the memory of this remarkable woman—the establishment of an American branch of the Red Cross.

THE RED CROSS IN AMERICA

It is difficult to realize to-day that the United States was for so many years the one great civilized country which had no part in the great international league of mercy, and that it might have remained so but for the persistent efforts of one frail woman—a woman who had no command of wealth and held no official position. Miss Barton patiently and persistently urged her cause upon three Presidents before finally, during Arthur's tenure of the White House, the government announced its adhesion to the so-called Geneva Convention, the charter of all the Red Cross societies. An affiliated American body was duly formed, with Miss Barton as its president. She held the office until 1904.

Not only does the United States owe its Red Cross association to her, but the worldwide organization owes to her an increasingly useful extension of its activities. Lest



RED CROSS, THE HOUSE AT GLEN ECHO, MARYLAND, WHICH WAS THE HOME OF MISS BARTON'S LATER LIFE

our fortunate immunity from frequent war should make the American society a mere matter of form, she suggested the inclusion in its constitution of a clause empowering its agents to use its resources in time of any serious national calamity—famine, flood, epidemic, or the like. This "American amendment," as it was called, has since been adopted in all the other countries.

The last twenty years of Clara Barton's life were spent at Red Cross, her home at Glen Echo, Maryland, on the banks of the Potomac. When I visited the place, a few days after her death, it seemed to be still vibrant with her presence. Mrs. Hinton, widow of Colonel Richard J. Hinton, a charter member of the Red Cross, and for fifty years an associate of Miss Barton, and Mrs. Sarah E. Canada, her most intimate friend and neighbor in Glen Echo, told me many incidents of her old age.

Physically frail as she was, and quietly as she had to live in her later years, she never gave herself up to invalidism. Indeed, she was a soldier to the last—systematic, industrious, severely simple in her tastes. It was a rule of the household that every day's duties should be disposed of before turning in for the night. To do this she would stay at her desk until late in the evening, and at five o'clock the next morning she would be up rolling a carpet-

sweeper over her floor. She always observed military order, and she took a soldier's pride in being able to keep her own quarters straight.

MISS BARTON'S OWN QUARTERS

Her own rooms at Red Cross are on the upper floor of the house, and they are very characteristic of the woman. There are three. One she used as a kind of private office and sitting-room. On either side of this were bedrooms, one occupied by herself, the other to be given to her intimate friends or members of the family when they stayed with her.

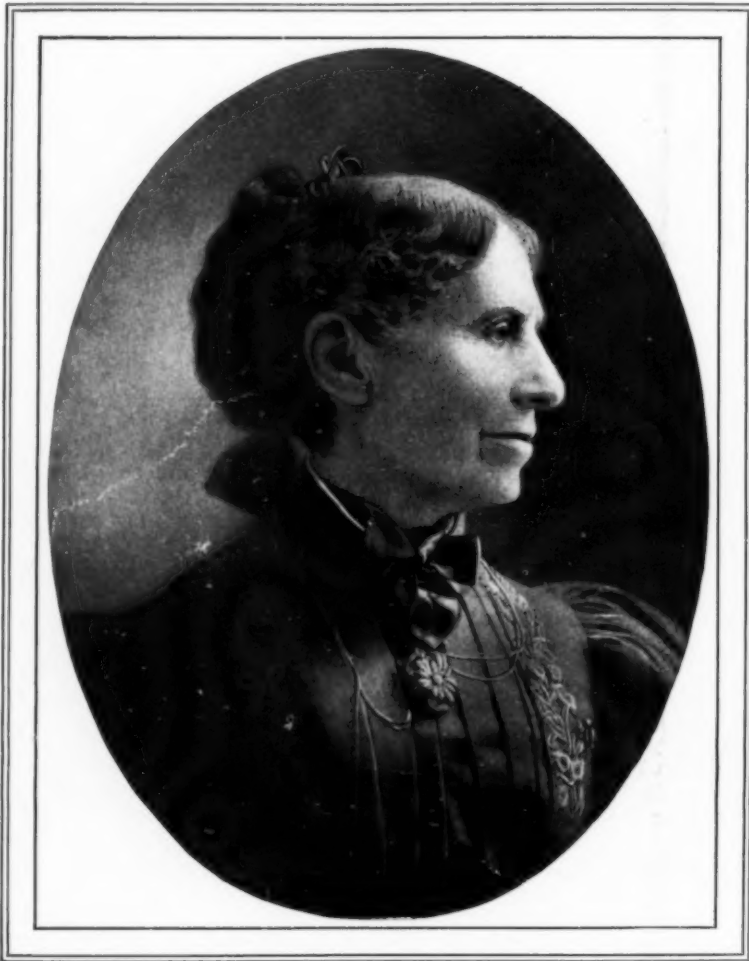
There is in the three only one small mirror—the one in which her mother looked when she came home from church a bride. It hangs near the head of the bed in the room kept for favored guests.

Clara Barton's own bed was small and hard—a soldier bed. Near it are the books that meant so much to her—the Bible, the "Pilgrim's Progress," the stories of Sarah Orne Jewett, Lucy Larcom's poems, Barrie's stories, "Jane Eyre," all of Miss Austen's novels, and the works of the Brownings. Near her desk hang framed copies of John Burroughs's "My Own Will Come to Me" and Virginia Woodward Cloud's "Leisurely Lane." Probably best of all, says one who knows, she loved Eugene

Field's "Little Boy Blue." This poem always brought tears to her eyes.

Red Cross was built to be the American Red Cross headquarters, and it was here that supplies were kept to be drawn on at a moment's notice. The long halls and all

Cross work. On the walls hang certificates and testimonials from every country to which her mission took her. One of the most beautiful of these memorials is from the Sultan of Turkey. Many decorations and jewels were given to her, but among



ONE OF THE LATER PORTRAITS OF CLARA BARTON, TAKEN ABOUT TEN YEARS AGO

From a photograph by the American Press Association, New York

the rooms are fitted up with cabinets built into the walls, in which every possible first aid to the injured was stored against the time of need.

MISS BARTON'S MANY SOUVENIRS

There are few pictures in the house except those relating to Miss Barton or to Red

them all there were only two that she kept as personal souvenirs.

One of these is a pin, a gift from the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden, who were her very dear friends. Mrs. Hinton relates how on one occasion Miss Barton took the pin to a famous New York jeweler's, to have a chain added to it as a

safeguard. The clerk to whom she handed it asked permission to go for another clerk, who in turn departed to get still another to look at the jewel. The manager of the store was finally summoned, and he asked Miss Barton if she knew the value of the pin.

"Each of these pearls," he said, "is almost priceless. They represent a king's ransom!"

Miss Barton mentioned her name, and told him the story of the pin. In accordance with a promise made to the grand duchess, she wore it constantly, to show that she held the giver in her thoughts.

For several months before she died Miss Barton was able to do very little writing, but each day she added a few lines to a long letter to the grand duchess, to be sent off after her death. It was mailed to Germany the day she died.

The other piece of jewelry which she specially valued was a friendship knot of gold, presented to her by the first Emperor William of Germany, the present Kaiser's grandfather, whose friendship she gained at the time of the Franco-Prussian War.

Clara Barton's treasures included many pieces of rare old lace, the gifts of foreign potentates. But these she accepted as she did most other presents—as impersonal acknowledgments of her work.

MISS BARTON AND HER NEIGHBORS

On state occasions, when she was strong enough to receive visitors, she used to wear very beautiful and stately costumes. Though very slight, she was fond of trained gowns. To the last she would never put on black. Her dresses ran through lavender and royal purple shades to a peculiar wine-color of which she was very fond.

Even when she was weakest, and all excitement was forbidden, she still kept open house at Red Cross for all the "soldier boys." The place is full of mementos and gifts from men whom she nursed.

Nor did her work as a nurse end when she gave up active service. Red Cross was a kind of private sanatorium presided over by this wonderful little woman. When a neighbor looked worn out or ill, Miss Barton would take her in charge and invite her for a visit. Once at Red Cross, the patient had an opportunity to testify to Clara Barton's powers in the rôle of ministering angel.

"Her methods were not those of the regu-

lar trained nurse," one of her patients told me. "She just mothered you, and loved you, and made you well in spite of yourself."

Only four years ago, when she was eighty-seven, Miss Barton heard of a neighbor who was in deep distress, and immediately went to her rescue. She took her to Red Cross, and there, night after night, sat up with her, planning for the future and comforting her.

"She cured me first," the grateful woman told me. "Then she planned a business career for me, and to the day of her death she was always my best and wisest adviser and customer."

A DREAM OF CIVIL WAR DAYS

She was not a woman given to reminiscence. In her last illness he suffered greatly, and for months before she died she had to be propped up on pillows. Toward the last she often spoke of dreaming that she was again on the battle-field. Two nights before she died, she opened her eyes and said:

"I dreamed I was back again in battle. I waded in blood up to my knees. I saw death as it is on the battle-field. The poor boys, with arms shot off and legs gone, were lying on the cold ground, with no nurses and no physicians to do anything for them. I saw the surgeons coming, too much needed by all to give any special attention to any one. Once again I stood by and witnessed those soldiers bearing their soldier pains, limbs being sawed off without opiates being taken, or even a bed to lie on. I crept around once more, trying to give them at least a drink of water to cool their parched lips, and I heard them speak of mothers and wives and sweethearts, but never a murmur or complaint. Then I wake to hear myself groan because I have a stupid pain in my back—a little pain in my back, that's all! Here, on a good bed, with every attention! I am ashamed that I murmur."

When she was dead, all Glen Echo turned out to do her honor in the simple services held there before her remains were carried to her birthplace in Massachusetts, to be buried beside her mother and father. In the State that claimed her as a native the public sorrow was no more sincere or universal than in the peaceful little suburb on the Potomac where Clara Barton knew all her neighbors.

THE RED BUTTON*

BY WILL IRWIN

AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY," ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

AS Tommy North goes up-stairs to his room in Mrs. Moore's boarding-house, he slips in what proves to be a pool of blood in the third-floor hall. The blood has oozed from under the door of the room occupied by another boarder, Captain John Hanska, who is found dead on the floor. This gruesome discovery causes no little confusion and excitement, but the situation is taken in hand by Mrs. Rosalie Le Grange, who invites Mrs. Moore and her boarders to her own house, across the street. Mrs. Le Grange is an old friend of Martin McGee, the police inspector in charge of the case, and she promises to help him in investigating it.

Captain Hanska has left a widow—a young and beautiful woman who had recently left him owing to his continued ill-treatment of her. With a friend, Miss Elizabeth Lane, familiarly known as "Betsy Barbara," Mrs. Hanska calls on Inspector McGee and tells him of her unhappy life with her late husband. She admits that Lawrence Wade admired her, but denies McGee's charge—which is supported by the verdict of the coroner's jury—that Wade is the captain's murderer.

Mrs. Le Grange takes Mrs. Hanska and Miss Lane to her house, where Tommy North is greatly attracted by Betsy Barbara. The girl's apparent liking for Señor Estrilla—a young Spaniard who comes there to visit his sister, one of the boarders—drives North to drown his jealousy in whisky. Coming home intoxicated, he is helped to his room by Miss Lane. The next morning he tells her that he has hit upon a possible clue to the mystery of the Hanska murder.

XII (continued)

"I HAD got to the head of the stairs on the night of the murder," said Tommy. "The gas was lighted in the hall. I was pickled. You know how your mind gets on some little thing when you're pickled—"

"I don't," put in Betsy Barbara, in spite of her interest in the story; "but please go on!"

"And I saw something bright in the hallway, close to Captain Hanska's door. I braced against a post, and looked at it. It was a cluster of diamonds. The more I think of it, the more it seems like that shoe-buckle of yours. I was as sure of it as a man can be sure of anything when he's drunk. I reached out to get it. Then I tumbled and hit—the stuff. I didn't know what it was then; but the tumble and the sticky feeling put diamonds out of my mind. Then the curtain goes down again until I'm in my own room. And the funny

thing," concluded Tommy, "is that I never remembered one thing about it, not even when the police were combing my very soul, until—what happened last night. You can't be sure, of course. I was pickled. But I'm sure, just the same, that I saw a bunch of diamonds or something beside that door. You've asked me to tell you anything I find about the Hanska case; and I'm telling, that's all."

Betsy Barbara considered.

"It may not mean anything," she said, "and it may mean a good deal." She considered again. "Of course, it may have had nothing to do with our case. If anybody had been robbed that night, if there had been any signs of a burglar, it would be different; but the police say that the house wasn't entered. Then, again, what became of the diamonds? It seems no one else noticed them."

"Well," remarked Tommy North cynically, "there were several policemen in the house."

* This story began in the May Number of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*

Betsy Barbara walked on, still thinking. "Well, perhaps. I'm afraid, though, that it might be only an aberration," she said finally.

"Perhaps," echoed Tommy North. And now, having finished his introduction, he approached the subject nearest his heart. "Of course, that's all," he said, "except that I owe you an apology for—for my condition last night."

"It is to yourself," said Betsy Barbara, "that you owe the apology. Mr. North, why did you do it—again?"

Now, it was in Tommy North's impulses to tell exactly why he did it—to come out with the truth, accompanied by his opinion of philandering Spaniards. But that would have amounted to a declaration; and to declare his feelings for Betsy Barbara was leagues beyond his present courage.

"Oh," he said carelessly, desperately, "I got a jolt. That's all. And I took it out in booze."

"You've told me," said Betsy Barbara, "that you don't like the taste of the stuff. That's why you drink, then—to console yourself when you're in trouble? Doesn't that show rather poor courage?"

"Perhaps."

"Now I'm in trouble. And Constance—Mrs. Hanska—is in deep, deep trouble. Suppose we drank every time it hurt! I don't believe you know what real trouble is, even if you were arrested unjustly."

"Well, it isn't always that."

"No; you told me the other night it was because you hadn't anything better to do. Mr. North," she added, suddenly lifting her blue eyes to his, "what you need is something else to do. You're out of a job. How many jobs have you had since you came to New York?"

By now they had crossed Twenty-Eighth Street, and reached the whirl and glitter of Fifth Avenue. Already the morning crowd of shoppers, women of the "exclusive" class who scorn the gayer but cheaper afternoon parade, debated before shop-windows or held social intercourse at corners. On the asphalt, the procession of coaches and motors was beginning. Already the stalwart, soldierly policemen of the traffic squad were opening lanes for pedestrians with waves of their white-gloved hands. The windows, each an artistic creation, blossomed with the richest goods of the five continents.

It was all alive, beautiful, and—most of

all to the country observation of Betsy Barbara—smart. It was made for the temptation of woman. As Tommy North talked, Betsy Barbara's eye traveled to this lovely frock, that alluring window. Still, after the universal habit of her sex, she kept her mind on the main subject, in spite of these distractions of the eye. The inner part of her was listening and following. Yet the gay parade, the autumn touch in the air, raised her spirits and put her in a mood to regard Tommy's derelictions tenderly, even humorously.

"Well, I came here to be a bill-clerk in a produce house," he said. "That job lasted three months. I quit. I guess it's the only one I did quit of my own accord. Then I went into Wall Street—at twelve dollars a week. I was there four months." He hesitated.

"And what was the trouble there?" inquired Betsy Barbara, turning her eyes from a Parisian hobble to regard him severely.

"Well," said Tommy, "the boss hit it up himself, but he had an objection to a similar process on the part of his clerks. When he met a crowd of us one night on Broadway, three of us got the pink slip. Then I ran an elevator, because I couldn't find another job right away; then I was time-clerk for a gang of dagoes. I was fired that time because the job played out. Then I got into the advertising business. I made good, too."

"How many places have you had in the advertising business?" inquired his relentless inquisitor.

"Four."

"The same story with them all?"

"Pretty nearly the same."

"And you never lost a place for incompetence?"

"No. It's the only thing I can say for myself."

"Let's hear more details," said Betsy Barbara.

By the time Tommy had expanded to her satisfaction, they were past Forty-Fifth Street. The shops were beginning to give way to old residences, left stranded by the up-town movement of fashion.

"Mr. North," said Betsy Barbara, after turning over in her mind the case of this troublesome pupil, "I'm going to ask a very personal question. I'm not asking it for curiosity. I've a reason, which I'll state later. Have you saved any money?"

"It may surprise you," replied Tommy, "but I really have. I inherited three hundred dollars a while ago; and my mother made me promise one thing—that I'd save a little every week. I have five hundred dollars in the bank."

Betsy Barbara nodded her wise and golden head.

"That will do beautifully for a start," she said.

"A start at what?" inquired Tommy.

"At the Thomas W. North Advertising Agency."

"At—"

"The Thomas W. North Advertising Agency. It's founded now—a quarter past ten o'clock A.M., October 16, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-Sixth Street, New York!"

"This is so sudden!" exclaimed Tommy; but his heart leaped and danced.

"Now see, Mr. North," resumed Betsy Barbara, "I've diagnosed your case. The trouble with you is that you've drifted. Isn't it?"

"I suppose so," said Tommy.

"And it has been the whole trouble, I think." Betsy Barbara announced, this gravely from the superior height of twenty-four years. "You need responsibility. You don't want to grow into the kind of young man Mr. Dayne and Mr. Murphy are. They're professional drifters now. When you're your own boss, you won't be loafing on the job. You'd discharge an employee who did that—and you can't discharge yourself. Some day you'll wish you had a business of your own. Then you'll look back and be sorry you didn't start it when you were young. You can get business, can't you?"

"I ought to," said Tommy.

"I think you ought."

She checked herself here. She wanted to say that any one with Tommy North's personality should be able to drag business out of a rock. What she did add was another question.

"And you can handle the business properly when you get it?"

"I suppose I can. I never lost a place for incompetence."

"Then there's really nothing more to be said," responded Betsy Barbara. "Just get an office, hang out your shingle, and go to work. You may fail, of course; but you'll be doing it for yourself, and that, Thomas W. North, is what you need."

Tommy North had been looking at her as one who sees visions and hears voices.

"Why, that's the way I used to think. That's the way I used to talk," he said. "I didn't realize, until I heard it from your lips, how I'd forgotten about it. It's this town, Miss Lane. New York's a queer place. It fills up every year with young men and young girls. It makes a few, but it breaks more. Some go right straight up to the top, but most just drift along at the bottom, until they give up and go home. I guess that was happening to me—I was drifting at the bottom."

"You're nearer to it than you ever were," said Betsy Barbara. "You see, I'm new here, and I haven't lost that feeling that you get in New York the minute you come—that you can move mountains. And while I still feel that way, I'm going to make you work!"

"All right," said Tommy North. "Fire away! I'll do anything you tell me to, and go anywhere you say." He did not add what his heart said—"even to the end of the world."

"The first thing to do when you're starting in business is to find an office," said Betsy Barbara practically.

"There are lots of good cheap little places in lower Fifth Avenue," said Tommy North.

"Let's look at them right now!" exclaimed Betsy Barbara.

And the newly formed Thomas W. North Advertising Agency wheeled and started southward.

XIII

THAT afternoon Betsy Barbara and Rosalie Le Grange were sewing together in the sun-parlor.

For the last fortnight Rosalie, guider and compeller of destinies, had seemed the least considerable factor in the events now gathering about the Hanska case. She moved quietly among the enactors of the drama, performing her duty of shaking together a new household. The invalid on the top floor took a great deal of her time, and her quiet, motherly watch over Constance almost as much.

Toward Constance she maintained an attitude of distant affection. With Betsy Barbara, on the other hand, she grew familiar and big-sisterly. Spite of wide surface differences in breeding and grammar, there was some natural bond between

these two—perhaps their common taste for controlling destinies.

Rosalie never let her affections film the main chance, however. In their chats over the muslin and the teacups, she drew Betsy Barbara, through subtle attack and retreat, to full discussion of the Hanska case. Yet so careful was her method that the girl never dreamed that she had broken any confidences.

As they pulled bastings, Betsy Barbara slipped in a remark which she tried artfully to conceal in general chatter.

"Mr. North tells me that he is going to start in business for himself."

Rosalie's eyes, their motion hidden by her long lashes, observed now that Betsy Barbara's fingers, which had been fluttering busily, stopped still for a moment as she dropped this simple observation.

"That so?" exclaimed Rosalie. "Well, he's a nice, smart young man, an' it will be the very best thing for him." She pulled bastings for ten seconds before she resumed: "It will keep him straight. He won't have to be helped up to his room for some time, I hope."

Betsy Barbara stared and flushed.

"Oh! Did you see it?"

"Now, my dear, I think it was brave an' nice of you. It's what any girl should have done, an' it's what most good girls wouldn't have the decency to do. No woman's a real lady when she's too much of a lady. Yes—I heard him stumble, an' I come out an' looked."

"I—I just opened his door and pushed him in," said Betsy Barbara, blushing.

"An' quite enough—I saw that, too." Rosalie pulled bastings for a quarter of a minute more. Then she added: "I suppose you called him down all he needed when you took that walk this morning?"

"Oh, that wasn't the reason!" cried Betsy Barbara, driven back on her maiden defenses. "It wasn't *that*. I really didn't want to see him, but he had something new to tell me about—the case—or he thought he had."

"Um-hum!" responded Rosalie. "Well, I've always wondered if that young man didn't know more than he was lettin' on."

"Oh, indeed, I think he told all he remembered!" replied Betsy Barbara with some warmth. "This was just something he'd forgotten—something which came back to him last night when he was—well, you saw."

Detail by detail, she repeated Tommy North's story about the diamond cluster. Rosalie, as she listened with downcast look, used all her will to keep her head steady and her fingers busy.

"That's interesting," she remarked in a matter-of-fact tone, when Betsy Barbara had finished. "But I don't know's it's important. They think they see funny things when they're drunk, an' they'll swear to 'em when they sober up. Intend to tell Mrs. Hanska or the lawyers about it?"

"I thought I might. I'm doing every least thing to help."

"Well, the evidence of a drunk wouldn't go at all in a court of law," pursued Rosalie, her eyes still on her work. "Just as soon as they find he was drunk, they put him right off the witness-stand."

"Do they?" asked Betsy Barbara innocently.

"Always. And of course—well, Mr. North is pretty humiliated already, an' he's a nice young man. He'll probably cut out drink now he's in business for himself. Still, if you think it's your duty—"

"Oh, I hope you think it isn't!" said Betsy Barbara. "I don't want to put Mr. North in that position again."

"Can't see where it's the least bit of use, an' 'twould only do Mr. North harm," replied Rosalie. "If you was me, would you french this seam? Yes, I guess it looks more tasty that way."

Rosalie turned the conversation to a discussion of autumn fashions. She sewed and chatted for ten minutes. Then she looked ostentatiously at the clock.

"Gracious! A quarter to four, an' I must be down-town quarrelin' with that laundry at a quarter past."

She rose, gathered coat, hat, and gloves, and hurried to the corner drug-store, from which she made by telephone an immediate appointment with Inspector McGee.

They sat in Abingdon Square, a rendezvous half-way between her house and headquarters. She proceeded to business at once.

"I've jest been settin' on this Hanska case, inspector," she said. "Knew if I waited long enough somethin' would hatch. It has, but I can't say yet whether it's a rooster or a duck."

"What have you got?" inquired McGee.

"Don't know, I tell you. Didn't I say in the first place that I was workin' alone, as I always do?"

"All right, Rosalie," replied McGee indulgently. "Then what can I do for you?"

"In the first place, when's the grand jury goin' to get to the Wade indictment?"

"Pretty soon, I guess. I've been holding them off until I get more evidence."

"Well, keep holdin' 'em off."

"It looks to me," put in the inspector, "as if you still thought Wade didn't do it."

"Well, honest, are you sure yourself? Play square now!"

The inspector meditated until he achieved a miracle of self-analysis.

"I'd be able to judge that better," he said, "if I didn't feel I'd like to knock his block off every time I see him. He won't say a thing one way or another. Whenever I try to put on the screws he just sits off and laughs. Once they begin to talk, they're gone; but confound him, I can't make him say a word, except 'I told the coroner all I knew about the case.'"

"Well, you stop askin' him until you hear from me," said Rosalie.

"Honest, what have you got?"

"Wouldn't you like to know? Call it a hunch from the spirits."

"You can't come that on me," said the inspector half playfully. "I know your kind of spirits."

"Well, call it a woman's notion, then, if you like that any better. The grand jury's the first thing. Next that old house of Mrs. Moore's is still vacant, isn't it? I want to go through it with you from top to bottom—an' I've got to do it so I won't be seen. If anybody around my house suspects I'm mixed in the case, I'm no more use to you."

"That's easy. We can enter the block from the other side, and go in by the back door."

"All right. How's two o'clock tomorrow?"

"Fine."

"Now I'd better run along. I don't want to take any chances of being seen with you. For a big place, New York's the smallest place ever I saw."

"Honest, what have you found?"

"Honest, I don't know myself," said Rosalie Le Grange, dimpling over her shoulder as she walked away.

McGee stood following her with his eyes.

XIV

THE Moore boarding-house, scene of the Hanska murder, remained closed, a plain-clothes man from the precinct detective force

keeping it under watch and ward. By routine, the police should have turned it back to its regular occupants as soon as the coroner's jury had viewed it and the photographers had finished recording the evidence. But, since Mrs. Moore's boarders had transferred themselves in a body to the more desirable establishment of Mme. Rosalie Le Grange, the place lay vacant, displaying a sign which described it as being "to rent furnished—desirable for boarding-house."

New York is short-minded and cold-hearted, too noisy for ghosts and too busy for brooding. It was not memory of the tragedy which kept tenants away, but the fact that the murder happened early in the month, and most boarding-houses are let "from the 1st to the 1st." Since the place, for the time being, was of no use to any one else, Inspector McGee took the precaution of setting a guard over it. As another precaution for remote contingencies, he left Captain Hanska's room undisturbed.

To this house—a plain four-story building of worn brick, near its turn for destruction in the next transformation of impermanent New York—came Captain McGee and Rosalie Le Grange. They approached with all the caution of forethought, entering the block through an office-building on the next street, opening the area door with a pass-key, and going into the house by the basement door at the rear.

"Ugh! I hate to touch it," said Rosalie, drawing her skirts away from the wreckage of the cellar. "I'm glad I wore my old clothes. Guess Mrs. Moore never kept this place any too well—an' with this dust an' your untidy cops, Martin McGee, it's just scandalous now. Well, come on!"

She dragged her police escort through floor after floor, through room after room—making at first a superficial survey and then a minute search.

"It's huntin' for a needle in a haystack when you don't know for sure whether you dropped it in the barn-yard or the pasture," said Rosalie, as she settled down to the more careful stages of her search.

"What is the needle, anyway?" asked McGee.

"I ain't sure it is a needle. It may be a pin," replied Rosalie, with her best air of mystery.

In Mrs. Moore's reign the house had a dozen occupants, what with boarders and servants. Each room held a score of those

impedimenta, large and small, which the complexity of modern life has laid upon the simplest of us. Not an article but might be the mark which would set Rosalie upon the trail.

The preliminary search—reenforced by old questioning among her boarders—had given her the lay of the land. The kitchen was in the basement. The parlor, the dining-room, and Mrs. Moore's room were on the ground floor. Miss Harding and Miss Jones had lived in the second story. On that floor were also two vacant rooms—for Mrs. Moore's house had fallen on unprosperous days.

The third floor, where the men lived, had been fully occupied by Mr. North, Professor Noll, and Captain Hanska. Tommy North had the front room; Noll and Hanska lived opposite each other at the rear. Captain Hanska's room, the main objective of Rosalie's search, was the one to the right of the passage.

The top floor, again, had only one occupant—Miss Estrilla, who lived at the rear of the house. Her room was directly above Professor Noll's. Across from Miss Estrilla's, and above Captain Hanska's apartment of accursed memory, lay a lumber-room, the catch-all for trunks and odd furniture.

As they came to Captain Hanska's room, Inspector McGee stopped and made oration.

"You can see," he said, "that it was an inside job. Beginning on the roof, there's no way to enter except by the hatch that goes down into the lumber-room. On account of the fire regulations, the hatch couldn't be locked, but it was closed inside by a bolt. That hadn't been monkeyed with. In fact, the dirt around the edges showed that the hatch hadn't been opened for a long time."

"And the fire-escape?" asked Rosalie, pursing her brows with concentration.

"Runs from the lumber-room straight down. On the third floor, passes the windows of Captain Hanska's room. The corresponding room on the second floor is vacant. That fire-escape violated the ordinances—some one should have been pinched. In the first place, you couldn't possibly reach it from the roof, on account of the overhang of the eaves. Then it stopped short at the second floor, and there was no ladder below. Fine little way to break bones in case of fire! To reach it from the ground, a man would have had to jump sixteen feet in the air. A professional

acrobat couldn't have done it—unless they teach 'em in the circus to shinny up a smooth brick wall. No one entered by the basement, either. Windows and doors all bolted inside, and showed no signs of being tampered with. It was this Wade fellow, or an inside job.

"And while we're talking about locks"—here Martin McGee opened Captain Hanska's door, and stood with a foot on either side of the threshold—"this is a little piece of evidence I've figured out myself. Notice, he had a spring-lock. Mrs. Moore says he put it on himself. That indicates that he was afraid of somebody—Wade, probably. Being so particular on that point, it was only natural he should keep it locked when he was asleep. Now look here!"

"This" was an inside spring-lock of the ordinary pattern. It could be controlled from without only by the key. Within, however, was a knob and a button by which one could turn back the catch and render it temporarily useless as a lock.

"Well, now," continued McGee, "the catch was back when they found the body, and the door wasn't locked at all. If he'd been alive after Wade left him, he wouldn't have gone to sleep without seeing that his door was locked. My idea is that he turned the knob and shut the catch back when he let Wade in—the way a person does with a spring-lock. Anyhow," the inspector concluded, "it's a suspicious fact."

"Very," said Rosalie; and McGee did not catch the flatness in her tone. "But any one who got onto that fire-escape, one way or another, could have entered Hanska's room by the window, couldn't he?"

"Yes," said Inspector McGee, "if Hanska's window was open; but the windows were closed when they found the body. Most of the witnesses say that. They remember because when Mrs. Moore fainted those girls opened both windows to give her air. They say they had to open the catches to get the sashes up."

"Stuffy, muggy night, an' both windows closed—an' him an American!"

"Well, there's nothing particularly strange about that, is there?" said Inspector McGee.

"Not to you!" replied Rosalie Le Grange, dimpling on him. "I guess—well, I guess, before we do anything else, we'll go over everything in that room."

They entered.

Except that the blood had been scrubbed away, except that the floor bore the marks of muddy foot-heels, souvenirs of the police and the coroner's jury, the room stood as Captain Hanska left it for his long journey. Dust—which was smut in the corners and an impalpable film on the furniture—lay over everything. The neat and fastidious Rosalie made gestures of displeasure with her fingers, and drew away her skirts.

On the table lay outspread the photographs, the souvenirs of five oceans, the extra knife, which Lawrence Wade admitted that he delivered to Captain Hanska. The bed was as Rosalie had seen it on the night of the tragedy—the sheets and quilts turned back—as if its occupant had risen quietly and naturally.

It was to the bed that Rosalie turned her first attention. It stood against the wall. Its head escaped the swing of the door by a few inches; its foot was near that south window which opened on the fire-escape. Rosalie went over it minutely, observing everything. At the foot of the white counterpane her eyes stopped—stopped and rested.

"It's spotted," she said almost under her breath.

Inspector McGee looked also.

"Nothing special," he replied. "This Mrs. Moore wasn't a good housekeeper."

"Rest of it's clean enough, barrin' the dust," said Rosalie Le Grange. "Those spots is water, not dirt. Water on starched stuff always looks that way—just crinkly, like it needed ironing."

Martin McGee considered.

"That's easy," said he. "They opened the window. It was raining, wasn't it? Well, the rain came in and stained it."

"I suppose so," said Rosalie; but she made a minute examination.

Let us violate for a second the privacy of her mind.

"Dear old dope!" it was saying. "He hasn't thought to look into the weather that night. He doesn't know it had cleared up and stopped raining for good when I came into the house; and I saw them open the windows myself."

"Well," Rosalie said aloud, "that's all for the bed. Now let's see the furniture an' his clothes an' everything."

It was half an hour before she finished her search of the room. She went over it inch by inch, her lips pursed, her hands making quick flutters of disgust over the

dirt and disorder. She spoke little, and then as if to herself.

Inspector McGee finally gave up following her swift movements, mental and physical, and rested himself in a Morris chair. His was a life of grim, hard things; these surroundings, depressing even to Rosalie, were to him part of the day's work. And so he fell to watching, not the search for evidence, but the figure of Rosalie Le Grange.

Martin McGee, untutored in esthetics, did not know that there is one beauty of youth, and another of maturity; that there is one glory of ruddy young skin, bright with new blood, and another of faded skin; that the soul which shines out through mature flesh may be more disturbing to the thoughts of man than young flesh itself. Had you asked him, he would have limited all beauty in women to the twenties, or at least to the early thirties.

He was unaccustomed to self-analysis, to psychological musings of any kind; and the mood which came upon him was strange to his nature. There was something pleasing, and more than pleasing, about this woman here. He remembered how she had appeared to him ten years ago, when she began flashing in and out of his life. He had been sitting in another house of murder, and he had seen her cross the street. He had marked her then as a "peach"—a little too plump for his idea of beauty, but pretty, nevertheless.

She had brown hair then; she had a neat figure, a smooth, pleasing face, and those big gray eyes. The eyes still remained as they were, but there was a foam of white across her hair. The face had fallen into a delicate ridge here and there, though massage had taken care of the wrinkles, which showed not as yet. Her figure had broadened a little, yet she still bore it wonderfully. The skin of her long, plump hands had begun to gather about the knuckles; and still—she appealed to him as she had never appealed in those first days.

He had no great amount of imagination; but what he had soared and took flight. Suppose then—when they were both young—

The flight stopped there; the bird of imagination fluttered to earth, killed by an arrow of memory. This was—had always been—a medium, a professional faker. In their early acquaintance she had duped even him. She was next door to a crook; and he

dwelt so close to crooks as to have his tolerations, but also his prejudices. No, she wasn't the kind for a man; but it was a pity!

The broad, sturdy, police bosom of Martin McGee heaved with a sigh. A pity! How pretty she was there, knitting her brows and letting her dimples play soberly with her thought as she turned and returned an old coat! And what a mind she had! Lord, what a mind!

The sigh did not escape Rosalie Le Grange; little in her surroundings ever escaped her. She appeared to come out of her thoughtful mood, and her dimples flashed.

"Getting tired?" she asked.

"No," he said. And then, suddenly: "Rose, why did you ever start it?"

"Being a medium, you mean?"

"Yes." The word was out of his lips before wonder entered his mind. "Now, how did you get that—what I was thinking of? You make me wonder if there ain't something in your mediumship!"

"Well," said Rosalie, "reachin' out and gettin' things that way is on the edge of the spirit, I guess. Told you before, the more you know about this thing the more you don't know." She mounted a chair to peer along the closet shelf. "When a gentleman sits still lookin' at a lady like he really saw her, he's thinkin' of the past, among other things. An' when he sighs like that, it's probably because she ain't what he'd like her to be—if he's got any respect for her, which I hope you have, Martin McGee!"

"Yes, I have that," responded the inspector.

"I kind of guessed you had," replied Rosalie, smelling of two old bottles which she had found on the shelf. "How did I come to take it up? Well, when you're left an orphan at twelve, there ain't much choice. Professor Vango adopted me—my mother was in his circle. Old fake! But he had mediumship, too; an' he thought, an' I thought, he brought somethin' out of me. Anyhow, I saw things. So I became a medium, like you became a cop, because it happened that way. If it had happened another way, you might have been a boss bricklayer and contractor. You wouldn't 'a' stayed a journeyman, I'll say that for you. Sometimes," added Rosalie, drawing all sting from her words by a flash of her dimples, "I think you're awful stupid, Martin McGee, an' sometimes I think you're a wonder. It's generally according to whether

or no you agree with me. As you mostly do, I generally call you a wonder. An' you've got get-there besides. Slow, but you do get there!"

This bit of conversation fulfilled Rosalie's purpose. It turned the subject from herself to Inspector McGee's self; and she knew from a life of experience that no man lives who can resist that lure.

"How do you feel about me to-day?" he asked with heavy male coquetry.

"I haven't made up my mind to-day," she said, "but it's veerin' toward the stupid."

She crossed the room and fumbled with the catch of the south window. He rose heavily to help her.

"No, thank you!" she said. "No, thank you. I want to look over this fire-escape. I'm that old I can't go up modest like. It's quite enough to have the stenographers rubberin' from those windows, without you."

However, she managed with surpassing lightness the step from the window to the iron stairway, with astonishing grace the ascent. She threaded it to its top, viewing it all in a general way. Then she stopped, making a picture of herself as she balanced on the landing and pulled out a wire hair-pin. This universal implement of the sex she twisted to suit her purpose, and began a slow descent, picking at the interstices of the iron. Nothing but dust, with here and there a straw, a bit of cloth, or a scrap of paper blown thither by the wind.

"Unpromisin'," she said to herself, *sotto voce*; "but I'll try everythin'. Ugh, it's a sweeper's job!"

So she worked downward nearly one flight before she came to a cake of dirt in a corner of the iron steps. She brushed it away, and discovered a little irregularity in the metal. She picked at this with her feminine tool. It proved to be a loop of steel, somewhat spotted, but bright.

She hooked the pin into the loop, and pulled. Something gave way. Out of a minute hollow in the iron step, which seemed like a bubble left in the process of casting, came a little hard ball. She rubbed it with her hands and dusted it with her handkerchief. It was a red shoe-button.

Rosalie fingered it, and glanced upward, musing.

Above, the iron stairway ran straight to the window of the lumber-room; and that

was the only window from which the shoe-button could have fallen in such fashion as to strike the fire-escape. She knew from Mrs. Moore that this room had been used for storage during all of the last year. If a previous tenant had dropped it, the lacquer would be gone or tarnished by now.

The other windows on the fourth floor were cut off from view of the fire-escape by an irregularity of the wall. From those windows one could scarcely have thrown the button and hit that spot on the fire-escape—"let alone droppin' it," thought Rosalie.

Rosalie wrapped the button in her handkerchief and continued her search; but she found nothing heavier than straws and scraps of paper.

"Well, you can never tell," she said to herself as she straightened up on the landing before Captain Hanks's window. "Let's see, who in my house ever wears—"

She stopped all motion here; and since there was no need for concealment, her face showed the shock which she felt. Her eyes widened; her jaw dropped.

"Um-h'm!" she buzzed, with the tone of one who gathers the straws of suspicion into a sheaf of fact. "Um-h'm!"

Just then the voice of Inspector McGee boomed from within.

"Pretty near through?" he asked.

"Much as I want," replied Rosalie, voice and face falling at once into indifference. "Is there a place to wash in this house? Water ain't turned off yet! All right. No, never mind—I'm still young enough to crawl through a window by myself. This'll do for one day."

Ten minutes later, when she returned from the lavatory, marvelously freshened in appearance, the inspector awaited her in the lower hall.

"I may be wanting to come again," she said. "Will you let the cops know?"

"Well, how do I stack to-day?" asked Martin McGee. "Smart or stupid?"

"Kind of between," jabbed Rosalie, "but edgin' toward stupid still."

She smiled again over her shoulder; a dimple played and then another; a lock of hair fell from its fastening over her cheek.

And suddenly something happened—something which Martin McGee, blushing over it later in silence and secrecy, could not himself account for. With the motion of a dancing bear, so awkward was it and yet so quick, he had caught her in his arms and kissed her heavily on the face.

Rosalie did not seem to struggle; yet somehow, without haste, without disarranging herself in one little item, she was free of him. The surge in Martin McGee receded as rapidly as it had risen. He stood blank, his color thickening.

"Martin McGee," said Rosalie Le Grange, "you jest cut that out!"

XV

At breakfast next morning Rosalie opened her game—opened it, like a master of human chessmen, with a trifling move or two of the pawns.

"Don't any of you people be astonished," she said, "if your clothes look strange an' orderly when you come home to-night. This is my day for cleanin' closets. I announce now that if I find anything isn't hung where it ought to be, I'm going to set it right."

"I'd be greatly obliged to you, I'm sure," said Professor Noll.

"You won't finish to-day, if you tackle mine!" observed Tommy North.

When they were gone, Rosalie Le Grange, refusing assistance from Mrs. Moore, put on dust-cap and long apron, and made good her word. But she did more than clean. From Miss Harding's apartment on the ground floor to Miss Estrilla's on the top, she minutely examined every garment and every pair of shoes.

When she had finished, when she stood in her own room, dressing for the street, she looked very serious. Before she put away her house-dress, she took from its pocket the red shoe-button. She inspected it again, and locked it away in the deepest compartment of her jewel-case.

Rosalie walked briskly to a book-store in the heart of the foreign district, held short consultation with the clerk, journeyed another block, and stood at length before a sign lettered in many tongues. She hesitated and began talking to herself.

"You can't teach an old dog new tricks," she remarked. "But sometimes you can brush up the old tricks he used to know," she added. "It'll take time—well, anyway, I'm here!"

She entered. When she emerged, it lacked but half an hour of lunch-time.

At the table, she made subtle inquiry about her boarders' plans for the day. Mr. North, already busy with his agency, had not come home to lunch at all. Betsy Barbara had an engagement to help him select

furniture. Constance must spend the afternoon with her lawyers. Professor Noll intended to read a paper at the Health Food Conference. Miss Harding and Miss Jones never came home between breakfast and dinner-time.

"Now's my chance—while the house is empty an' my nerve's good," she said to herself, as the boarders departed one by one.

She reflected a moment before she sought the kitchen and addressed Mrs. Moore.

"My dear," she said, "the cop who's on guard at your old place tells me he thinks the owners have found a tenant. We moved you in a great hurry, an' there may have been a lot of stuff overlooked. Don't you think you'd better go over the whole place this afternoon? The cop will tell you in—I spoke to him about it."

When Mrs. Moore had gone her lugubrious way, Rosalie turned to Molly, the maid.

"You'd best clean the silver this afternoon, Molly," she said. "Look out for the front door; I'm goin' to be busy upstairs. If anybody calls, nobody's at home. Remember what I say."

Next, Rosalie moved a major piece. She mounted the stairs toward Miss Estrilla's room. Her eyes looked far away. Her manner seemed remote to the things of this world.

As she knocked and entered, she passed her hand over her eyes, gave a little, convulsive jerk, dropped her hand to her side, and shook herself.

Miss Estrilla lay back among the cushions, in a half light. She had taken off her dark glasses, but the green shade was low over her eyes. She seemed to catch the strange, new manner of Rosalie.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

Rosalie did not answer at once. She gave a little stagger, sank down in a chair, and began to murmur inarticulate syllables in a low and rather husky voice.

"What has happened?" asked Miss Estrilla again, speaking in real alarm.

Rosalie sat upright as with great effort. Once or twice her hands clasped and unclasped.

"Give me that glass of water," she said in a half whisper.

She drank; she wet her fingers and dabbed her temples.

"Are you ill? Shall I send for some one?" repeated Miss Estrilla.

"I'm better now," replied Rosalie in a firm but rather sleepy voice. "It's cruel to frighten you. But listen. I'm in trouble, in a way." At this, Miss Estrilla settled back, as if somewhat relieved. "I've just got to ask for your help. Now, please don't be scared. It's really nothin', only—well, I've got to tell about it, I guess."

All the weariness of the world was in that last phrase.

"I git took this way sometimes. There's nothin' dreadful about it when folks understand. Don't call anybody, please don't! Jest stay where you are. In a minute I'll be goin' out of myself—unconscious, you know. I'll talk, probably. I may thrash around a little. By an' by I'll stop talkin' an' be perfectly quiet."

Here Rosalie shuddered three or four times again, impersonated an effort of the will, and went on:

"Don't do anything to me while I'm talkin'; but after I'm done, an' layin' quiet, wait five minutes. Then, if I don't come to, sprinkle water in my face, shake me, an'—don't—tell—anybody—"

The last words died away in a crooning undertone. Rosalie sank deeper into the chair. Her eyes fixed on the distance. Gradually her lids fell. So she rested for some time, immobile. The room became so quiet that the rattle of traffic, the gongs of the electric cars, the roar of the trains on Ninth Avenue, struck the ear with a distinctness almost painful.

Miss Estrilla, sitting up on her couch, watched Rosalie intently. Now and then, Rosalie noted, her breathing came in irregular little catches. From the cover of her long eyelashes, best instrument of her trade, Rosalie stole a glance which took in this constrained attitude. She let her lids droop to a full close.

"Ugh—oh—ugh!" went Rosalie's voice finally; and at the deep tone, so unlike Mrs. Le Grange's accustomed silvern accents, Miss Estrilla started.

"Dr. Carver!" It was a deep male voice which proceeded from Rosalie's entranced lips. This male voice of hers had been the envy of her old contemporaries. "Ah, Dr. Carver! I come to speak of a young man. I see him near this place. I see a struggle about him. I see a glass of liquor on one side of him, and a woman's hand on the other. He is drawing toward the woman's hands. I see her more clearly now. She has golden hair. I see him working

far into the night. His hand is writing—ugh!" This was a kind of shuddering groan. "I am going!"

Another silence. Then a light, flutelike voice—the accustomed tone of Laughing Eyes, Rosalie's famous child control, and the most artistic thing she did. The characteristics of Laughing Eyes varied greatly with various "sitters." For the ignorant, who like their marvels highly colored, Rosalie made Laughing Eyes a babbling child of four or five. For the refined and critical, like Miss Estrilla, Laughing Eyes was older, subtler, and less whimsically playful.

"Flowers for a pretty lady!" came the voice of Laughing Eyes. "Pretty lady is sick. Pretty lady is crying. It's bright here, and the spirits talk to me. One, two, three spirits talk to me. One, two, three spirits talk to Laughing Eyes. One of them wants the pretty lady—oh, he's gone! He is weak. I am weak—good-by—pretty—"

Rosalie's lips closed, and she settled down, as if into deeper sleep. She waited through a space which seemed eternity.

Presently she heard a rustling from the bed. Miss Estrilla had moved. Rosalie braced herself within for the shock of cold water; but Miss Estrilla only shook her. Rosalie made a sleepy motion and became still. Miss Estrilla shook her again, and called into her ear.

"Mme. Le Grange—wake up!"

This time Rosalie permitted her eyes to open. She stared a moment as at things remote, fetched another shudder, and sat bolt upright. Her first expression was bewildered; her second startled. There followed every appearance of embarrassment and chagrin.

"Oh, what has happened?" she said.

"Don't you know?" asked Miss Estrilla, regarding her narrowly.

"I remember coming in here," said Rosalie, "an' I remember telling you that I might go out—might fall asleep."

She arose at this, and began nervously to pace the room.

"I've got to apologize," she went on. "I am—well, the last time I was took this way I went to my own room. When I came to it was dark. The servants thought I'd gone away an' forgot to come home to dinner. I made up my mind I wouldn't let it happen again like that—an' you were the only person in the house. Was I out—sleep—long?"

"About six or seven minutes, I think,"

said Miss Estrilla. Suddenly she covered her eyes with their green shade. "What does it mean, all this?" she asked.

"Poor dear, I believe I must have bothered you with my talking—if I *did* talk." She approached the bed, and sat down. "Now I'm goin' to tell you all about it," she pursued. "I must, of course. It ain't right not to explain, now I've made this scene; but you'll be the only livin' soul around the house that knows a thing, an' you'll understand what I mean when I'm through. Comin' right out with it, I've been a medium—a spirit medium—all my life. You know what that is, don't you?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Didn't know but you mightn't. Some folks don't, an' some hold a low opinion of 'em. I do myself." Rosalie paused. "That was why I cut it out, maybe—that an' the feelin' that my powers was goin'. It's a dreadfully tryin' occupation, an' the associations are bad—quacks an' fakes an' things. I never faked, but there was a temptation to do it all the time. Well, one day comes a legacy—money I'd never counted on or expected. It happened jest when it seemed like my power had grown weak, an' I had to quit or be a fake—because when people come an' pay you two dollars you have to deliver answers or you'll git no more custom. So I jest determined to drop it all an' go to keepin' boarders with my money."

Rosalie made the proper dramatic pause here, and let her voice fall.

"You can't do a thing all your life, though, an' stop it right away. I hadn't counted on that. I never could control my trances exactly. They had a way of comin' when they wanted to. Why, once, at a whist party—but never mind that! An' I hadn't been keepin' boarders two weeks before I begun to have the feelin'. It's queer. I can't describe it to you unless you're mediumistic yourself; but it takes you right here." She touched her ample bosom with one hand. "You can hold it off for a while, an' then—it's like holdin' off sleep. Twice before this week it's happened. I've told you what I did the second time, an' how it scared me. An' jest now, standin' in the hall, I felt it comin' on, strong. You know the rest. An' I hope you'll excuse me—an' you won't say a thing, will you?"

Rosalie's voice held all the pleading in the world. Miss Estrilla, expressionless be-

hind her green shade, replied in an even and unemotional tone:

"And what do your spirits say to you?"

"To me?" replied Rosalie. "Goodness, I don't know. Wish I did! That was always a curious thing about my mediumship. You see, there's every kind. Some are clairaudient. They hear things while they're wide awake. Some are clairvoyant in half trance. That means they see, an' they know all the time what they've seen and what they're sayin'. I'm the worst kind. I never could get a thing except in full trance—just like I was asleep. I have to find out afterward from other people what I said or did. Well, I'm as sorry as can be that I bothered you, an' I won't do it again if I can help it. Did I talk much?"

"Not a great deal. Something about a young man and a young woman."

"Anybody in the house? Sometimes, they tell me, my spirits talk about folks a thousand miles away, an' sometimes about folks that are right here."

Miss Estrilla seemed to be considering this. When she spoke, her voice was still even and perfectly controlled; but she did not answer the question.

"You have been very kind," she said, "and I don't see why you should tell any one else. You may come here whenever you feel that way. It would be a pleasure to return your kindness."

Rosalie sighed as if in relief.

"My, that's good! I didn't want to ask—it's a lot to ask of anybody—but now you've offered, I'll take it. I've been thinkin' lately it would be a good thing to let go of myself when I feel it comin', an' get it off my system. Was that the bell? Excuse me—I ain't sure that that lazy Molly will answer it. Thank you, my dear!"

The bell was only a pedler. When Rosalie had disposed of him, she consulted her watch. Much remained of the afternoon; and the house was still deserted.

"Good time to git in an hour's session with that pesky phonograph," she said.

She took refuge in her own big clothes-closet—which, experiment had shown, was sound-proof.

XVI

MARTIN MCGEE waited to keep his latest appointment with Rosalie Le Grange on a bench in Stuyvesant Fish Park, dead center for the Hebrew population of New York. Before and behind him a regiment of

children swarmed over horizontal bars or made loud play with park swings. On the benches to right and left sat a crowd of squalid loafers, most of whom would have shuffled away into the dives and alleys of the East Side had they known that this florid, stalwart man in the plain gray suit was a high policeman. On the fringes of his vision Yiddish housewives bargained with push-cart pedlers. It was all very lively, very alien—and very odorous.

Martin McGee speculated lazily, and with some amusement, upon the habits of Rosalie Le Grange—so much her own, yet so well conceived for her purposes. For example, this method of holding business conferences on secret affairs—for she always set her appointments in Stuyvesant Fish Park or some other out-of-the-way open space. It was a highly original, highly effective plan. One could enter without attracting attention; one could watch the approaches; a meeting in a public park, even if it were discovered in such a remote part of the city, could be passed off as an accidental encounter, not a conference.

That was one of the thousand ways in which her mind thought faster and further than Martin's. He felt even a shade of jealousy as he dwelt upon her.

With that ripple in the pool of his thoughts came another disturbed feeling. How was he to meet her after what had happened three days ago in the hallway of Mrs. Moore's old house? The thing had been an explosion of emotion, beyond control of will. Inspector McGee did not put it so, however.

"It got away with me," was how he expressed it to himself.

Martin McGee was approaching fifty, the second period of sentiment in man. In the lusty summer of his days he had wooed—and lost. She had chosen the other arm of municipal warfare, and married a fireman. Since then woman had cut but a shadowy figure in his bachelor life. And here, in his middle age, the face and figure of a woman, the form and move of her, were playing hide-and-seek among his thoughts of police duty and police privilege.

He recognized even a certain embarrassment over the coming meeting, like that of a youth who has been slapped by a perky girl. Only one fact gave him satisfaction. Her cold withdrawal from him, her genuine indignation, settled finally—to his enchanted mind—certain surmises concerning one

element in the character of Rosalie Le Grange.

This, in turn, raised up a regiment of disturbing thoughts. She had been a professional medium, and a medium was a half-crook. It wasn't respectable. With the perverse yearning of one who has passed his life among disreputabilities, Martin McGee loved respectability in woman. And—

"How do you do?" said a voice beside him; and Rosalie's self settled down on the park bench.

He looked at her without rising, his first thought to read in those eyes of hers, which mirrored so many emotions, her attitude toward him. Those eyes were laughing!

"How do you do?" he repeated after her. And then, as if he must be out with it: "Say, I guess there's an apology coming from me."

"If there is," said Rosalie, "there's one coming from about every man I ever knew. It's the way of the animal. It's a kind of a left-handed compliment to the lady, though."

Martin McGee, a little unaccustomed, since his philandering days, to the slender arrows of feminine attack, winced at this subtle variation of the common "you're-just-like-all-the-rest." It stuck full to the shaft, and in a tender and uninured spot.

"This was different," said he.

"So they all say!" said she. But she was smiling, and her expression, while it held amusement, was warm and mellow. "Now let's overlook little things. I've come to talk business. I'm busting with it." She glanced to right and left, taking in their faded and sodden neighbors. "I guess we'd better walk," she said.

They rose and threaded the push-carts, the crowds, the confusion and smells, toward the river.

"Now I'm playing a lone hand," she began. "If things go wrong, I've only myself to blame; an' if they go right, you get all the credit—as usual. I want help, an' no questions asked. This Black Hand outfit of detectives—what have you got that you can lend me?"

"You want—"

"A detective from the Italian squad. I want him straight, an' I want him quick, an' I want him for my own—he reports to me, not to you."

"What for?"

"That wouldn't be playin' a lone hand. Do I get him?"

"I suppose you do."

"Well, who's available?"

"Let's see—there's Anzini."

"What's he like?"

"Italian-Swiss. Big, fat fellow. Little slow, but straight."

"Next?"

"Cuccoli. Born in New York. A lightweight fighter. Works on the quiet as a stool-pigeon. Likely to get into trouble, but keen. Then there's Grimaldi. He's a scholar—used to be a schoolmaster—and I keep him on classy jobs. He talks Spanish and French like a native—taught school once in Spain. A little fellow, and very talkative. Perugini is the slickest bull of the lot. He's big, and a good fellow, but he's pretty busy now on the dynamitings, they tell me."

"This Grim—whatever you call him—this scholar—he's talkative, you say?"

"Yes."

"Straight, too?"

"Yes."

"Well, I want him."

"All right. When does he report?"

"To-morrow morning at seven o'clock, Battery Park—with a description of me. He ain't to call my name first. He's to wait until I tell him who I am, see?"

"Give him a description of you?" ventured McGee. "If I do, and Maxine Elliott, or any of them, happen to be taking an early morning stroll in the park—"

"Tell him," said Rosalie, breaking in, "to watch out for a dear old lady with hair getting white on top, an' lookin' as if she'd seen better days."

"He'll never find you!"

"Again thankin' you for your kind attentions, but resumin' business," said Rosalie with asperity, "I'll wear my plum-colored suit an' a black turban. You know what a turban is—it's one of those hats." She indicated a passing girl. "In place of the regular red carnation for meetings in the park, I'll be carryin'—she considered a moment—"a purple automobile veil. That ought to settle me in his mind."

"I don't want to be prying into what's no business of mine," said Martin, with a touch of sarcasm, "but what's this all about? What's it got to do with the guilt or innocence of Lawrence Wade?"

"A whole lot—with his innocence, maybe."

"Oh, come off!" exclaimed Martin; but his tone lacked a little in conviction, as

if he were seeking to maintain a front. "You want to be careful in this affair," he added, with the tone of a preceptor, "not to let your feelings get away with you just because you've a liking for that widow in the case."

"No?" inquired Rosalie.

But that sarcastic particle whipped some raw nerve in Inspector McGee.

"All right!" he grumbled. "But being on the outside, looking in, is a queer place for a chief of detectives."

Rosalie only laughed.

"I'd like to have you inside, Martin McGee, but I've got only myself to blame if this fizzles."

They walked a while in silence; then Rosalie stopped.

"That's all arranged then. We'd better be getting back. I'll take a cross-town car. We shouldn't be seen together in the middle of the city."

"Say," said McGee, as they turned, "why don't you ever let me see you between times? Of course you must keep away from me now; but after this thing is settled I want you to come out to dinner. We might as well be friendly."

"After this thing is settled—oh, you're a cop, after all!" said Rosalie. Before McGee could unravel this cryptic observation she resumed: "Haven't you ever thought what we're doin'—we two, gaddin' about talkin' of dinners? You've been a cop too long, I guess. I had a sittin' with myself last night. If we succeed—if you make a good case of it, an' if I git what I'm after—somebody goes to the chair. That's what we're doin'. You don't think of it. You're a man an' a cop. But I do!"

(To be continued)

"Not enough to make you stop?" inquired McGee, regarding her narrowly.

"No, but enough to make me sure the right one goes, and enough to make me want to stop thinkin' of what will happen when we get through."

Her voice shook a little as she said this. McGee looked at her sharply. Her eyes were swimming.

"If you listened to the people they leave behind, as a medium sometimes does—" she said. "But goodness"—she dabbed her eyes—"that will be about all from me. Only"—a dimple flickered—"this life's a hard thing." They were at the car now. "I'll send for you when wanted, Martin McGee," she said. "An' remember—a purple auto veil in my right hand."

Rosalie did not return home at once. Instead, she proceeded to that house in the Latin Quarter before which she had paused and considered a problem three days before. It bore the sign:

J. MARTINEZ
TEACHER OF LANGUAGES

The "pesky phonograph" which Rosalie kept in her closet was a device of the "Martinez Method in Languages." She was refreshing her somewhat scattered knowledge of conversational Spanish gained years ago, when she played a profitable season at trance, test, and development work in El Paso, San Antonio, and other points near the border.

Mrs. Le Grange spent about half an hour in conversation with Professor Martinez, did a few necessary errands, and reached her house at five o'clock. Betsy Barbara was just coming in.

THE DAY PERFECT

In long processional the pilgrim days
Troop down the paths of time with silent tread.
Oh, love, of all the days that now are dead
Is there not one that from the shadowy maze
We would recall?—some day steeped full of praise,
Or joy, or laughter? Ah, not all days fled
Would we win back, but one, with beauty red,
We yearn from out its quiet sleep to raise.

It is the day we knew each other's love;
When, looking deep within each other's eyes,
We found the very key to God's far heaven.
Oh, heart, the golden bliss which waits above
Shall prove a desolate, barren paradise,
Unless that day to us be once more given!

Charles Hanson Towne

THE CLINGING VINES

BY E. J. RATH

AUTHOR OF "A FLIGHT TO FREEDOM," "PADDLING SAM," ETC.

WITH TWO DRAWINGS (SEE FRONTISPIECE) BY GEORGE GIBBS

IT took even Jim Wallace by surprise when Edna said it, or rather shot it at us; and when Edna surprises Jim it is an affair of much note, as I read once on a society page. Edna is Jim's wife, and they've been married long enough to make surprising conversation as rare as an untrammelled electorate.

We were all there when she said it. Bunny Forsythe—his name is Fred—was standing alongside Jim, and Bunny's wife Maude was sitting on a log. Then there were Minnie—my wife—and myself, J. Dennison McKay. They call me Oodles.

Jim and Edna are the oldest, Jim being about forty, and Edna, he says, pursuing him closely and relentlessly. Min and I are some younger than that, yet not too young. Bunny and Maude are in the juvenile class, a bride and groom. We call them Bunny and Honey, and they don't mind.

Jim and Bunny and I were just in from fishing, Jim dangling an eight-pound lake trout and making his favorite speech about the prowess of man primeval and his resemblance to the sturdy oak, with woman as the clinging ivy. Edna is no vine, however; if she must be classified as a vegetable, she's a bulb. She listened to Jim for about thirty seconds, and then—

"Sufficiency, Jim Wallace! Now, you men pack up and go! Take your doll-rags and go. Get off this island! We'll run our own camp, and you can run yours. Don't stare and don't snicker. We mean it!"

When she said "we," I looked at Min and Honey, and both of them nodded, like those toy animals that have their heads on pivots. Then I knew it had been framed up, with the girls only waiting for a chance.

Jim furnished the chance, beyond a reasonable doubt. Ever since we started on that trip, he had lectured on the superiority of man as a camp animal, and the helplessness of woman when she tried to make the woods her habitat. Occasionally I chipped in, to keep things going, or whenever Jim stopped to light his pipe. Bunny didn't say anything directly, but he didn't side with the women, either, and that bothered Honey.

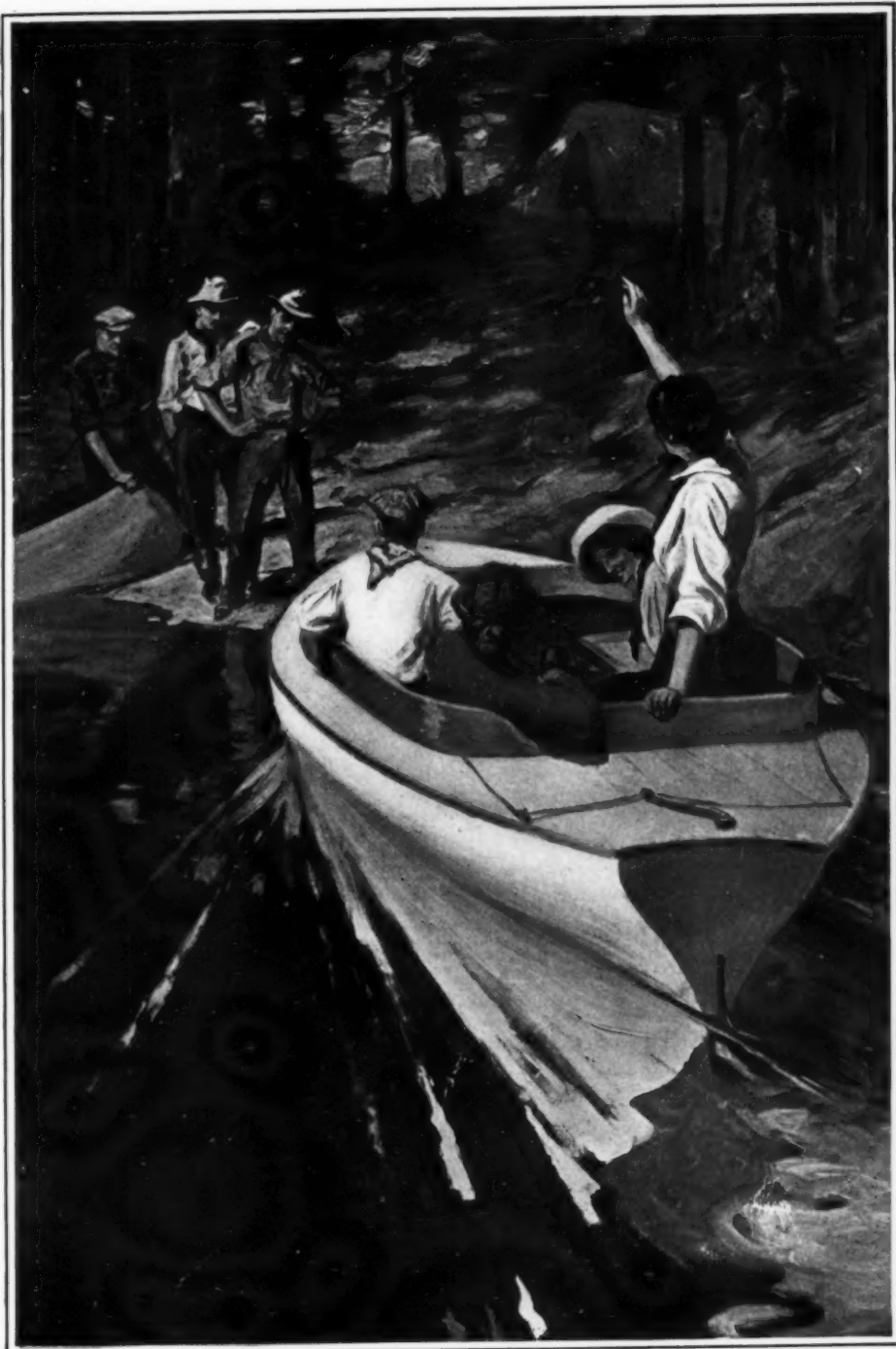
Jim and Bunny and I had all done our bit of camping. Edna and Min had seen something of it, but Honey was just a nice little flower in a wilderness. She liked it, though.

When we made up that party, it was agreed unanimously that there would be no guides. We men knew the country.

"And we'll do all the cooking," Edna had said.

"Oh, if you want to," Jim told her, as if it was of no consequence. "But don't get the idea you have to. Don't forget that we can cook. Don't forget that I'm the fellow who invented the fry-pan." You must never say "frying-pan" in the woods, because that shows you up as verdant, according to Jim. "Don't think we can't get along by ourselves, Ed. Of course, with you women it's different. We'll admit that you can cook—some things; but as for the rest of the business, why you're as dependent as a vassal race. There's more to camping than cooking."

Jim had been keeping that up for a week, and, as I said a minute ago, now and then I indorsed his paper. Bunny was supposed to be neutral, but privately he was with us. He liked to think of Honey as the vine. Edna had been answering back pretty



"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THEM? THE FAKERS!"

steadily, and Min came in whenever Edna stopped to get her breath.

There was no doubt, Jim rubbed it in. He tried to make the girls understand that if they were left to rustle for themselves they'd be eaten by moose, or chipmunks, or something else with a wild, cosmopolitan appetite.

After a while Jim got so that he wouldn't even admit they could cook. He accused Edna of committing arson on a batch of biscuit, and she threw the whole panful at him. She said she wouldn't allow even Jim to call her a firebug. It was a good shot, too. Jim had his shirt open at the throat, and one of the biscuits slipped down inside it. That kept him entertained for a while. The biscuits were hot.

Well, you know how these things develop. There was a limit, and Jim beat human nature to it; but at first we didn't really believe it had been reached. Jim and I just laughed, while Bunny looked sidewise at Honey. She didn't move an eyelid. I never saw such stoicism in a bride.

"Leave the island, hey?" said Jim. "Ed, you can sell that joke for the price of a *matinée*. What will you girls do? You can't cut wood, you can't build fires, you can't set up a tent, you can't paddle a canoe, you can't fish, you can't—"

Some of that was exaggerated, because Edna and Min can paddle—particularly Min; and even Honey can build a fire, if you give her enough matches and don't watch her.

"Never mind what we can't do," said Edna, in a very brittle way. "You've got your orders. It'll be hard for you at first, but we'll probably rescue you before you die of indigestion. You can always feel that we are within call. I advise eating your food raw, so that you won't have to tamper with it; but if you like, you may take what cooking-utensils you think you need. The main thing is for you three to get out of here—*pronto!*"

Jim gave her one more good look, and then said carelessly:

"Oh, all right! Come on, boys!"

"Is this right, Min?" I asked.

"It's orders," said Min.

She gave me one of her steady glances and then I knew it was right.

After I spoke, it was Bunny's turn. He couldn't say anything; he just gave Honey an affectionate look, trimmed with sorrow. Anybody could see that she was wavering,

but Edna and Min saw it as soon as we did, and each put an arm around her and gave her a squeeze. Then Honey laughed nervously and nodded her head. Bunny swallowed something, and turned around to have a look at the lake.

So we began dividing the duffle, knowing all the while that we were doing a crazy thing. There were three tents in camp and a cooking-fly. We let the girls have two of the tents, and took Jim's, which was the biggest and had plenty of room for three men. Jim said we'd let them have two canoes, also; so we loaded up the eighteen-footer and left the sixteens. We split even on the bacon and the flour, but the luxury stuff we left with the girls.

While we loaded the canoe, Edna and Min took Maude off to a little point, out of sight of the camp. If she had tried to squeal, I believe Edna would have gagged her. Jim and I had to do the work, Bunny being useless because of his sad thoughts.

"I say, boys," he said once, "do you think it's safe to leave the girls here?"

"Safe as a bank," said Jim.

"But do they really mean it?"

"Sure they mean it—as nearly as a woman can mean anything through the medium of what she calls her mind. That is, they mean it now. After dark they won't mean it. One night of it will do them. Nothing can hurt 'em here, so—don't you worry. Let them worry!"

"But where are we going?" asked Bunny.

He couldn't grasp the idea of leaving Honey on that island with two women.

"Not far," said Jim. "Just far enough so they'll think they're alone."

II

WHEN we had loaded the canoe with our duffle, we all went over to the point to say good-by. It was still early in the afternoon. Edna and Min were trying to get Honey interested in a school of minnows, in which none of them had any concern.

"We'll run over in the morning and help you out with the work," said Jim.

"Don't bother; stay a week," retorted Edna, without even looking up.

"If a moose comes swimming around here, pot him with a biscuit," added Jim. "Then paddle out and drag his body ashore."

Edna wouldn't even kiss Jim good-by, although I kissed Min, and Bunny and

Honey kissed each other. It was like a parting in a war play.

"If you want anything, such as a fire or a square meal," said Jim, "we'll be on the first island after you cross the little portage into the Southwest Arm. The portage is two miles from here; just follow the west shore down the lake."

"But," said Bunny, "the girls can't cross a portage."

"We can cross a continent, if we choose," said Edna warmly. "But don't worry that we'll go portaging after you. If you need us, we'll probably be right here, although of course we may decide to travel around some. Good-by!"

Of course, that travel threat was bluff. Traveling had been one of our troubles. When we struck a nice, comfortable camp, the girls couldn't see why we wanted to pack up after a day or two and hike along; so we knew they'd stay on that island, which certainly was comfortable, with good firewood and an easy canoe landing.

It took some urging to get Bunny into the canoe. We had to explain that we thought just as much of our wives as he did of his, and that we were only masking our affection under a Spartan determination.

"It's a moral lesson," explained Jim, as we pushed off. Jim never seemed to grasp that Edna began the lesson. "If we don't teach them now, we'll be suffragettes some day. The girls will thank us for this by and by. Anyhow, we'll run over in the morning and pay 'em a call. And, son, you can be prepared for outstretched arms."

We paddled around by the point where the girls were sitting and waved at them. Even Edna waved back. Then we headed for the portage, before Bunny could make up his mind to swim ashore.

We hadn't been on our way five minutes before Bunny remembered that he had left some tobacco on the island, and wanted to go back for it. Jim said he had an extra supply, so that didn't work. Bunny thought of two or three other things in the next ten minutes, but he was too nervous to think up a good one, and Jim and I only laughed at him.

We reached the portage inside of half an hour. It was an easy one, less than a hundred yards, although the peninsula which it joined to the mainland was a lump of a mountain. Our camp was in the South Arm, and the peninsula separated that from the Southwest Arm. Six miles up the lake

from the portage both arms joined, and a little way beyond that was a hotel, on an island, with a store and a few cottages.

While we were getting our stuff over the portage, I asked Jim what we were really going to do about the cooking. If Edna was an occasional firebug, Jim was a perpetual Nero, as I knew by experience.

"I figured on that," he grinned. "We'll get along somehow to-night. At daylight we'll hustle up to the Hudson Bay post and get a guide. I know one that can cook a porcupine so that you don't need to take more than a hundred chews to the mouthful. The girls will never know about the cook."

I wasn't so sure. Min can know more things without finding them out than any woman I ever met.

"Suppose they come to visit us?" I asked.

"We'll have to keep a lookout," said Jim. "Whenever we see 'em coming, we'll hide the guide."

Bunny was the most reluctant voyager who ever left a wife behind, but we kept him busy doing things. We made the first island in the Southwest Arm about ten minutes after we left the portage, and had the tent up in a jiffy.

"Could we hear them if they hollered?" asked Bunny.

"Not in some millions of years," said Jim cheerfully. "Edna won't holler. She may get *pedaliis frigiditis*, but she won't holler. Min won't holler if Edna won't, and Honey won't be let."

"Min wouldn't holler, anyhow," I put in.

It was tiresome, the way Jim assigned all the nerve to Edna. He was making a sort of heroine out of her; and while I didn't set up Min as a Boadicea or any other kind of Amazon, I wanted her to have a show.

We laid a brush bed, spread the blankets, cut firewood, and then got supper. Jim said it was supper, but he lied. We had a bass that we brought over from the other camp. We cooked that for fifteen minutes in the pan, put plenty of salt and pepper and butter on it, turned it with a fork a few times, and then threw it away.

Jim said that what was left in the pan was bacon, so I ate some of it. I think it was a section of tump-line. Bunny had no appetite, so I couldn't get his opinion. He did try a little of the coffee, but threatened to send a sample to the nearest board of health. We let Bunny wash up the tins, to keep his mind off Honey.

The three of us turned in early. Jim and I would have slept all right if Bunny hadn't talked in his sleep and rolled around. Every so often we had to get up and peel the blankets off him, the way you take bark off a white birch.

Once we told him he'd have to get out of the tent, and he threatened to take the canoe and go back to the girls' camp. We knew he wouldn't, because Bunny can't portage an eighteen-foot canoe without help.

Jim got us up at daylight. Bunny went down to the edge of the island, and tried to look across the peninsula, which was something over a thousand feet high in a direct line between us and the girls. For a while we discussed getting our own breakfast, but even Jim wasn't enthusiastic, so we agreed to paddle to the hotel and get a real meal. Bunny said he'd stay in camp, to be nearer the girls if they needed anything. How he was going to reach them without swimming, he didn't say.

So we left him. It was a dandy morning, and Jim and I made that canoe hustle. We hit the hotel in time for breakfast, ate, and then located a guide. He fetched along his own canoe and tent, and we had him back at the island by ten o'clock.

After the guide got some breakfast for Bunny, the three of us decided we'd call on the girls. All the way over to their camp Bunny was as nervous as an ant on a hot rock. I didn't feel nervous, exactly; it was more curiosity than anything else. Jim was chipper and inclined to be arrogant.

"It doesn't seem as if we did the right thing," complained Bunny. "I'm a little worried."

"We did the only thing," said Jim. "Bunny, this is the crisis of your young married life, and it's a privilege to have it come so early. Honey is getting her lesson while she's still impressionable. You two ought to thank me."

Just the same, I was glad when we swung around a point and saw the two little white tents on the island. Bunny was a changed man when he saw Honey sitting under a tree, reading a book. Edna was mixing batter in a tin pail when he went ashore, and Min was chopping wood.

"Hello, boys! Come for a meal?" asked Edna, without even looking up.

It was easy enough to see that all three of them had sworn to be nonchalant. They treated us as if we had come around looking for help, and it made Jim wince. Even

Honey looked happy. I took a peek into the tents, and everything was as neat as a pin and in good camp order. Min had quite a pile of fire-wood in front of her. There were a couple of fresh trout in a pan, too—which was more than we had.

We hung around for a while, but things did not seem quite as sociable as they might have been. Edna asked us, in a condescending way, if we'd like to stay for lunch; but we couldn't do that with self-respect. When the smell of cooking got too much for us, we took to the canoe and started back for our camp. The only gratifying result of the visit was that it relieved Bunny's mind.

"I didn't notice any outstretched arms," I remarked to Jim, who grunted a reply that we couldn't hear.

"I don't see where man in the forest primeval is getting any particular vindication," said Bunny, with a wink at me.

"Well, you will see it," growled Jim. "The excitement kept 'em up last night. Just wait till the situation begins to sink in on 'em!"

III

It was easy enough to see that Jim had come away from that visit with a grouch. It riled him because even Honey did not seem to be worried about anything. He cheered up a bit when we reached our own camp, for the guide had a dinner ready for us that was good enough to go on the table of a swell hotel.

We spent the rest of the afternoon fishing, and then we had a real supper. Things certainly were looking up in our camp. We decided that we'd let the girls pay the next call, so as not to appear anxious about them.

"Always let the women come to you," said Jim. "Give 'em time, and they will, no matter how far they have to travel."

So we didn't budge out of camp next morning, except to fish a little near the island. Late in the forenoon Bunny, who was sitting on a point where he could see the end of the portage, shouted that the girls were coming. We hustled the guide back into the woods, with his tent and blankets, and hid his canoe in the bushes. He had just about finished getting lunch ready.

Bunny stayed on the point until the girls came up, while Jim and I fussed around the fire and looked busy, yet indifferent. All we had to do with that lunch was to serve it.

Edna and Min took a casual look around,

and made some criticisms in an offhand way that was a little annoying. We asked the girls to have lunch, and they did, and that was the first approach to a moral victory for us. Edna and Min were so put out to find that they could really eat the stuff that they didn't enjoy it. They didn't ask any questions, but I could tell from Min's look that she was surprised.

Jim asked Edna if they'd had much trouble crossing the portage.

"Why, do you call that a portage?" she said brazenly. "It's really nothing but a little lift-over."

A lift-over! Where Edna had picked up that term we didn't know, but she was pretty nearly right. Only when Jim and I examined their canoe we saw that, so far as the girls were concerned, the portage was a drag-over. The bottom of the canoe was a sight! There wasn't a square foot of paint on it. They had just hauled it across logs with a rope.

Jim and I didn't say anything, however, because the fact that the girls had managed to get it over the portage at all didn't leave much of a triumph for us.

"That lunch hit 'em some," said Jim, as the three girls paddled away.

"Do you suppose they caught on?" I asked.

"How could they?"

I pointed to the guide's hat. It was lying right near the fireplace. Jim scowled when he saw it.

"Min's got an awfully sharp eye," I added.

After the girls were out of sight, we called the guide out of the woods and told him he could put up his tent again. He said he had, back among the trees, because he didn't propose to be taking it down and setting it up again every time anybody came along.

The next afternoon we visited the girls again, and it was an exasperating experience. They were as happy as old maids. I tried to get Min's real opinion of camping in the woods at night, with no men-folks around. She said it was delightful and peaceful and utterly ideal; so I gave it up, because if Min doesn't want to speak her mind, nobody can make her.

Jim left some helpful hints about night perils before we left, but they didn't seem to even get on the target, let alone make a bull's-eye.

"I wonder if we really are non-essential!" I said, as we paddled away.

"No!" he shouted. Nothing short of brain surgery can change Jim's mind. "They'll call for help before this is over. The loneliness 'll get 'em yet—the silence of the woods, and all that sort of thing."

Bunny was smiling sarcastically, and I felt a little that way myself. When Jim began his lesson—or when Edna began it, whichever way it really was—I was sympathetic; but now I couldn't see that it was teaching the girls anything but independence. It didn't seem to me that man was making any progress in the sturdy oak line when Edna and Min got to raving about the quiet beauty of starlight nights in the forest, and moonlight paddles on the lake, and the soft, soothing rustle of the trees, and the music of the whippoorwills and the owls.

Jim told me to wait till we got a good thunder-storm; that even Edna couldn't stand that. That "even Edna" business was getting monotonous. You can take my word, Min's nerve is as good as Edna's. If either one of them is a timid woman, then I don't want to know any brave ones.

IV

WELL, things went on that way for a couple of days more, we visiting the girls and the girls visiting us. They had every rock on the portage smeared with green paint from the bottoms of their canoes, but Bunny was right when he said that was the only thing we had on them, and he didn't think it amounted to much.

If the weather hadn't changed, I don't know how long we should have kept on demonstrating our mutual independence; but on the fifth afternoon it began to make up for a thunder-storm, as a sort of answer to Jim's prayer. Bunny was the first one to show open anxiety about the girls. Every time he looked at the sky he groaned a little.

At last I began to get nervous about Min. She isn't really afraid of lightning, but on the other hand she never did claim to be a feminine Ajax. Nobody made a move, however, until it was nearly dark, and then Jim suggested that it might be a good idea to run over to the girls' camp and see if everything was snuggled down for a blow. Bunny and I were in the canoe before he had even finished the suggestion.

By the time we had carried over the portage, and put in on the other side, it was dark and still and sultry, and I didn't like the look of the sky. We got the first

puffs just before we reached the girls' island, and the lightning began to make slits in the clouds. We had a real squall when we were two hundred feet off shore, and if it hadn't come so as to put us in the lee of the island we'd have had a fancy time making it; but we landed, and got the canoe out.

By that time it was raining and blowing guns. Every time the lightning flared up we could see the two tents, with the flaps tied down tight, swaying in the gusts.

First we held a consultation. The difficulty was how to let the girls know we were there without scaring them to death. We finally decided to send Bunny up ahead, because he looks less like a moose than either Jim or I—particularly Jim.

He was back in about a minute, shaking all over and gasping.

"They're not there!" he cried.

"What?"

That was from Jim. He dashed up the rocks toward the tents, and I followed. Bunny was right. There wasn't a sign of the girls. We stared at each other, and Jim said something, but I couldn't make it out for the noise of the wind and the thunder. Then we ran back to the landing, and found Bunny racing around in circles, like a ball in a roulette-wheel. We grabbed him, and both of us yelled:

"Where are they?"

Of course, it was asinine to ask Bunny, because he didn't even know where he was by that time; but it just shows the state of mind Jim and I were in.

Finally one of us thought of the canoes, and we chased over to the place where the sixteen-footers were usually hauled out. Both were there. I looked underneath, to see if Min and Edna and Honey could have crawled in for shelter. They hadn't.

We should have been scared stiff if one of the canoes had been out; but now that both were there, we didn't find any consolation in that fact, either.

"The big rock!" yelled Bunny.

That was his first sane idea. Up near the other end of the island was a rock that overhung for several feet, and we figured the girls might be there, not trusting to the tents in a blow. So we stumbled away in the direction of the rock, falling over roots and stones, and now and then getting our bearings from a flash of lightning.

The girls were not under the rock.

Jim began to clasp one hand over the

other, and talk about his poor little Edna. Funny how a man always thinks his wife is little if she's in danger! I kicked Jim, in order to get his mind on something else. Bunny began to weep about Honey, so I kicked him, too. I wish there had been somebody to kick me, for whenever I thought of Min I felt cold all over.

"Shut up, the two of you!" I said. "My Min's in this thing just as much as anybody else, and we've got to find 'em. So get busy!"

There wasn't more than two acres of the island, but most of it was heavily brushed and wooded. Did you ever try to search two acres of brush in a thunder-storm, at night, with no lantern? Well, we did it. We plowed up and down that island half a dozen times, and crisscrossed it, and then made some zigzags. We yelled whenever the thunder gave us a chance.

Once Jim thought he had found Edna, but it was Bunny that he had grabbed hold of. Bunny nearly expired, because he thought a bear had him.

After a while we went into one of the tents and held a consultation. We thought it was a consultation, anyhow, although it was mostly a babel of lamentations. Jim began to mumble over a pair of little shoes that he found in the tent, and to talk about mute relics of his dear wife; but when a good flash of lightning illuminated things, Bunny grabbed the shoes away from him, because they were Honey's.

Every few minutes Bunny and I reminded Jim that he was responsible for the whole business. Finally he got almost hysterical. He admitted that the blame was all his, and Bunny and I let him take it. He talked about his poor, helpless wife—Edna, the bulb, mind you—and how he had deserted her to perish in a wilderness.

Bunny and I finally couldn't stand it, and told him to go into the other tent, unless he could shut up. We wanted to think. That was all we could do—think.

About three o'clock in the morning, the wind dropped, and it cleared off overhead. We made one more trip over the island, although we were satisfied that it would be useless, as it was. Then we waited for daylight.

After an age it came, along with one of the most beautiful mornings I ever saw—cool, crisp, with a nice little westerly breeze and a few downy white clouds. When it was good and light we made a final

search of the island, and then we knew for sure that the girls were not there.

About the only thing that seemed to be left was to take a canoe and make a trip around some of the other islands, although there wasn't much sense in it, because the girls couldn't have gone there without a canoe, and both of theirs were on shore.

Just as we were about to shove off the eighteen-footer, Bunny held up his hand.

"Listen!" he said.

Jim and I heard it at the same time. *Chug-chug-chug-chug!* Then it came around a point just above. It was that little motor-boat from the hotel, six miles up the lake.

I could see Min sitting in the stern. Jim and Bunny said they could see Edna and Honey, but the only one I saw was Min.

V

WE scrambled out of the canoe and waited for them. They hardly looked in our direction. Min was doing some fancy work and Edna and Bunny's wife were reading novels. The man who was running the launch waved good morning to us.

I looked at Jim. You never saw such a change come over a man. Most of the night he had been far below the useless point, but now he began to puff up and strut.

"What do you think of them? The fakers!" he said to me. "I had a hunch all the time."

When the boat got near enough he shouted:

"Fakers!"

"Oh, tut!"

That was from Edna. She calmly turned down the corner of a page to mark her place in the book, and got ready to step ashore. The fellow running the boat grinned as he nosed it up to the landing.

"We caught you!" crowed Jim, his chest out like a pigeon's. "I knew it all along!"

Bunny and I just stared at him.

"You haven't spent a night on this island," gloated Jim. "You were scared. Oh, I knew it! We ran over early this morning and caught you!"

You've got to respect Jim for being a liar who can rise to an occasion. Min and Honey were out of the boat by this time, getting hugged, which they didn't seem to mind very much.

"Ha! The self-reliant woman!" said Jim, glaring at Edna in triumph. "The brave lady camper! She has a motor-boat

call every evening to take her to the hotel, and it brings her back every morning!"

Edna looked him in the eye, and then slowly inspected the three of us, particularly our clothes, which were still wet from the rain and pretty badly torn and mussed up. She seemed to see something that satisfied her, for she turned around to the man who was running the boat and said:

"You needn't call for us this evening. This man is my husband. Send the bill for the launch to him." Then she took a good, deep breath and sized up Jim again. "Of course we stayed at the hotel every night," she said. "Two trips a day for the launch will cost you ten per, besides the hotel bill. You didn't think we were going to stay here, did you? At night?"

Jim could see that victory was slipping down-hill rapidly.

"But," he began, "You said—"

"We said nothing at all," declared Edna. "You did all the saying. All we did was to tell you to get out of here. We've had a lovely time—bridge every night, two dances, a concert—"

"But—" said Jim again, that being his vocabulary for the moment.

"Cut the but," said Edna, who is terse when she wants to be. "Jim, you rustle up some dry fire-wood. You, Oodles McKay, can amuse yourself by getting me two buckets of fresh water. Bunny, you'll find a couple of bass in that pan with the flat stone on top of it. Clean them. I want some breakfast. And then," she added, "after we have cooked breakfast for you three children of the forest, you can paddle back to your camp, send your cook back to the hotel, bring your duffle over here, and get busy on some of those camp chores you talk so much about!"

When she mentioned our cook it was all off. They had known about him since the second day, after Min had seen his hat and made inquiries at the Hudson Bay post.

Jim looked silly. Min and I winked at each other, and she whispered:

"Wait till Edna gets him alone. The poor thing is just crazy to hug him, but she wouldn't let anybody know it."

After breakfast, while we were going over to break up our camp, Jim told Bunny and I that the worst we could get out of it was a draw, and that in his opinion it was a victory for us, by a shade.

Bunny let out a yelp and almost upset the canoe.

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

BY JOHN GRANT DATER, SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE OF
THE MUNSEY PUBLICATIONS

A REMARKABLE FRENCH LOAN

WE have referred on previous occasions to the enormous amounts of money available for investment in France, where systematic saving has been developed into a high art. We cannot refrain from mentioning the subject again, in consequence of the surprising results of a Paris municipal loan of forty-one million dollars, which was offered to the public on May 21. In Paris alone the issue was oversubscribed seventy times, while the total applications throughout France were eighty-two times the face of the offering.

Cable advices from Paris have given some interesting details of the flotation. The bonds, bearing three per cent interest, were in pieces of three hundred francs, or sixty dollars, and subscriptions were invited at two hundred and eighty-five francs, or five per cent discount from the face value—a price to net the investor 3.15 per cent. Although it was raining in torrents on the day of subscription, an army of determined investors assembled before the Bank of France and waited for hours in the downpour to file their applications. So numerous and so eager were they to participate in the issue, which is for the purpose of extending the Paris gas system, that a special force of police was required to keep order.

Naturally, when you learn that a loan for two hundred and five million francs, netting but 3.15 per cent, was covered by subscriptions amounting to nearly seventeen billion francs, you suspect that some special inducement may have been offered, and such was the case. The issue is of a character known as "lottery bonds." It has the allurements of a monthly drawing of prizes, ranging from five hundred to twenty thousand francs. The total amount thus to be distributed in premiums, up to 1923, is nearly fifteen hundred thousand francs.

With us, it would be impossible to add a lottery feature to a municipal issue. So far

as I am aware, there is but one bond in this country which has such an attachment; but issues of the sort are by no means unusual in continental Europe. Alfred Neymarck, the economist, recently estimated that French investors, large and small, hold six billion francs in lottery bonds, which annually yield thirty million francs in prizes.

The one American bond in any way comparable with the lottery bonds of Paris was a "premium bond" issued by New Orleans in 1875, when Louisiana was virtually dominated by the Louisiana Lottery. Of that issue, bonds to the amount of \$2,671,860 are still outstanding. These securities are in pieces of twenty dollars, and carry interest at five per cent, but no interest is paid until the bonds are drawn by lot for final redemption, when they receive principal with simple interest from July 15, 1875. They also get a premium, if they happen to draw a prize. Prizes aggregating one hundred thousand dollars are distributed yearly among the drawn bonds.

While the allurements of a lottery attached to a public security is no longer possible with us, and while its introduction or revival would be undesirable, there are various features attendant upon the recent Paris loan which this country might imitate to advantage. The small denomination of the security, which brings it within the reach of a wage-worker, is one of these. Another is the fact that, in order to induce persons in moderate circumstances to invest, the bonds were made obtainable by a first deposit of ten francs, or two dollars, with subsequent instalment payments of twenty-five francs, or five dollars.

Think what it would mean if persons of slender means could buy the bonds of our great cities and our leading corporations in low denominations and on easy terms! It is not necessary that we should adopt either the denomination of the Paris loan or the same basis of instalment payment, but all cities and corporations of the United States

NOTE—All matter in this department was written before the end of May.

should provide for hundred-dollar bonds for small investors. To do so might not drive the get-rich-quick man and the promoter of dubious companies out of business, but most assuredly their swindling operations would be much curtailed if our very best securities were brought within reach of the small pocketbook.

AN INSTRUCTIVE INCIDENT

A LETTER from a reader in Baltimore emphasizes a phase of the promotion business which is worthy of comment. Our correspondent writes as follows:

As doubtless you are aware, six officials of the Potomac Refining Company of this city, together with a stock-selling agent, have been indicted for using the mails for purposes of fraud. This interesting round-up was preceded some time before, by the failure of the Spar Products Company, also a Baltimore promotion. As I recall the warnings against both enterprises in *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*, I take occasion to congratulate you on having a financial department which is of real service to your readers. No doubt your cautionary articles have saved inexperienced investors a great deal of money.

It occurs to me, in connection with these developments, that you may find basis for special comment upon a phase of company promotion which I have not seen brought out in your articles. I refer to the futility—so far as the success of the enterprise is concerned—of personal indorsements of promoters by "prominent citizens." The two companies mentioned were noteworthy for the strong recommendations the promoters received, but this did not save the one from bankruptcy or the other from a charge of fraudulent practises.

Simple-minded souls are so impressed by high-sounding names that you will perform a public service by making it clear that the success of a new enterprise depends on something more than mere letters of recommendation given to promoters by ill-advised or misinformed friends.

We recall with satisfaction our cautionary remarks in advance of the disasters that have befallen numerous stock-selling promotions in addition to those mentioned by this correspondent. Among them we may instance the Federal Biscuit Company, the National Boat and Engine Company, the Columbian-Sterling Publishing Company, and others.

The bankruptcy of the old Spar Products Company was referred to at length in our

issue of August, 1911, on page 727. Concerning the late addition to this group, the Potomac Refining Company, our readers, if curious to do so, will find our opinions freely expressed in the issue of February, 1911 (page 689), August, 1911 (page 731), and December, 1911 (page 436).

The Potomac Refining Company and the Spar Products Company had many features in common. In the first instance, as our correspondent notes, both were Baltimore promotions; both pursued the same advertising and stock-selling methods; both employed the same "fiscal agent" in New York. Ostensibly the companies were offering their own stock, and unfortunate investors were unaware that out of each dollar they expended for shares, a "fiscal agent" first extracted something like fifty-five cents, turning over only about forty-five cents to the treasuries of the concerns.

As a further point of similarity, both companies issued expensive and elaborately illustrated books in exploiting their propositions. The Potomac Refining Company, the more considerable or the more daring of the two, had three such publications, entitled "Sixty Dollars a Minute," "The Business that Makes Men Millionaires," and "A Portfolio de Luxe." Each bore on its title-page the words: "Copyright, 1910, by A. B. Young," together with the address of the executive offices, 66 West Thirty-Fifth Street, New York.

The book of the Spar Products Company carried the appealing title, "A Million Dollars a Word." It also bore the words "Copyright, 1910, by A. B. Young," and announced its executive offices as being at 47 West Thirty-Fourth Street, New York. The two addresses look different, but they are the same, for the building runs through from street to street. It contained the offices of A. B. Young & Co., "fiscal agents," the title member of which—though not, we are informed, the presiding genius of the concern—is now under indictment. A. B. Young & Co. sold stock for both companies.

Those who have studied the publications of the Potomac Refining Company and the Spar Products Company have noted their unusually good literary quality. Perhaps an explanation of this may be found in the literary atmosphere which pervaded the building, for it was a home of fiction. For instance, when *Hampton's Magazine*—before it became part of the Columbian-Sterling swindle—was engaged in selling stock,

it circulated a highly romantic booklet, entitled "Profits in Magazine Publishing." This issued forth from 66 West Thirty-Fifth Street, the end of the building where the Potomac Refining Company held sway. Later on, when *Pearson's Magazine* embarked on its stock-selling campaign, a brochure, rich in fiction, entitled "How Magazines Make Fortunes," was distributed from 47 West Thirty-Fourth Street, where the executive offices of the Spar Products Company were installed.

Much, or all, of the material which went to make up the reading matter in these highly imaginative booklets, "A Million Dollars a Word" and "Sixty Dollars a Minute," appeared previously in the form of reading notices in *Hampton's Magazine* or *Pearson's Magazine*. Gentlemen associated with the latter were among the warmest eulogists of the Potomac Refining Company and its great prospective treasures, as quite a number of facsimile letters in my possession attest. On occasions, also, Spar Products stock was suggested as a desirable investment by that publication; but this is another story, and enough has been said already to show that fiction of a very appealing nature was to have been expected from 47 West Thirty-Fourth Street or 66 West Thirty-Fifth Street, New York.

The Spar Products Company was a million-dollar concern. According to the oriental dreams advertised in its favorite magazines, and afterward gathered into its booklet, "A Million Dollars a Word," it was in possession of untold wealth. How far the claims of the promoters were from the truth may be inferred from the fact that when sold in foreclosure, after its bankruptcy, the property, including machinery, brought just seven thousand dollars.

The Potomac Refining Company was capitalized for fifteen hundred thousand dollars. It had one hundred and twenty thousand shares of seven-per-cent preferred stock, par value five dollars, and nine hundred thousand shares of common stock, par value one dollar. In selling preferred stock, it was customary for the concern to give away a large quantity of common as a bonus; just how much does not matter, for of course no particular value attaches to shares which a company gives away.

"Sixty Dollars a Minute" and "The Business that Makes Men Millionaires" made it appear that the Potomac Refining Company had property worth the not in-

considerable sum of \$103,155,000. Yet the land containing this wonderful wealth had been acquired, according to the postal officials, as recently as 1905, for three thousand dollars. Later, in 1908, it was purchased for \$16,500, and was turned over to the Potomac Mining Company, capitalized for \$225,000.

In 1910, this latter concern was reorganized as the Potomac Refining Company, with an authorized capital of a million and a half. The rapid transition from three thousand dollars in 1905 to five hundred times as much in 1910 suggests the thought that some water had entered into the enterprise. This, the government officials believe, is confirmed by the fact that when the project was launched, and the public was invited to buy shares, the concern had precisely seventy-eight dollars in its treasury. It is said, however, to have acquired additional property since, in the shape of an ancient and decrepit lime-plant, worth about four thousand dollars.

In the foregoing, readers will have noted various points of similarity between the Spar Products and the Potomac Refining Company. Another, to which our correspondent directs attention, is found in the indorsements which the promoters of the enterprise received from conspicuous citizens. According to "A Million Dollars a Word," the individuals chiefly prominent in the promotion of the Spar Products Company were Levi A. Thompson, president; William H. Green, a former sheriff of Baltimore County, Maryland, vice-president and treasurer; and Alfred D. L'Esperance, secretary. You find in the booklet letters printed in facsimile, recommending these gentlemen, and written by the following:

George Blackistone, president Union Trust Company of Maryland.

George L. Wellington, former United States Senator from Maryland.

C. B. Delaney, president Border State Savings-Bank of Baltimore.

Jacob W. Hook, president the Old Town National Bank of Baltimore.

John H. Dobler and Henry Duffy, judges of the Supreme Court of Maryland.

R. Vinton Lansdale, cashier National Exchange Bank of Baltimore.

John Kronmiller, Congressman from third district of Maryland.

Frank I. Duncan, associate judge third judicial circuit of Maryland, Towson, Md.

Warren F. Stone, collector of the port of Baltimore.

J. V. McNeal, fourth vice-president Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Herman A. Metz, former controller, City of New York.

The officials of the Potomac Refining Company under indictment are Michael P. Kehoe, a former member of the Maryland Legislature, president; Louis F. Plack, vice-president; Dr. Harry C. Hess, of Golvans, Maryland, treasurer; Charles B. Sanger, secretary; Edward R. Cooper, manager; Robert W. Mobray, justice of the peace, general counsel; and A. B. Young, litterateur and stock salesman, New York.

Messrs. Kehoe, Hess, and Plack appear to have been the principal factors in the enterprise. At least, the letters of indorsement and eulogy published in facsimile in the brochure, "The Business that Makes Millionaires," deal solely with them. These recommendations are subscribed to by the following:

William E. Glasscock, Governor of West Virginia.

John Kronmiller, Congressman from third district of Maryland.

J. Barry Mahool, former mayor of Baltimore.

Frank I. Duncan, associate judge of third judicial circuit, Maryland.

Charles H. Heintzeman, councilman from fourth district, Baltimore.

William P. Cole, clerk of the circuit court of Baltimore County.

N. Bosley Merryman, treasurer and collector of taxes of Baltimore County.

August Weber, president German Bank, Baltimore.

Michael J. Ryan, president Girard Avenue Title and Trust Company, Philadelphia.

John Mays Little, president First National Bank, Parkton, Maryland.

Aaron J. Garland, president Second National Bank, Morgantown, West Virginia.

Rev. Joshua E. Wills, D.D., pastor Second Baptist Church, Baltimore.

Charles M. Cohn, general manager Consolidated Gas, Electric Light and Power Company.

Martin Meyerdirck, president German American Fire Insurance Company.

Like the preceding, this is an impressive list of names. Letters from these gentlemen were paraded which recommended the Spar Products and Potomac Refining promoters for their "integrity," their "honor," their "honesty," their "rare tact and judgment," their "great natural ability," their "characters above reproach," their "sterling qualities," their "trustworthiness," their "truthfulness," their "straightforward-

ness," their "absolute reliability," their "unquestioned standing," and other noble and desirable attributes and qualities. And yet, one of these two companies, after a scandalous misrepresentation of its affairs, failed disastrously. Of the other—which, if possible, still more grossly misrepresented its proposition—six executive officers and its stock salesman are under indictment on charges of fraud.

I do not suppose that these glowing recommendations were given with the idea that they would be used in connection with questionable stock-jobbing schemes, but they were made to serve that purpose. No doubt, used as they were, such emphatic indorsements made possible the deception of many hapless purchasers of the worthless shares. A realization of this fact should result in rendering the gentlemen named in the above lists—and, it is to be hoped, many others—more cautious, in future, in so lavishly recommending individuals about to engage in promoting stock-selling companies.

A FLORIDA LAND COMPANY

WE are indebted to several correspondents, including the Commercial Club of Sanford, Florida, for some additional details concerning the Florida Homeland Company, to which we made a brief reference in our April issue. We are asked to make it clear that this malodorous enterprise—three of its promoters are under indictment at Jacksonville on a charge of using the mails to defraud—was not, properly speaking, a Sanford company, and that its posing as such was only one feature in the campaign of misrepresentation and chicanery of which this concern stands accused.

We take pleasure in acceding to these requests, for it would be unfair to hold the prosperous little city of Sanford as in any way responsible for the deceptions practised by the Homeland Company. Moreover, by explaining the company's tricks and subterfuges, we may both illustrate some of the methods of land-sharks and emphasize the warnings we have so often given, that no one should buy land in Florida, or elsewhere, until he has investigated the responsibility of the land-selling company and determined the character of its property.

As stated in our previous article, the Florida Homeland Company did not own

its property outright. The tract which it was engaged in selling was mortgaged back to the original owners. This is by no means unusual with speculative land concerns, the promoters expecting to pay off the mortgage with the proceeds of their sales.

In this instance, the Homeland Company did not meet its obligations, and the original owners started foreclosure proceedings, through which innocent purchasers, who had no deeds or clear titles to the land, lost their entire investment, or found themselves with a lawsuit on their hands. But this is anticipating events somewhat, for the discovery that the company did not own the property it was selling came as a final disclosure of its tricky methods of operation.

There was evidently a deliberate plan to create the impression that the enterprise was located in the rich and highly productive agricultural territory centering around Sanford. This section is peculiarly favored, in that it can be irrigated by natural flowing artesian wells. Its soil is well adapted for the cultivation of celery, which produces such excellent crops that Sanford has long been known as "the celery city."

In order the better to carry out its scheme of deception, the promoters of the Florida Homeland Company organized "Celery City," a paper metropolis of the same sort as Eden, which broke the fortunes of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and even saddened the optimistic *Mark Tapley*. This center of activity—which is described by some embittered Sanfordites as a "bogus place," and by others as the "spurious Celery City"—is some twenty or twenty-five miles from Sanford, across the St. John's River, in Volusia County, in a different region, and subject to entirely different conditions, for it is said to be beyond the zone of the artesian flow.

Having successfully launched Celery City, the Homeland schemers took an office in Sanford, opened an account with the First National Bank of that place, and began to advertise and circularize. Their literature was full of references to Sanford, its rich soil, its phenomenal crops, and the huge profits derived from celery-growing in that district. Innocents were informed that if they bought a farm, they would, on completion of their payments, receive a deed "to one residential city lot of not less than forty feet frontage in the town-site of Celery City." Everything was done to make prospective colonists believe that they were pur-

chasing rich land in the fertile, celery-producing district, which carried with it a building lot in Sanford.

Those who bought land received a contract which described the company as "a corporation organized and doing business under the laws of the State of Florida, whose principal office is located in Sanford, in the State of Florida." The victim did not know that the Sanford office was but a blind, for much, if not all, of the company's literature bore the Sanford postmark, and checks given for instalment payments came back canceled from the Sanford bank.

Under the circumstances it was like stealing candy from a baby for the Homeland Company to deceive those who bought the land without seeing Celery City and without investigating the company. When people announced their intention of taking a look at the property for themselves, the schemers were resourceful. They advised visitors to purchase tickets for Titusville, and there detain for Celery City, which is on a branch line, thus shunting them away from Sanford and its productive farms, under the pretext that they were bound direct for the heart of the celery district, where lay the metropolis of Celery City, and the free "residential city lot."

First impressions of a new community are usually disappointing, and Celery City was no exception. When the single train, which serves the city "daily, Sundays excepted," drew up alongside of the water-tank, we are informed that prospective colonists were often heard to inquire:

"Why, where is the city?"

The question puzzled us, too, for a time. Aside from a very minute spot on the map of the branch railroad, we were unable to learn anything about this rising young metropolis, despite diligent search of postal guides, atlases, and gazetteers. Information was at last obtained from a bank directory, which claims to publish a list naming every hamlet in the country. In it, Celery City appears, followed by a cross-mark, which, as explained in the publication, signifies "population unknown or less than one hundred."

In numerous instances, even the inducement of a free city lot was insufficient to tempt settlers to disembark at Celery City, once they cast eyes upon the place. Some remained fixedly in their seats, and announced their determination of continuing on to Enterprise Junction and a happy de-

liverance, twenty miles beyond. Those whose curiosity prompted them to inspect the dream city with its prospective avenues, boulevards, parks, and public buildings, did so with a knowledge that the train which brought them to it would stop on its return to Titusville, a few hours later, and would bear them away.

If the stranger expressed disappointment over the prospects of Celery City, he was cheerfully informed that "Rome was not built in a day," and that Celery City was new, "but it was growing," and that it was destined "to beat Sanford in time." Perhaps a "leading citizen" or two—probably employees of the Homeland Company—would drop around, "just casually," to talk about truck-growing and to extol the local celery, which was "as good as Sanford celery." Some individuals were sufficiently impressed to buy property on the strength of this, but the company much preferred to sell land to people in remote parts of the country, who had never seen Celery City, and who probably never would see it.

We do not know that all the land in the neighborhood of Celery City is alike, and

we do not know that a fair specimen of the soil was submitted recently to the Dominion Experimental Farms, at Ottawa; but we have a report from the Canadian institution, sent us by a victim of the Homeland Company, who says that the sample submitted for analysis came from his Celery City farm. Of it the chemist writes:

An examination of the sample accompanying your letter shows it to be practically pure sand. It would have no agricultural value, and I do not think that any treatment with fertilizers, with the view of making it productive, would prove remunerative.

In making it apparent, as we trust we have, that the Florida Homeland Company is not, properly speaking, a Sanford enterprise, we hope that we have also shown that no one should buy land, in Florida or anywhere else, until he knows whether the title to the property is clear, whether the company with which he is dealing is honest, and whether the land is sand, morass, or good arable soil. Above all we hope we have enforced the lesson that no one should buy land without first seeing it.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

STOCKS OF BANKRUPT COMPANIES

Is Wabash common a non-assessable stock, and is it a good stock to buy at this time?

D. R., Mohawk, N. Y.

The common stock of the Wabash Railroad was issued as full-paid and non-assessable, which means that the full equivalent of its par value, one hundred dollars a share, had been paid into the company in money or property, and that the corporation could not call upon shareholders to pay any more money on account of the stock while the company remained solvent.

But the Wabash Railroad is bankrupt and in the hands of receivers. Its liabilities exceed its assets, and its obligations for interest on its debts and the like are beyond the road's ability to pay them. Now who is to make up the deficiency? The shareholders are the owners, and naturally the burden falls upon them.

Perhaps some of the creditors represented by the holders of poorly secured debts, such as junior lien bonds, may have to forego some of their claims. They may be called upon to bear a part of the burden in restoring the company to solvency. A creditor often has to assist a debtor, either by granting additional time, foregoing interest, or accepting less than the face of his debt.

All the details attendant upon the rehabilitation of this bankrupt railroad will be formulated in a plan prepared by a reorganization committee. This plan will doubtless embody a proposal to form a new corporation to take over the old one. It will make clear what sacrifices, if any, the holders of junior bonds will have to make. The amount of these debts may be "sweated"—that is, reduced—and the balance may be made up to the creditors in a different form of security.

It would be idle to theorize, however, upon what the plan may contain. Unquestionably it will call upon the holders of common and preferred stock to contribute some money to put their bankrupt property on its feet. This will be called an assessment, for the payment will be prorated among shareholders—so many dollars on each share of the outstanding stock of the insolvent company.

Assuming, of course, that the reorganization plan, when announced, is approved, the bankrupt property will, in course of time, be sold in foreclosure, and will be bought in by a new company. The shareholders of the old corporation making their payments will surrender their old stock, and will receive in exchange stock in the new company, which, in all probability, will be issued, as the old stock was, as "full-paid and non-assessable."

In buying stock in a bankrupt company, the purchaser buys the right or privilege, valuable or otherwise, as the case may be, of going into a reorganized concern, when it is formed, upon the payment of such additional money as it may be found necessary to get from the shareholders, in order to put the property on its feet. The amount of the levy cannot be determined until accountants have gone over the books, and the reorganization committee has studied the problem, learned the company's necessities, and made its plan public.

For this reason, it is not good policy for an inexperienced person to buy shares in a bankrupt property. The stock is not cheap simply because the quotations are low. The quotations are low because the company is bankrupt and its property is probably in poor condition.

In some instances, perhaps, a purchase of stock in an insolvent corporation may turn out profitable; but the person who buys it must stand ready to pay an additional sum of money, which may be small or large, according to the necessities of the bankrupt. If the purchaser of such shares does not pay this additional sum, and fails to resell his stock, he will have just so much waste paper on his hands when the company is sold in foreclosure and the new company is launched on its career; for that operation wipes out the old corporation, and renders its stock valueless.

A purchase of bankrupt shares is essentially a speculation, for the success of the new company is a problem contingent on conditions which no man can foretell. It is not considered wise to buy into a lawsuit, and few men would advise their friends to invest in bankrupt shares.

If a man is so unfortunate as to own stock in a company which has become insolvent, it may be the wisest course for him to pay an assessment and go on with the enterprise, for he may in time recover his loss. But why should any one make an original investment in an enterprise so notoriously unsuccessful that it has become bankrupt, when he can buy stock or bonds of solvent, successful, and profitable concerns?

BARTICA "GOLD BONDS"

I would very much appreciate an expression of your opinion, concerning the registered ten-year seven-per-cent collateral trust-gold bonds of the Bartica Company, the literature and offering of which I enclose. I would like to know whether this bond is secured, if the company's earnings are adequate to meet the interest charges, and if, in your judgment, this is a desirable security for an investment of \$1,000 or \$1,500.

H. E. A., Halifax, N. S.

To answer the last of this correspondent's questions first, I may say that I do not consider the security mentioned a desirable investment for \$1,000, or \$1,500, or any other amount. Whether the issue is to be called "secured" depends somewhat upon the interpretation one

places upon the word. The bond is not secured by a mortgage on real estate, for the company, so far as I am aware, owns no real estate in fee. The security is a collateral trust, issued against unenumerated assets and a pledge of Bartica Company stock. As this stock pays no dividends, and has no ready market for resale, I do not see that it adds in any way to the safety of the bonds.

Under the circumstances surrounding the Bartica Company, I think the issue might more properly be termed a promissory note than a bond. As explained in an article on the enterprise, which appeared in *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* for August, 1911, the Bartica Company acquired, for a small consideration, whatever obligations and privileges another concern, the Bartica Agricultural Estates, Limited, has in a certain contract or concession in British Guiana. The latter company owns no real estate in the British colony, but has secured a ninety-nine-year lease of some fifteen thousand acres, upon which it pays nothing for the first ten years. From the eleventh to the fifteenth year it is to pay an annual rent of twenty cents an acre, and thereafter to the end of the lease fifty cents an acre—or \$3,000 and \$7,500 annually, during the intervals specified.

The concession or lease was granted originally to the Bartica Agricultural Estates, Limited, for the purpose of developing the culture of sisal. After a little work had been done in this direction, there sprang up in London a boom in rubber and rubber shares. Thereupon, after some vicissitudes, the Bartica enterprise was transformed into a plantation to experiment in the culture of Para rubber-trees, the success of which, in British Guiana, is not yet assured.

The Sterling Debenture Corporation of this city became interested in the scheme at this stage. The Bartica Company, with a capital of \$2,000,000, was organized to take over the earlier concern, with its lease and obligations, and the Sterling people set about selling stock, in their usual flamboyant manner, for a large commission.

The project was so represented in the stock-selling literature that prospective investors were led to believe that the property was owned outright, and that it was reasonably capitalized at \$133 an acre; whereas, if acquired at all, ten years hence, the cost of the land will be four dollars an acre, or \$60,000 for the fifteen-thousand-acre tract.

One statement, in particular, was so much at variance with the facts that it is said to have called forth a sharp rebuke from the colonial government. This was a positive assertion that two hundred and eighty thousand rubber-trees of the native variety, capable of yielding annually five pounds of rubber apiece, were growing wild on the estate. These would give a yearly yield of fourteen hundred thou-

sand pounds of rubber, which, valued by the stock-selling agents at ninety-six cents a pound, would provide the neat income of \$1,344,000 a year. This was certainly "going some" for a two-million-dollar company, which was moving heaven and earth to sell shares at ten dollars each.

Since attention was directed to the company by MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, the two hundred and eighty thousand rubber-trees, which were "ready for the tapper's cups" have disappeared entirely from the literature of the Bartica Company, and they seem to have vanished also from the estate, leaving no trace behind. This is not in accordance with the program arranged for their disappearance. They were to be "tapped to their utmost," and then cut down to make room for Para rubber seedlings. That plan should have left a trace of rubber from the wild trees, if there were any such; but no profits arising from the sales of rubber are mentioned in connection with the present offering of bonds. The company hopes to meet the first interest charges on this issue, not from rubber at all, but from sisal.

The literature says that the two hundred and fifty acres devoted to sisal—before the project became a rubber-plantation—has reached a stage where it will yield "a net profit of seven per cent on \$85,000 to \$115,000 this year." Why the Bartica Company does not say that prospective earnings from sisal, for 1912, are estimated at from \$5,950 to \$8,050, I do not know; but possibly the officials realized that investors might regard these amounts as very small, if published in connection with a hundred-thousand-dollar bond issue. To say that a two-million-dollar company has earnings of "seven per cent on \$85,000" certainly looks bigger than to publish its earnings as \$5,950, but this does not make the actual income any larger, and it takes real money to pay interest on bonds.

Under the terms of its lease from the government of British Guiana, the Bartica Agricultural Estates, Limited, must clear and plant six hundred acres with Para rubber-trees each year. Apparently the Bartica Company requires \$100,000 to meet the expenses for 1912. After 1912 comes 1913, when it will presumably need a similar sum. The necessities of 1914 will be the same, and so on for ten years from the beginning, for the contract with the colonial government obligates the company to clear and plant six hundred acres each year for ten years.

This bond issue, therefore, is likely to be the first of a series, unless the company can sell more stock, or unless its experiment in Para rubber culture should prove successful and provide the means of meeting its expenses. Experts in rubber culture assert that the success or failure of the experiment ought to be thoroughly demonstrated by 1917.

In offering these bonds, the Bartica Com-

pany is ostensibly acting on its own behalf, and not through its accredited fiscal agent, the Sterling Debenture Corporation, which contracted to supply it with funds from sales of stock. Apparently the latter has not met with much success in marketing Bartica shares. A statement of the company, as of January 1 last, shows treasury stock on hand amounting to \$1,164,330 and \$600,000 stock reserved for the vendors, or a total of \$1,764,330, out of an aggregate capitalization of \$2,000,000. From the above it would appear that the Sterling had succeeded in working off only \$235,670 of the stock.

Though not large, it would seem as if these sales might have provided for this year's expenses; but of course not every dollar that a shareholder pays for stock reaches the treasury of the Bartica Company. Sterling Debenture commissions run high. For instance, its contract with the Oxford Linen Mills, a two-million-dollar concern, called for a payment to the Sterling of \$600,000, and that company, like the Bartica, is now trying to raise more money through notes.

In some cases, the Sterling's rake-off is even greater. It may be recalled that out of the sales of a million dollars' worth of Telephone stock, the treasury of that company received only about \$200,000. The Sterling kept the rest. If its commissions and expenses are anything like as heavy with the Bartica Company, it is not difficult to understand why the concern, so early in its career, has resorted to a bond issue.

A rediscovery of the two hundred and eighty thousand wild rubber-trees, with annual estimated profits of \$1,334,000, would stand the Bartica Company in good stead at this juncture, provided the trees grew on the estates, instead of in fictional stock-selling literature.

INVESTMENT AND SPECULATION

Will you kindly explain, for the benefit of several readers who have been very much interested in your Financial Department, the difference between investment and speculation? Where does the one leave off and the other begin? Is this determined by the securities one buys, or by the manner in which they are bought—that is, whether they are bought on a margin or outright for cash?

K. L. P., Kansas City, Mo.

This question is not as simple as one might think. While it is not difficult to define a pure investment operation, or an out-and-out type of speculation, there is a shadow zone where the one comes very close to the other. In some cases, in order to determine the nature of the transaction, it becomes necessary to know what was in the buyer's mind—that is, whether he bought his securities strictly for income, or was governed by other considerations.

The term "investment," as it is employed in this department, implies an outlay of money with safety, for income. The factors govern-

ing such a transaction include the selection of a high-grade security, through which the possibilities of loss of interest or principal are reduced to a minimum. This involves a purchase outright, with a view of permanent ownership, for a definite income, at a rate not above that at which corporations enjoying the highest credit borrow their funds.

We regard as speculation the laying out of money at a risk, upon the chance of making an unusual gain, or the employment of money for profit under a degree of uncertainty more considerable than is attendant upon the purchase of high-grade issue as defined above. One could not determine a line of demarcation by the class of securities alone. As a rule, stocks are more speculative than bonds, but there are some stocks which are regarded as desirable investments. On the other hand, some bonds are entirely speculative and exceedingly hazardous as well.

Moreover, one may speculate in bonds, even of high investment grade, if one so elects, almost as freely as in stocks. A good bond is not, of course, as susceptible to fluctuations as stocks are; but if it is bought, not for interest or income, but with an expectation primarily of resale, at a profit, upon some market bulge, the transaction takes the character of speculation. On the other hand, the purchase of a high-grade stock to receive the dividends it pays borders close upon investment, and customarily it is so regarded, despite the fundamental and radical difference between stocks and bonds.

A purchase of securities on margin is essentially a speculation, for it implies the margin trader's intention to resell for profit on an upturn in prices. Dividends, or income, need not necessarily have been considered at all. Countless stocks are bought on margin which have never paid a dividend, and probably never will pay one. It is conceivable, of course, that a man might buy a security on margin, with the intention of completing the payment thereafter, for the purpose of holding the shares or bonds for the dividend or interest; but in that case the original payment should more properly be described as an instalment, than as a margin.

From the above, one may appreciate how much depends upon the purpose and intent of the individual, in determining whether a transaction in securities should be termed an investment or a speculation. An investor, strictly speaking, is one who buys for a return on capital from interest or dividend, while a speculator looks for profit by an enhancement of price.

The purchase of non-dividend-paying or non-interest-bearing issues, or those of doubtful properties, even when bought outright, is always classed as a speculation; for though future earnings may be discussed, the controlling influence in the purchase is not such pros-

pective disbursement, but the fact that the discussion of it may enhance prices, and may result in a profit through the sale of the securities.

The purchase of shares of companies in the developing stage—oil-wells, mines, or concerns exploiting some patented contraption—are in no way associated with investment. As a rule, they cannot properly be characterized as speculation. They are essentially gambling ventures. The distinctive quality of a game of hazard or chance—that is, an undertaking where success is wholly dependent upon unknown contingencies—enters into all transactions in these prospectus company shares. A man might speak as correctly of "investing" in a faro-bank, a stack of poker-chips, or a lottery ticket, as to talk of "investing" in such things.

ANOTHER MAGAZINE PROMOTION

Kindly let me know if the *Simmons Magazine* is an established enterprise, and if the stock of the J. H. Simmons Publishing Company is a desirable investment at \$5 a share. Is the statement in the enclosed advertisement, relative to the present worth of \$100 invested in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE a few years ago, subject to verification?

R. A. G., Elmira, N. Y.

Until this correspondent called our attention to it, we had never heard of the *Simmons Magazine*, but we find, on investigation, that there is a publication of that name. Undeterred by the experiences of the *Circle*, *Human Life*, *Progress*, *Success*, *Hampton's*, the *Columbian*, and numerous other publications which failed woefully in the attempt, the Simmons Publishing Company is seeking capital to support its magazine enterprise through sales of stock to the public.

We have repeatedly expressed our views on publishing propositions, and have stated our reasons for not recommending them as an investment. We cannot repeat our warnings here, but those who are interested will find a recent reference to the general subject of publishing companies in our June issue, page 421, in an article entitled "A Decorative Prospectus." We should not refer to the enterprise about which our correspondent makes inquiry but for the fact that the success of Mr. Munsey's business is once more cited as a reason why inexperienced persons should invest money in an enterprise conducted by some one else.

The advertisements used by the *Simmons Magazine* in selling stock contain all the familiar stories of tremendous fortunes derived from the publishing business, which were used with such telling effect by *Hampton's Magazine* and *Pearson's Magazine* when selling stock. These yarns are the stock in trade of promoters. As usual, MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE cuts a conspicuous figure in the wonder tale of wealth, and we read again of that mythical "one hundred dollars" which "would now be

worth twelve thousand dollars, and would be earning the astounding dividend of twelve hundred dollars yearly."

We have frequently said that this is pure imagination. Imagination is the fount of other information concerning the publishing business used in connection with this stock offering. But even were these oriental dreams true, they give no assurance of the success of the *Simmons Magazine*, for the same material was used *ad nauseam* by *Hampton's* and numerous other stock-selling periodicals, now bankrupt, from which unfortunate shareholders have been unable to recover a single dollar.

PRINTING TELEGRAPH COMPANIES

Will you kindly give me some information regarding the standing or existence of the Consolidated Printing Telegraph Company, of 2 Rector Street, New York? This company took over the stock of the once famous fake called the Burlingame Telegraphing Typewriter Company, and issued its stock in exchange, on payment of a fee.

R. T., Evangeline, La.

The above communication, and letters of a similar import from F. B. M., San Quentin, Cal., and M. J. K., San Francisco, Cal., make it apparent that some shareholders of the notorious Burlingame Telegraphing Typewriter Company, who transferred their holdings into the Consolidated Printing Telegraph Company, are unaware that the latter enterprise has become bankrupt, and that various factions are fighting over the assets, or alleged assets, and are engaged in forming companies or selling stock to perpetuate the checkered career of the undertaking.

Back in 1906 or 1907, a concern known as the United States Wireless Printing Telegraph Company of California was formed to exploit a device known as the Telautoprint. It came to nothing, and the stock was exchanged for shares in the Burlingame Telegraphing Typewriter Company. This was a fifteen-million-dollar concern, of which Elmer Burlingame was president. The company entered into a stock-selling contract with the Burlingame Underwriters. It is asserted that more than twelve hundred thousand of the fifteen hundred thousand shares, par value ten dollars, were marketed. All that the Underwriters accounted for was some sixty-two thousand shares, for which the Burlingame Company got \$82,323. This is the only money the treasury ever received.

When this orange was squeezed dry, the Consolidated Printing Telegraph Company was formed, with a capital also of fifteen million dollars. Announcement was made that it had acquired the Burlingame, Swenson, Rae, Barclay, and other patents for the purpose of transmitting English characters over a telegraph-wire. The company proposed an exchange of stock, share for share, for Burlingame stock, on the payment of a fee, and an-

nounced that it would perfect a machine. Some men of good reputation joined the enterprise, and it did produce a machine, which worked experimentally. There are patents for a large number of other devices.

The scandals of the stock-jobbing in the notorious Burlingame Company, however, prevented any real progress with the Consolidated Company, and in June, 1911, that concern "went bump." In March, the property was ordered sold in foreclosure. One interest bought in the Burlingame stock, and asserts that thereby it has acquired the patents. Another interest, claiming to act for an association of shareholders, asserts that these patents were assigned, and are now in its possession. This group has formed a new concern, the American Printing Telegraph Security Company, with an authorized capital of one hundred thousand dollars, and is offering stock for sale at ten dollars a share.

Shareholders in the Consolidated Printing Telegraph Company have no equity or interest in the American Printing Telegraph Security Company. The Consolidated Company was hopelessly bankrupt, and it is dead and gone. Whether the shareholders in the Burlingame Company have any interest, I cannot say. Their holdings might serve as the basis of a lawsuit to determine the validity of the alleged assignment of the patents.

Any one thinking of subscribing to stock in the new company should regard it as a new investment, for in all probability every dollar put into the Burlingame Telegraphing Typewriter Company or the Consolidated Printing Telegraph Company is a total loss.

A LEWIS STOCKHOLDER

A friend of mine has a hundred-dollar share in the Lewis Publishing Company of South Dakota; also a hundred-dollar share in the People's Savings Trust Company of University City, St. Louis, Missouri. Can you tell me if such companies exist, and if these papers are of any value?

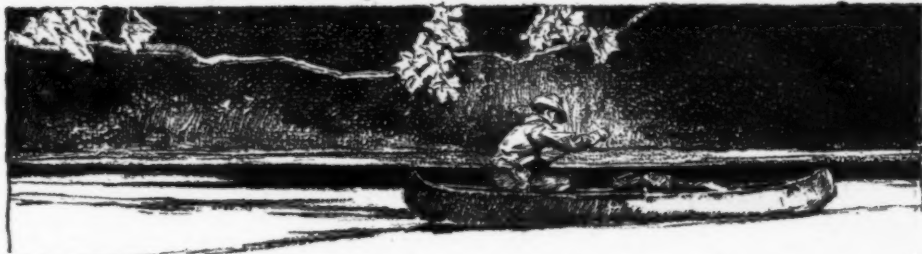
The owner is a poor woman, who had been led to believe that when she completed the payment of \$160 she would receive monthly dividends. She paid \$16 per month, ten payments, or \$160 in all, when she received these two shares, but she has heard nothing further about them.

D. P. T., Vancouver.

To the best of my knowledge, the Lewis enterprises are bankrupt and in receivers' hands, and the proprietor, E. G. Lewis, is under bail on an indictment, charging use of the mails with intent to defraud. The first trial of the case ended in a disagreement, the jury, according to St. Louis advices, standing nine for conviction and three for acquittal. The case is to be retried.

Mr. Lewis stoutly insists that he is not to blame, and apparently he has many sympathizers; but for those who entrusted their money to him the outlook seems to be decidedly poor. An investigation of the Lewis enterprises by a Congressional committee has been pending for a long time, but no report has as yet been made.

The Unended Chase.



BY KING KELLEY.
ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

THE horse that Gus Reader was riding stopped, trembled, snorted, and reared. Gus looked up quickly. A body lay in the trail.

Dismounting, he walked ahead and stooped over the prostrate form. Blood was still oozing from a bullet-wound directly over the heart. The man was dead, but had not been dead long.

His features were not unknown to Gus. He was the man who, with a partner and six or seven pack-horses, had several times camped near Reader on the meadows of the Telegraph Trail.

The slight form and delicate features of the dead man's companion, as well as other circumstances which at the time struck Gus as being suspicious, now seemed of great significance. He remembered overhearing a quarrel between them, and commenting upon it.

They had started from Quesnel, on the Frazer, the same day as himself. They had passed him a number of times, and he had passed them. He had visited their evening camp once or twice; and, now that he thought of it, the one of delicate features had been very quiet and retiring in manner.

The old adage which says that a wise man never finds a dead one appeared like a very good precept in this instance. Gus was nearly two hundred miles from a settlement. To report a murder would take him away to some seat of justice for so long that the short summer would be too near an end for further explorations.

Besides, he felt it no business of his that two partners had quarreled and that one had killed the other. They had settled it

to the satisfaction of one, at least. The other could not be brought back to life, so why trouble about a dead man?

Gus would have acted upon this view of the situation had not a horseman appeared on the trail behind his pack-animals. The newcomer wore a badge which signified his office. He was a provincial policeman.

The officer dismounted beside Reader. He looked down at the murdered man as calmly as if such a sight were a common incident in his life. Coolly and carefully he noted everything. The position of the fallen man, the wound, the condition of Gus and his horses, the trail ahead, and the tracks upon it—all these things were studied with a hard, professional eye. Then, addressing the awestruck Gus, he spoke for the first time.

"Do you know anything about this man?"

"Yes, I saw him several times on the trail," answered Gus, anxious to relieve himself.

"Who was with him?"

"He had a partner, and they were traveling to the Buckley country to look for land."

"Could you identify his partner?" continued the officer.

"Yes, I could do that," Gus was loath to admit.

"Then I deputize you as an officer of the province of British Columbia to assist me in finding this man's partner."

The policeman had evidently sized up the situation and arrived at a conclusion in ten minutes. He asked no unnecessary question. Gus put him down as a man of few words but plenty of action. To demur to his orders seemed a waste of time.

They carefully couched the body beneath a tree by the side of the trail, and spread a blanket over it. The officer hastily scribbled a note and fastened it to the tree. Then they mounted. The policeman led; Gus rode behind, urging his two pack-horses.

A half-mile farther on, they came upon five horses browsing leisurely in the open timber. Their packs were on and well cinched. The officer examined them closely, then hurried on.

Two hours brought them to the Nechaco. The ferryman had crossed a traveler with two horses that morning. He gave a description that tallied with the one given by Gus, so they crossed the stream and took up the trail.

At Fort Frazer, a mile on, the telegraph-operator was put to work flashing the news each way on the lone wire that wound its long way from Quesnel to Dawson. The object of their quest had been seen to pass the fort. The lineman, with Indians and horses, was ordered to go back over the trail and take the dead man out to Quesnel. The officer secured a rifle from the Hudson's Bay man; one pack-horse was left and the other lightened up, and they spurred ahead.

On Burns Lake, forty miles from Fort Frazer, there was another telegraph-cabin. If they did not overtake the fugitive, the operator and lineman there had orders to stop the supposed murderer.

It was the latter part of June, and the daylight in this latitude was of nearly twenty hours' duration. Hoping to overtake the man that night, they traveled until half past ten. Darkness and hungry horses forced them to camp. On a small meadow, where the rank pea-vine stood to the horses' bellies, they halted.

Tired nature had its inning when they fell asleep. It kept them asleep until the hot morning sun shone full in their faces.

The officer punished both for this neglect of duty by starting without breakfast. The horses, podded out of all proportions by the luxuriant pea-vine, groaned in utter misery as they took up the trail, along which the lone wire kept up the low moan of its never-ending monody.

Noon brought them to Burns Lake. The fugitive had passed at sunup.

"Why did you let the man pass?"

"Well, I'm an old man, Burnett," said the operator, addressing the officer. "The

lineman is up the trail, looking after the wire, and I have only a small-caliber gun. I did halt him with it, but he showed a larger one, and I let him have the trail."

Burnett curled his lip in scorn and rode ahead. They trotted whenever the condition of the trail would permit, and reached Decker Lake at dark. They concluded that the fugitive was traveling fast, as the fresh horseshoe tracks led on.

The mosquitoes had been more or less in evidence since they left Fort Frazer. As they were making camp this night, the little pests attacked them in clouds. The moan of the lone wire was completely drowned in the buzz of their countless wings. Gus had to brush them away from the policeman's eyes while the latter made shavings for a fire. The maddened horses stamped and rolled and ran.

Every time the men's mouths opened for food, a few dozen insects would drift in to season it. In their hair, down their necks, up their sleeves, and into their ears, these curses of the north country went for blood.

Gus had a mosquito tent, but in their hurry it had been left with the horse at Fort Frazer. They rolled up tight in blankets, but they could not keep the mosquitoes from getting in by the hole through which they breathed. Gus fought and swore until he had exhausted his fine vocabulary on the insect pests.

Then, as a relief, he fell to cursing the country. He widened as he proceeded. He visited his wrath upon British Columbia, all of Canada, the British Isles, India, and all the countries of the British Empire, as if these were in some way responsible for the mosquitoes. Finally he wound up by abusing the king. Exhausted at last, he fell asleep and let them bite.

II

"We're going to eat this morning," said Gus, decidedly, as he looked up out of his blanket and saw Burnett bringing in the horses at daylight next morning. "This hunting the king's enemies on an empty stomach don't go with me any more!"

"All right, my man," said the officer, forcing the first smile since they met.

They took up the trail, but had proceeded only a short distance when the fresh tracks ran out. Could it be that the man they were seeking was in camp close by?

A two-hour search in the surrounding country revealed nothing. They went back



GUS WOULD HAVE ACTED UPON THIS VIEW OF THE SITUATION HAD NOT A HORSEMAN
APPEARED UPON THE TRAIL

on the trail to see if he had turned. Not even his camp-ground could be located. It began to look as if he had eluded them completely.

Burnett's sharp eyes finally discovered the tracks leading north over a dim trail toward Babine Lake. The fugitive had evidently found out that the officers were after him, and had struck for the wilds.

Gus objected to leaving the Telegraph Trail.

"I don't want to waste all summer hunting a bad man. It's out of my line, anyway," he told the policeman.

"You'll be paid for your time, and you've got to go," came back firmly from Burnett.

Gus knew it, and concluded to make the best of it. The officer was a very good sort of a fellow, he thought, and lots of country might be seen if the refugee kept up the pace at which he had been traveling the last two days. So Reader swore at the mosquitoes, cursed the king under his breath, and followed Burnett toward Babine.

They reached the lake early in the afternoon. The man had just left. He had traded his horses to the Indians at the village for the only Peterborough canoe on the lake, had put his supplies into it, and gone. Far out on the rough water they could see the boat riding on the waves.

The horses were placed in care of the Indians. A big dugout canoe was secured, and they loaded in their scanty outfit. Two Indians were hired to paddle, and they moved to start.

But no, the Indian boatmen wouldn't go till the next morning. The wind was too high, they said. It would blow harder before night, and no dugout could live in the open reaches of the lake.

The officer admitted that the Indians knew Babine Lake better than he did, so they waited. The Peterborough that the fleeing man had could ride the waves, while a dugout would plow through them and fill. Luck was with the refugee. There was no wire here to send the news ahead. The only way now was to overtake him.

At the first peep of dawn the canoe was launched, and the four men took their positions in the shell. The Babine was calm and still, lapping faintly along the shore. The Indian dogs set up an unearthly ululation as they dipped their paddles and headed the boat toward the east.

All day, with scarcely a moment's rest, the dip, dip of the Indians' paddles broke the sun-glared surface of the lake. Two dips on one side, then two on the other, the boatmen kept up a well-timed rhythm.

Darkness brought them to the Indian village at the eastern end of the lake. Five of the inhabitants had just returned from helping the refugee across the three-mile portage to a stream flowing into Stuart Lake.

Burnett learned that a canoe could be had at the other end of the portage. He hired two of the Beaver River Indians to go as boatmen, the Babines refusing to go farther. A hasty meal was eaten; then the four shouldered the small outfit, and picked their way slowly through the darkness to the waters leading to Stuart Lake.

The officer urged the Indians to launch the dugout and proceed in spite of the darkness, but, to the satisfaction of Gus, they demurred. Each rolled into his blanket, and, to the lullaby of a wilderness of mosquitoes, fell asleep.

It seemed not more than five minutes to Gus before Burnett roused them in his none too gentle manner. The policeman had seen a streak of light somewhere among the poplar-trees. Reader was too sleepy to think about breakfast, and Burnett forgot it, as usual.

Down the small, swift stream, across tiny lakes, down other streams and across more lakes, they hurried in pursuit. The sun was just looking over the Rockies when they shot out into the Stuart.

Far out on the shimmering water Burnett spied the Peterborough. It was headed straight east. The paddle of the lone occupant flashed in the sunlight as it was changed from side to side.

The Indians uttered a short Siwash guttural and plied their paddles faster, as the officer urged them to overtake the fugitive. Gus, from his position in the stern, watched the graceful dip, dip of the paddles until the regular recurring sound seemed to him like the air of an old song, and he fell asleep, unmolested by a single mosquito.

He was awakened in a few hours by a shout from Burnett. The canoe would not keep its balance, and he was accused of leaning to one side. The Indians were muttering in disgust and threatening to mutiny.

Gus rubbed his sleepy eyes and looked ahead. The refugee was almost within rifle-

shot. The dip, dip of the paddles grew faster under Burnett's constant urging. Another hour, and they would overtake the Peterborough.

But before this happened a strong wind struck up. In ten minutes the Stuart was running good-sized waves. In a few more

And so on, day after day. They would just miss the refugee at some portage or lose him on a lake. Always a few hours ahead, he kept the pursuers guessing as to his direction.

But Burnett was untiring. Always at his place in the bow of a canoe, his sharp



FAR OUT ON THE ROUGH WATER THEY COULD SEE THE BOAT RIDING ON THE WAVES

it became dangerous. The dugout dived through the waves and came out partly full of water. The Indians were frightened, and headed for the north shore. Gus unloosed a frying-pan and bailed for dear life.

They reached an Indian village late that night. The fleeing man had been there, had secured a guide, and had started by the Tacher River to Trembleur Lake. He would get past the bad rapids before dark, and could then travel all night.

eyes on the alert, he seemed to Gus the incarnation of cold, un pitying law. The police officer in Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," who made a conscience of his profession, recurred to the passive deputy's mind as he studied the inexorable officer.

He fell to wondering how many years he would have to follow this man of iron, if the fugitive should elude them. The officer seemed to entertain no childish fear that a criminal could not be captured, some-



DENSE GROWTHS OF BUSHES HUNG FAR OUT OVER THE WATER, FORMING AN EASY HIDING-PLACE SHOULD THE FLEEING MAN TAKE A NOTION TO LET THEM PASS

where or some time, if one only kept after him. In imagination, Gus saw himself an old, white-headed man, following, always following in the search for a murderer.

The mosquitoes were as inexorable as Burnett. Only on the breezy lakes was there a moment's respite from them. They did not appear to care particularly for Indians, but seemed to relish the pink flesh of a white man. In desperation, Reader rubbed bacon grease over his hands and face to keep them off.

Even this was not much of a preventive. The greatest relief he found was in cursing the British Empire. From the smallest island in the South Seas to the barren wilds of Labrador, he consigned each part of it to perdition. The king always came in last, as the choicest relish.

III

THE long days wore on, and still the fleeing man kept ahead. When he slept, Gus could in no wise figure out. Up Tacher River, across Trembleur Lake, up Middle River to a stream from the east,

up this and over a chain of small lakes, they pursued the fugitive. Over a portage, down another stream, across Chi-chi-bon Lake to the Nation River, they followed almost in the wake of the Peterborough.

One morning, rounding a bend in the Nation River—whose waters flow toward the great Mackenzie and the polar ocean—they saw the refugee a half-mile ahead. The Indians bent to the paddles, and a race commenced. Closer and closer the dugout sped toward the fugitive. A few minutes more, and he would have a chance to surrender or fight.

Suddenly, on rounding a bend, the roar of rapids was heard. The fleeing man was already at the swift water. Now he would have to pull in to shore, and they would take him. Burnett threw up his rifle-barrel. The long chase would soon be over, Gus thought.

But no, the fugitive did not pull in to shore. He kept the middle of the stream. The Peterborough made a few leaps, then was lost to sight as it shot down through the foaming rapids.

The Indians would not follow. The dugout was brought to shore and lowered through the rapids with a line. Two hours were consumed in this, and darkness stopped the pursuit.

Three days of braving the swift waters of Nation River, and they glided out into the broad, turbid Parsnip. A new watchfulness was now required. Dense growths of bushes hung far out over the water, forming an easy hiding-place should the fleeing man take a notion to let them pass.

Burnett, for the first time since they had started, concluded that it was of no use to hurry. The Peterborough could be driven twice as fast by a lone occupant as the dugout could by two paddles. Besides, they might pass him. So they drifted along with the current, the Indians dipping their paddles now and then to keep the canoe straight.

At the Indian village above the Findlay rapids they received news of the fugitive. He had hired some Indians to help him portage around the rapids, and had bought provisions. One sun ago, according to the Siwash mode of reckoning time, he had passed.

Gus reminded Burnett of the scantiness of their own supply of grub, and the officer purchased a few pounds. Gus argued for more, but Burnett informed him that the woods were full of meat and the streams alive with fish.

Two new boatmen were enlisted, and the portage made; but at the confluence of the Findlay, they were compelled to halt for a clue. The refugee might have ascended the Findlay, or he might have gone on down the Peace River.

They made camp for the night. In the morning, Burnett seemed to have a hunch that the man had gone up the Findlay. His hunch prevailed in lieu of better evidence, so they stemmed the current of the swift stream.

That afternoon they met an Indian who said that he had passed a man in a Peterborough. This seemed to satisfy Burnett, but not so the boatmen.

"Hi-yu liar, that man!" grunted one of them.

Day after day the dip, dip of the paddles went on. Each new pair of boatmen produced a different rhythm as they worked, but Gus always recalled a tune of which it reminded him; and he would have been sung to sleep many times had not the

mosquitoes kept him striking right and left. He imagined that the insects grew larger each day.

Burnett occupied his old position in the bow, and scanned both shores with watchful eyes. He seemed more than ever the embodiment of all the law Gus Reader had ever heard of. Cold and firm as a statue, his pose was that of vengeance personified. He never slept except when he could do nothing else, never complained of being tired, and never ate unless Gus reminded him of it.

The deputy shuddered to think of the days yet to come through which he would have to follow this man. And yet it was far better to be his deputy than to be the fugitive in the Peterborough!

At Fort Graham no news of the refugee could be learned. No one had seen him pass, and it was hardly possible to get by without the dogs setting up a pandemonium. Burnett saw fit to proceed, however, and hired new boatmen.

"We're going to get some provisions here," Gus informed the officer in a polite but firm voice, as Burnett moved to launch the canoe. "You're liable to go on to the Arctic Circle; and I can't live altogether on mosquitoes, though it don't take so many to make a mouthful as it did on the Telegraph Trail. And I want you," he went on, "to buy tobacco enough to do you. This getting a few pipefuls, and then smoking mine when yours is gone, don't go any more!"

"All right, my man;" and the officer forced the second smile since he and Gus Reader met on the Telegraph Trail.

IV

THEY struck many rapids above Fort Graham, and it was often necessary to tow the canoe with a line. This made traveling slow and tedious, but Burnett had no mercy on his own flesh, and took no compassion on the discomfort and weariness of his deputy.

Up, up, past the confluence of the Ingenika, past the Iaka, and on past the mouths of many streams whose Siwash names Burnett did not translate to Gus, they kept their way. Not a white man, and not even an Indian, was met with since leaving the fort. The flashing tail of a startled deer or the glimpse of a sneaking wolf was about the only sign of animal life.

Far toward the head of the Findlay, they came to long, swift rapids. The boatmen pronounced it impossible for a man to pass around or through these waters. They were tired out, moreover, and they made good use of this obstacle to argue for a return.

• few miles down the river. He was to start ahead and rejoin the canoe at the mouth of a creek below.

He hurried along through the open timber, watching for a deer. The mosquitoes were not so numerous or hungry as usual,



IN FRONT OF THE CABIN A WOMAN, DRESSED IN MEN'S CLOTHES, SAT COMBING HER LONG, DARK HAIR

Scott Williams.

Both corroborated the last two boatmen, who had characterized the Indian that claimed to have passed the Peterborough as a great liar.

"He must have gone on down the Peace, and is probably out on the prairie by this time," Burnett finally concluded. "We'll start back in the morning."

Provisions were getting low again, and next day Gus got permission to hunt for a

and he enjoyed the dank air of the morning. There was not the sign of a trail nor the mark of an ax along the bank. Nature seemed to have its way in this vast, uninhabited region; and the silence that brooded was frightening.

After an hour's travel, he came to the creek where he was to meet the canoe. They had not arrived, so he wandered back a few rods into the timber.

He had gone but a few steps when he nearly fell over the Peterborough. It lay bottom upward, secreted in the bushes.

With a mixed feeling of joy and fear shaking his limbs, he moved on cautiously, and parted the bushes. An old cabin stood within a few rods of him, while in front of it, on a block of wood, a woman, dressed in men's clothes, sat combing her long, dark hair.

He would probably have retreated, but she heard him and looked up quickly. He recognized the face. He had seen it on the

Telegraph Trail. Presenting his rifle, he stepped up to her.

She arose and faced him, her eyes flashing defiance. Though the face was haggard, it was not old or unbeautiful. At least, Gus imagined it must once have been very passable.

"So you've found me at last!" she said bitterly.

"Yes, but you gave us a hard chase, I can tell you! I never would have believed that a woman could stand such hardships," replied Gus.

"Well, I couldn't endure his persecutions and abuse any longer!" she said. "I stood it as long as I or any other woman could; then I turned like a trodden worm, and shot him down!"

She resumed her seat on the block, and poured out the story of her wretched life. Gus had never heard or read of anything that surpassed the wrongs this woman had endured at the hands of a man. It was hardly believable; and yet he knew that she was telling only the truth. He could scarcely understand how any one could suffer so much and still keep alive. He leaned on his rifle and listened intently.

Her story started back in one of the Eastern States. From there to the tragedy on the Telegraph Trail, it was one uninterrupted life of misery. When she concluded, Reader's eyes were watery, and he broke out indignantly:

"By Heavens, you did just right! You should have done it sooner. You did the world a service, and should be pensioned instead of punished!"

As he finished speaking, he heard Burnett's shout from the river.

"You're safe," he said hastily, in a low voice. "The officer doesn't know where you are. He thinks you've slipped away from us and gone eastward, and we're on our way to the prairie to look for you. He'll never get track of you again, if you destroy that canoe and get a dugout. And may you find some rest and peace in this lonely land. Good-by!"

"See anything, Gus?" asked the officer, as the deputy took his seat in the stern, to follow, he knew not how far, this man who was never hungry or sleepy or tired.

"Not a thing!" he replied, as he gave the canoe a vicious shove out into the current.

IN HEATHER TIME

'Tis heather time, together time—
Come, lassie, hear the thrush
A winging down the twilight paths,
A calling through the hush!
Ah, listen to his bonnie lay
The breezes waft along;
'Tis mating time, not waiting time,
When all the world's a song!"

"'Tis heather time, together time,"
The poppies nod and croon;
The bluebells scamper down the hills,
All dancing to the rune;
The blackbird whistles on the brae,
Beside his dusky spouse;
'Tis loving time, not roving time,
And we are building house!"

'Tis heather time, together time—
Oh, tender days and sweet!
I know a way that winds to kirk;
'Twas made for lassie feet;
I know a little manse that dreams
Beside a singing sea;
'Tis homing time, love's gloaming time,
If ye'll bide there with me!

Gordon Johnstone

MIRABEL'S ISLAND*

A ROMANCE OF THE HEBRIDES

BY LOUIS TRACY

AUTHOR OF "THE WINGS OF THE MORNING," "THE SILENT BARRIER," ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

DAVID LINDSAY'S yacht, the *Firefly*, is wrecked in an October storm on the rocky shore of Lunga, a lonely islet off the Scottish coast. Lindsay gets safely ashore, but one of his two sailors is killed by a falling spar, and the other is missing.

Exploring the tiny island, David finds that its sole inhabitant is a somewhat mysterious girl, who is living there alone in a well-provided cottage, with her dog, Carlo, and a jackdaw as her companions. She accords the refugee a rather disconcerting reception, offering to furnish him with such food as he may need, but warning him to keep away from her part of the island. Later, however, she apparently relents. During another violent storm, while Lindsay is striving to save his stranded cutter by hauling it farther up the beach, she suddenly appears on the scene and bids him seek shelter for the night in her cottage.

Gradually their relations become friendly. The girl, who gives her name as Mirabel Locksley, surprises David by her unusual familiarity with languages, literature, and natural history, though she confesses that she has little or none of the knowledge which comes from reading newspapers and meeting people. She tells him of her lonely life with her father, who is nearly blind. Lindsay gathers that she has sought refuge in Lunga from some persecution or annoyance, which seems to be connected with a Mr. Hawley; for the jackdaw has learned to repeat the man's name, and Mirabel is evidently distressed on hearing it. Further than this, however, David can only conjecture, for Mirabel parries his questions.

She has a faithful henchman in Donald Macdonald, who periodically comes over to Lunga from the mainland with supplies. At his next visit Donald meets David and recognizes him as Sir David Lindsay, who was a staff officer in South Africa when Macdonald was serving there in Lovat's Scouts. At David's request, however, Donald agrees to say nothing to Miss Locksley about Lindsay's possession of a title.

A much more surprising disclosure, however, comes from Mirabel that evening. She tells Lindsay that she is married—married to Hawley; and at the same time, with an uncontrollable outburst of emotion, she makes it plain that she loves David.

XIV

WHEN David spoke, it was not to wile Mirabel into a fresh outburst, but rather did he strive to lead her troubled brain into the orderly paths of quiet judgment and explanation.

"Mirabel, my dear," he said, "dry your eyes and look at me."

She obeyed with a pathetic submission that pierced him like a sword; but she only saw a sad smile in his eyes, and his voice was low and soothing.

"There is a fatalistic element in the

relations between man and woman," he went on. "As between you and me, what is done cannot be undone. We love each other, and the fact would remain a fact were this tiny island of ours to be suddenly resolved into its elements by primordial heat. Nor is it wrong, merely because it has happened. Providence threw us together, and I really don't see what Providence expected—from me, at any rate. Of course, there was no such Heaven-sent certainty that you would come to care for me—"

"Oh, David!" she murmured, and hid her face on his shoulder, while the perfume

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of her hair assailed his nostrils and well-nigh reached his brain.

It was well, then, that she did not see the mingled fear and desire blazing in his eyes, for David was a virile man, and never was woman more desirable than Mirabel. His right arm still circled her slender form, and his hand felt the firm flesh of her arm beneath her dress; but the fingers of his left hand clutched the brass side-rail of the yacht, which ran from opposite the coaming of the hatch to the bows. He remembered that fierce grip later when he found his nails stained with blood.

The tension passed, yet he remained silent. Mirabel raised her head, and gave him one of those shy, quick glances which had so often sent a riotous pulse leaping through his veins.

"You must not ask me to imagine something that would be quite impossible," she said softly. "I feared you at first, David, because I fancied you might be an emissary of my father's, or of the man whom I must learn to call my husband. At least, that is how I interpreted my fear. I know now that where love is, there fear abides, too, and fear is only subdued by love, but never quite annihilated. Is that right—or is it only a girl's foolish conceit?"

David's lips twisted in the mere physical effort to say something that would divert her mind from this sudden fit of introspection. He understood how Mirabel's faculties were expanding each moment, how she was reaching forth to the new horizon, exploring untrodden territory, and analyzing painful emotions with fearless candor. If he did not check this critical mood, he dreaded the possible outcome. She was not as other women, and she might test his fortitude beyond its power of resistance by declaring, once and for all, that she would defy the law which had made her an unwilling wife.

He had chosen the narrow path of honor, and meant to follow it, no matter where it led; so he brought her from cloudland to earth by the simple question:

"Will you tell me, Mirabel, exactly why you came to Lunga four days before I was cast ashore here?"

Evidently she was not expecting any such downright demand. Nevertheless, with a forlorn humility which, did she but know, was more agonizing to David than her tears, she answered, in all innocence:

"Of course, I want to tell you everything.

That is why I have kept you here while poor, worried Donald is preparing supper. I really meant to begin at the beginning, as one does in a story, and as I insisted on when I asked for your *Odyssey* on that first placid evening as we sat by the fire and talked of so many things. But my heart came into my mouth, and I blurted out my tragedy before its way was prepared. Now you know the worst, and there is a horrid sort of happiness in sharing one's misery, so I can retrace each step of my *Via Dolorosa* with unflinching feet. The whole wretched business centers around that man Hawley. Why did he come into my life before you, David? I care not whose the contrivance, it was but a sorry scheme!"

She gazed mournfully at the sea, and her eyes dwelt on a golden track spread over the intensely blue waters by the setting sun. The island of Tiree showed as a faint blur of deep blue, with the merest fringe of vivid purple, on the otherwise unbroken line to the west. The sky was a glory of bright colors, blue fading into green, green into amber, and amber into the russet glow of the sun with never a cloud flecking the infinite arch, and naught save the white wings of sea-birds and the murmur of the tide to disturb the brooding peace of nature.

It was an evening for lovers' vows, not for vain raging against destiny. Mirabel felt its influences, and sighed.

"Go on, dear," urged David. "Even if it hurts, you must not spare either yourself or me."

"It would only be shirking the real issue if I went again over ground we have often covered," she said. David bent his head in silent worship of the valiant spirit that lit her face and restored its weary serenity. "You know how my father and I lived, whether in France or Italy, in London or on Lunga. Each year was very like the other, except, perhaps, that we retired even more from the world as I grew older. I have a kind of conviction that my father feared just the very thing that occurred. I suppose, David, that I am—shall I say it?—fairly good-looking—the sort of girl that men take notice of, and too often express admiration for in a manner that a sensitive woman might resent."

"Yes, we can grant that."

For the life of him, David could not keep some note of anguish from creeping into his voice, but Mirabel, flashing an underlook at him, interpreted the admission in a sense

flattering to herself. It pleased her, and she flushed a little, for never did woman's face more truly mirror the passing thought than hers.

"Men's stupid oglings and mustache-twistings left me quite undisturbed," she said. "The few glimpses I obtained of the world were so fleeting, and I had been taught so thoroughly to find pleasure in books and in our island solitude, that crowded streets and railway stations seemed to me more like menageries than places where human beings like myself foregathered. Oddly enough, my father always contrived that I should be well dressed, so I never felt discouraged or humiliated by comparison with other women. He and I moved apart, like stars, but we so closely resembled the remainder of the galaxy that no one seeing us, say, on the platform at Euston, would ever guess that we led such remote and solitary lives. Don't misunderstand me, David. I was very, very happy. It was the negative happiness of the woodland bird who knows nothing of the morrow, but it was a state of real bliss in its limited way.

"Then came a day in last February, when we were longing for May and the Highlands, and Ealing was very sloppy and miserable, and our garden looked like a sparrow in the rain, as if it had lost all interest in life. I had been to a dressmaker, who was overhauling my wardrobe prior to our annual flight to the north, when I fancied that a man was following me. I could not be quite certain, because it was my habit to walk so fast that, if any enterprising youth tried to attract my attention, he soon abandoned the effort, finding that he ran some risk of appearing ridiculous. At any rate, this man certainly did note our house, but he behaved so unobtrusively otherwise that I should never have given another thought to him if my father had not introduced him to me some five or six days later. His name was James R. Hawley, and he was an American. I recollect my very great surprise at that, since my father always avoided Americans more than people of any other nationality. Naturally, we met a few globe-trotters from across the Atlantic at times, in trains and hotels, and they seemed to be rather cheerful folk, always ready for a chat, and eager to offer and receive little civilities; but dad would have nothing to do with them. He is really most kind-hearted and urbane—I have known him to go miles out of his way to show strangers the short-cut

from Laghet to Eze—but I have often laughed quietly when he has repulsed the good-natured advances of some citizen of the United States, and I saw that 'sour-old-John Bull' expression creeping over the face of the man or woman rebuffed."

Mirabel was talking herself into that partial forgetfulness which is a pitiful sign of stupefying sorrow. Not less than others, she was a creature of habit. Each night for a week, when daylight waned, and some simple meal was cooking itself in the kitchen, she and David had lounged outside the house, he smoking and listening, and she chatting freely—just as now, except that he was not smoking, and that she was telling how the tragedy of her marriage had come about.

But David, though he treasured each word as a man might prize some rare and precious gift of the gods, even though the gift were shackled by the monstrous stipulation that it would be prodigal in its lavishness for the hour but withheld forever from the morrow, awoke with a start to consciousness of a hard fact, tangible and earth-born, thrusting itself stubbornly through a mist of grievous romance.

Mirabel had the faculty of making scenes live in her words. Her light vignettes of Ealing on a wet day, of shallow London cads, of the glimpses she had caught of the world outside Lunga, were charming in their vagueness; now, all at once, she had etched a picture in strong lines and harsh shadows. Why should Locksley, whose studious avoidance of his fellow men imposed an even higher wall of seclusion, a still deeper moat of distrust, where Americans were concerned—why should he admit to his house an American who had obviously discovered his whereabouts by tracking Mirabel?

Was there some clue in that faded signature on the fly-sheet of the Elzevir Vergil? "Alex. J. Forbes, Harvard Univ." David had not forgotten the angular, scholarly script. He was sure he would recognize it, or its like, again, unless many years dimmed the tablets of his brain before comparison became possible.

The odd notion that here was a definite thing where all else was indefinite flitted through his mind as speedily as his eye could have discerned a black fang of rock revealed for an instant by some chance swirl of the current sweeping into the westerly curve of the Corran. Mirabel, accurately responsive to his slightest mood, knew that she had said something that stirred him, that he hung

on her words as if they had a significance she was certain they did not possess.

"I ought to explain, perhaps," she said, "that my father and mother were married in America. Each was of true Highland descent, but they met in Boston. To my regret, dad would never talk of those days. He grieved so terribly over my mother's death that he found refuge—solace, perhaps—only in silence. And then, about that time—soon after her death, I mean—he slipped on the rocks near Garavan, a bit of a village close to the Italian frontier beyond Mentone, and injured his eyes. I told you of the accident."

"Yes, I remember. That would be fourteen years ago, when you were a little girl of eight."

Mirabel sighed. Her luminous eyes dwelt on him for an instant. How he had mentally garnered each trivial scrap of her history! How intimate and precious was his interest in her!

When she spoke again, it was with a tense deliberation, sadly interfered with by tiny runnels of sentiment quickly suppressed—which showed she was flogging herself to the task. The moments were flying, and, when next the sun rose over Lunga, her all too brief love-story would have passed into the limbo of yesterday's seven thousand years.

"From the outset, I disliked Mr. Hawley. He was too gracious, and fawned on me in every sentence. You didn't, David. You thought I was a vixen—ill-mannered, unchristian."

"How old is Hawley?" he broke in, catching at any straw to save both from drowning.

"He says he is thirty-two, but he looks younger. He is very fair, almost a Dane in appearance, and a man of that type maintains a boyish aspect longer than other men. He has white eyes, glassy and impenetrable. Macdonald is only thirty-six, but Mr. Hawley would pass for his son, so far as mere guessing at age goes. And now I can tell you in very few words what has brought about my present predicament. Hawley became a constant visitor. When we came here, he wrote long letters, which Donald brought from the mainland with our stores. At last, to my bewilderment, though I kept silent, my father invited him to the island. And then, one day, he told me that I must marry Mr. Hawley."

"But why? In Heaven's name, why?"

"Heaven had nothing to do with it. If

poor little Lunga figures on the maps in Paradise, it must have been overlooked recently. No, David, I don't quite mean that. It is worse than impious; it is untrue. Some one up there thought of Lunga again ten days ago, but forgot what had happened in the mean time. My father urged that he was growing old, and that I could not remain alone in the world. I replied that I detested Hawley beyond any man I had ever seen. Then—oh, it was hard, but you have a right to know—then, my father, whom I loved, and still love most dearly, became very angry, and demanded my obedience. When I still refused, for the spirit of resistance was hot and sore within me, he broke down and grieved so bitterly that I promised to do anything to comfort him. But—there were conditions. David, I want you to imagine some part of my miserable little tale. I—cannot—tell you—all."

"Hawley, of course, swore to fulfil certain pledges, and broke his vow."

She did not seem to notice how thick his voice had become.

"Yes—and no. I must be just, but a woman knows when a man is honorable—at any rate, when he means to be honorable. Looking back now at the events of those dismal weeks, I cannot understand why my father plotted and planned with Hawley. He must have done so. Hawley went away early in September, and we traveled south on the 2d of October. You will hardly credit it, David, but I was married on the 6th, with only a few hours' notice. No, don't interrupt me now, or I shall never get my story told. Didn't you say something once about a man who could run twenty-five miles, but would topple over if he met the least obstacle in the last mile or two? Well, I have gone far to-day.

"The ceremony took place before a registrar. I was glad of that. There is a lovely and sacred aura about a church that would have been smirched and profaned by such a marriage. For the sake of appearances, Mr. Hawley and I were to go to Paris for the honeymoon. Ugh, how I hate the word! Then we were to live with dad at Ealing, and existence was to go on just as before. I believe I cried, and, at the last moment, when the carriage was at the door to take us to Charing Cross, I snatched up Carlo in my arms, and refused to go without him. Mr. Hawley left me alone while we drove to the station, but his white eyes terrified me when we were alone in our reserved compartment.

I thought of the long journey, and the hotel, with its smooth, complacent Swiss managers and waiters, and I am sure I went a little mad, because I suffered Hawley to put his arm around me and kiss my cheek through my veil, for I wore a veil that day, to stop other women from seeing that I had been crying. All the time I was scheming, thinking; my wits made agonized rushes this way and that, just as the terrified rabbits must have run to and fro when Donald thrust those nasty ferrets into their burrows. I must have acted rather well, though, for Hawley fancied I meant to—to endure him; because once or twice, when I saw a yellow gleam in his eyes, and I turned to look out of the window, lest I should scream and try to tear him with my hands, he laughed at what he called my shyness.

"At Dover, I could bear it no longer. I didn't want to die, David, and if I had gone to Paris, it meant death. Yes, I do mean that! I knew the hotel we were going to, and it has a staircase which looks sheer down from the eighth story to a marble floor. I picked up Carlo in my arms, and told Hawley that he must stay and look after our hand-baggage while I ran ahead and secured sheltered seats on the steamer. He was sure of himself now, so he raised no objection. He little guessed that Dover pier was so familiar to me; it is one of the main streets of my queer world; so, while he was searching the vessel, I was at the Town Station, and seated in a train for London.

"Then, when my mind grew calmer, I was afraid of what I had done. It was useless to go home, for I felt I could not undergo a fresh outburst on my father's part. I had plenty of money. After paying all expenses, I still have fifty pounds in the house and some gold in my purse; so I bought a few things in London, and took the night mail from Euston to Edinburgh."

"The marvel is that you were not followed sooner," said David, ready instantly to rescue her from the embarrassment of a recital from which her sensitive nature had shrunk with loathing.

She uttered a mournful little laugh, for joy and grief are strangely akin.

"Ah, but I displayed a woman's guile," she said. "I knew that Mirabel and Carlo, traveling together in a first-class carriage, would be remembered by every guard and ticket-examiner on duty that night. So I booked Carlo from King's Cross, to be called for at Edinburgh by a Miss Smith, and

Mirabel took a third-class ticket, and made herself useful to a sailor's wife, with two little children, who was going to live in Leith. Carlo and I journeyed separately to Oban, too, and there I took the precaution of sending a small boy for him to the station. At Oban I was lucky. I met one of my lobster-catchers, and he sailed the pair of us in his boat to Treshnish, where I slept one night in Macdonald's cottage. His wife wanted me to remain, but I dared not, as I knew that the equinoctial gales were due, and, once on Lunga, I believed myself safe for a month at least."

David hoped she might continue, and tell him what vague projects she had formed for the morrow. It was futile and cruel to question her.

She sat in silence for a little while, patting the dog, who had jumped contentedly into her lap when he heard her talking in an ordinary tone. When she did speak, she surprised him.

"Will you go with Donald to the mainland, if he starts in the morning?" she asked.

"No," he said.

"Why not? My father will only quarrel with you. He will resent your presence."

"When I leave Lunga I sail away in the Firefly."

"But she is not seaworthy."

"I shall make her sufficiently so, at any rate, to reach Oban with a favorable wind."

"David," she cried, and her eyes sought his with a pathetic tenderness, "for my sake, you will not create strife! I see my duty clearly now. You will not cause me to wish that I had died in Paris after that woful journey from London?"

"God forbid!" he muttered, and not another word could he say.

"Then let us make the most of our last evening together. We must hurry to an Argos that reeks of Donald's stew. Then we shall all sit in the moonlight, and, mad as it sounds, I shall sing you some quaint old ballads, for I feel that I can sing to-night as I have never sung before. Isn't there a verse in the Psalms that says, 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy'? Well, then, I place faith in that promise. Don't ask me to explain, for I cannot. Let me rather discourse of my repertoire. It ranges from a *serena* of Mistral's to a Highland lament. Must I tell you that a Provençal *serena* is not a serenade, but a little poem that breathes of longing for

night and the beloved? Ah, my dear one, does my folly hurt you? Forgive me, David. I have so much to say, and the dawn cometh, but there may be no day-star to rise in our hearts! Let me talk, then, no matter how wildly, for there is some nerve or chord in my brain that threatens to stretch and break if I do not keep it vibrating with sound. And that is why I want to sing. I have read somewhere that Italian criminals, denied the silence of death, go mad when subjected to perpetual silence in life."

She cried again a little, and that brought relief, and she was silent enough as David led her up the steep path from the Corran and guided her over the rough way as she had once guided him.

But now there was no gale to buffet and bellow at them. Lunga, that evening, might well have figured on a map in Paradise, for earth could reveal no more restful spot.

XV

THEIR mournful pilgrimage to Argos was interrupted by the jackdaw, who waylaid them from a gully on Cruachan. He hopped out suddenly, gave them an astute, one-eyed glance, and croaked:

"Hello!"

They disregarded him, or tried to. Even Carlo trotted along with an air of complete detachment.

"O-ho!" said the bird, and he sprang in front with long, rapid leaps, being, so to speak, peckish.

Even a little thing like that served to restore Mirabel's equipoise, for she was sound in body and sane in mind, and had a good deal of that cavalier spirit which helps men—and women, too—to accept bad fortune with a cheery smile rather than revile it.

David knew instantly that his supporting arm was no longer necessary, and withdrew it. She was grateful for his tact, but she only uttered the first banal words that came into her head.

"Don't you find Jack rather uncanny?" she said.

"I have never before met a bird with such a terse vocabulary. When you come to think of it, 'Hello!' and 'O-ho!' sum up life."

"Méry, the French poet, puts the same idea briefly enough. Do you know the lines?—

*"Un jour de fête,
Un jour de deuil—
La vie est faite
En un clin d'oeuil."*

"Certainly, Jack does remind one of a Frenchman," said David.

"You are the poorest sort of actor," she said, with a wan smile.

"Are you capable of judging? I thought you had never seen a play."

"Nor have I, but I have managed to read a few. The stage directions always interested me. 'Slow music,' 'thunder,' and that sort of thing. The best of all is Shakespeare's 'alarums and excursions.' We have not lacked such accessories on Lunga."

She halted for a moment, and looked across the low-lying southern half of the island to the oddly shaped Bach Mor, or Dutchman's Cap. On its easterly side its basalt cliffs and conical hill were black and gray in the shadows, but every outstanding spur and weather-beaten rock on the west was bedizened in crimson and gold by the last rays of the sun.

"Nature's tragedies are quite pitiless," said David, still striving to keep pace with her changing moods. "In teaching us to admire her beauty, she blinds us to her calamities. Every boulder on the foreshore was wrenched from the rock on which we stand, and nature's end for each bird and beast is death by starvation, unless the affair is hastened by murder."

"We all kill to live. The cattle browsing up there in the glen slay herbs and grasses innumerable. Even dry seeds are tenacious of life. I remember my father planting some wheat taken from a mummy's cere-clothes, and quite a crop was raised."

"Have you been in Egypt, then?"

"Yes. We cruised in the Mediterranean one winter, and went up the Nile to Assouan. But I remember little of it. I was only a tiny mite of seven or eight, and dad said afterward that even one's own dahabiyeh was not safe from prying tourists with their cameras."

David growled something under his breath.

"How strange that neither of us should have remembered your promise during all these days!" continued Mirabel, suddenly stricken by his thought—that the pictures he meant to take were still in the embryonic stage of the rolled film.

"There is every indication of a fine day to-morrow," began David.

"We shall have no to-morrow," broke in Mirabel, and then he recalled Locksley's prohibition of photography.

"Don't forget that the tides run nearly an hour later," he said.

They were hurting each other dreadfully, and they knew it, but of such fine sacrifices is love made. By this battledore and shuttlecock of small talk each was making believe that the ravages of the past hour were not; or, if that was asking too much, even from one's beloved, they were pretending that time might heal.

"One last question before we sniff Macdonald's stew," said Mirabel, diving headlong into the previous day's airy manner. "Why are you remaining here?"

"Whether Mr. Locksley likes it or not, I wish to make his acquaintance. I seem fated to thrust myself on members of your family."

"But, David, he will surely resent your presence at Argos."

"I resume my old quarters to-night."

"On the yacht?"

"Yes."

She put a hand to her breast for an instant, and breathed:

"Oh, David, my dear!"

That was all. They were visible from the kitchen window, and Mirabel was learning the sweet uses of convention. Even on solitary Lunga one fisherman was the world.

During dinner, after a watchful glance or two, Macdonald acknowledged himself beaten. The others could tell the exact moment when he vowed in unutterable Gaelic that no man could understand a woman, for Mirabel chatted with her wonted freedom, and told an old story against Donald in a new guise that made David laugh. It seemed that some of the lobster-men were invited to tea one day, and a table was laid in the Dorlin. But the sugar was forgotten, and Donald was deputed to ask Célestine for a supply. She, busy with something else, and thinking there was no hurry, paid no heed, whereupon Donald repeated his demand, and the lively Frenchwoman cried:

"*Tout de suite, M'sieur Mac; tout de suite!*"

"Too sweet, ye daft creetur? Have I no tellt ye it isna sweet at a'?" roared Donald.

"Dash me!" he now cried good-humoredly. "I dinna ken noo whatt there wass tae laugh at. She said it. She said it!"

Even Mirabel herself laughed then, and

the jackdaw helped. Macdonald scratched his head.

"Gosh!" he muttered. "I'll be thinkin' they French wor-rds maun hae anither meanin'!"

"How long?" cried David.

"Two years," said Mirabel.

"Nevertheless, a surgical operation was avoided."

"Please recollect that I, too, am a Highlander."

"Then you shouldn't tell funny tales. Should she, Donald?"

"Man, but it's glad I am tae see Miss Meerabel in the humor," said the fisherman.

He, poor fellow, could no more forget the morrow than a woman could fail to remember the dress she was married in. But Mirabel rallied bravely.

"Can you be the same Donald who once applauded the history of Mme. Roland?" she cried. "'Eh, but she was a grand woman!' you said when you heard that she had never been more witty than on the night before her execution. Even at the foot of the guillotine she jested, and saved an unhappy man the horror of seeing her beautiful head cut off by asking the executioner to take him first."

"Eh, fecks!" grumbled the fisherman, who evidently regarded with suspicion the last request of the irresistible Girondist.

So they were quite a lively party, and Mirabel did sing as they sat outside in the moonlight, for the October night was mild in that humid west, and the sea, which all day had smiled at the sun, now took moon and stars into more discreet embrace.

David surrendered without reserve to the influences of the hour. He could strum the banjo skilfully, and was seldom at a loss to improvise an accompaniment once Mirabel had hummed a tune. When he expressed surprise at the extent of her knowledge of Provençal music, she explained that her father took her on three occasions to the revived *jeux floraux*, or poetic festivals, which have become features of national life in the Basses Alpes and Bouches du Rhône.

At first it struck him as noteworthy that she should have kept this particular talent hidden on other evenings. Then she was eager to hear the popular songs of the day, and oftentimes amused him by the facility with which she could pick up some music-hall air and adapt it to lyrics of her own,

if he could not recall the words. But soon he realized the motive underlying this astonishing change. Jasmin, Mistral, and Aubanel wrote for lovers, and Mirabel had fancied that she scorned love until the awakening came.

To please Donald she interpolated a few Highland ballads, but such plaintive melodies accorded ill with her present exaltation of spirit, and mostly she sang the songs of the troubadours.

Suddenly, in the midst of a *pastorella*, wherein a shepherd told his true love that they would be married when the flocks came down from the hills in autumn, she stopped abruptly.

"Good night, David," she said. "Good night, Donald. You have your old room"; and she was gone.

Donald tapped his pipe on the stone fence, sure sign that he was about to deliver a weighty utterance.

"She's worrit, puir lass, fair worrit tae death, Sir David," he said. "I dinna haud wi' they meeserable French chanties. Ane auld Scottish vaise is worth a barrow-load o' yon trash. Now, if she'd gi'en us 'Lochiel's Lament,' or 'The Lass o' Bal-lachulish'—but, man, there'll be ill-work i' the morn when this Hawley puts his ugly phiz ashore!"

"I had a sort of idea that Hawley was rather good-looking," said Lindsay.

"Aiblins!" growled Macdonald, who was really awaiting instructions as to his own attitude next day.

Armed with instructions from Mirabel, he would have met the boat that brought Locksley and Hawley over from Treshnish, and the latter would certainly have been deported to the mainland forthwith—by force, if necessary.

Though Lindsay was sufficient of a Scot to appreciate the man's stiff-necked loyalty, it occurred to him instantly that, if the girl had chosen to keep silent, he dared not interfere. Nor was he willing even to listen to such gossip as Macdonald might want to retail.

"Well, Donald," he said, "I shall see Hawley for myself in the morning. Now I must be shifting my few traps. I'll soon be out of your way, as I suppose Miss Mirabel intended that you should extinguish the lamps."

"Whaur'll ye be gaein', Sir David?" asked the other in a stage whisper.

"To the cutter."

"Man, there's nae ca' for that. They'll no be here afore seven o'clock."

"I prefer it, thank you!"

XVI

LINDSAY went to his room, and bundled clothes and linen over an arm. Boots and small articles from the dressing-table went into his pockets.

While thus engaged, he came across the ancient ornaments found in the coracle in a pocket of the blue-serge coat which he had not worn since the day of the wreck. The touch of the soft, smooth metal reminded him vividly of the conditions under which they were discovered. After lying for many centuries—perhaps a thousand years or more—embedded in the rough shingle of Lunga, they had only come to light again to bridge an epoch in his own life.

For he could never go back to the blithe irresponsibility of the days which seemed so remote, though not yet a fortnight old. No matter what happened, his existence must now be divided into two sharply defined periods. Before he met Mirabel he cared little whither the winds of chance wafted him. But now—ah, now!—the fragrance of her memory would abide with him till memory itself fled.

All was still in the house. She must have heard him moving about in the room, and he was tempted to give her a farewell hail before passing down the stairs. He resisted the impulse. There was finality in her manner of bidding him "Good night." It was if she had said:

"This is the end, David. Think of me as parting from you with music on my lips. Remember me, but do not grieve!"

So he spoke a few words to Donald, patted the sleepy dog, was scrutinized by the jackdaw, through the barest slit of an eyelid, and went forth into the night.

The front of the house lay full in the glare of the moon, but he did not glance up at Mirabel's window. He paused for a moment to look at the little holes dug in the garden mold by the goats' feet on that day of miracles when first he made the circuit of the island. Not until he saw the animals did he suspect that the island might be inhabited. Goats' feet! How often, since, had he heard the pipes of Pan!

Then he closed the gate, latched it, and swung off along the westerly path.

From the depths of the Harp Rock chasm rose the murmuring boom of the tide. From

a secluded glen on the right came the sweet-scented and heavy breathing of cattle chewing the cud while they rested. At times the silver mirror of the sea was broken by tiny circles, where a fish leaped, and already the earliest migrants of the duck tribe were fighting.

All nature was peaceful, yet amazingly alive. Even a small pebble on the slope of Cruachan obeyed the law, and rolled down a few feet until it lodged against some projecting knob or fell into a crevice. So it would stay there a while—whether an hour or ten thousand years was a matter of complete unimportance to the pebble.

Often had David, in his wanderings, caught nature in this aspect of waiting, apparently conscious of some tremendous purpose, yet blandly indifferent to such trivialities as why or when; but never before had he detected an element of crouching in the semblance of repose. Even the solid rock threatened movement and utter annihilation. As for placid sea and motionless air, what smug liars they were, to be sure!

With something of an effort, David shook off the spell of this brooding solitude. His mind turned to the coming day. By this time he had garnered such a store of information as to Mirabel's past life that he could be certain of its main features. Her father's love of seclusion arose from less worthy motives than the desire of a scholar to avoid the vulgar crowd. Locksley obviously discriminated. His special bugbears were Americans and photographers; it needed no profound analysis to determine that he dreaded some discovery which might be brought about by the agency of an American or a photograph.

Yet he was willing, even eager, that his daughter should marry the first American, or professed American, who had succeeded in passing the closely guarded portals of his home. Why? Did the man share with him some disgraceful secret, and use the knowledge as a means of forcing the marriage?

Suppose that unpleasant explanation proved true, did it not put an impassable precipice at David's feet? He had the scantiest acquaintance with law, and literally none with the statutes affecting matrimony, but he had in full share the Briton's reverence for the marriage tie. Even if it were possible, under the extraordinary conditions, to get Mirabel's union with Hawley annulled, it was not conceivable that he should bring about that development by

proving her father to be a felon, or guilty of whatsoever misdeed it was which made Locksley shun society.

No; that door was locked irrevocably. If the key were to be had for the taking, David would have passed it by.

Locksley had devoted his life to Mirabel's strange upbringing, and Lindsay was the last man in the world to cavil at the result. In a way, too, she was surrounded with a sort of luxury. There was no lack of means—the two lived where they chose, always subject, of course, to Locksley's craze for aloofness; and the girl had been trained to despise those things for which the majority of women sighed, while she found pleasure in pursuits from which the majority of women were hopelessly excluded by intellectual incapacity.

On reaching the Corran, David threw the bundle of garments inside the cabin, filled his pipe, and sat cross-legged on the poop. Sleep he could not—yet. He meant to snatch a few hours' rest before the threatened avalanche fell next morning; but his brain was too agitated to permit of slumber until long after midnight, and it was now about eleven o'clock.

The weather was phenomenally mild. He pulled an oilskin over his shoulders, not because of the slightest sense of chilliness, but to ward off a heavy dew. He was lighting his pipe when an unbidden recollection darted through his mind and caused him to glow with annoyance. What an ass he had been to tell Mirabel that silly story about the newly married couple on the Channel steamer!

"And I fancied that she saw in it some hint of our situation at the moment," he growled. "How little I dreamed of its true application. Poor girl! A week earlier she, another man's bride, had run from that same steamer as if it held the plague. And so it did! I wonder if Hawley got on board and was off to Calais before he could make sure that she was missing? Confound Hawley! Shipwrecks and boiler explosions and railway collisions ought to be reserved for his like."

Another pebble rolled down the cliff and clattered into the commonwealth of the shingle. David felt that he was answered and rebuked. For good or ill, the Mirabels and the Davids and the Hawleys of this world must bow to the supreme intelligence. Joy must be balanced by sorrow; life was a transition, like death; no more, no less.

Still, he mourned, and, being a stout-hearted young man rather than a philosopher, ob-jurgated Hawley again.

He lost count of time, sitting there. Twice he refilled his pipe, and was thinking of turning in when instinct warned him of sounds other than the soft splash of the receding tide. His first thought was that they came from the sea; but the swish of feet through the coarse grass of the neighboring plateau brought his eyes to that quarter.

He did not move a muscle, for absolute stillness becomes second nature to the hunter and the nomad. In a few seconds he became aware that some one was peeping over the edge of the cliff. A bent figure appeared, and gradually straightened. It was Mirabel, bareheaded, but otherwise dressed as when he had last seen her, with the addition of a short cloak thrown loosely over the white blouse worn for dinner.

By this time the moon had crept behind the Castle Rock, so its slanting beams fell directly on the girl's slender figure, and gave her an ethereal look which was almost disquieting. She did not attempt to approach the path any nearer than that portion of the cliff whence she could obtain a distinct view of the yacht. She stood there, motionless as David himself.

Although his heart thrummed with a sudden wild elation, he did not fail to grasp the essential fact that in his present position, with a black oilskin humped anyhow across his back, his outline was merged in the barricade of stones which he had built on the cutter's starboard side. In a word, Mirabel could see but not distinguish him. Doubtless she imagined that he was lying asleep in the cabin, and for that reason had come stealthily, lest he might be aroused; for he had told her of his faculty, acquired on the *veldt*, of waking from sound sleep when there was any unusual movement of man or beast in the vicinity of the camp.

But why had she come? Was she merely restless, and seeking solace in the night air for her disturbed thoughts? Or had she been drawn there by some lodestone of the spirit, believing that David, like herself, was uttering a wordless plaint to the moon and stars? Was she pining for companionship? Was she longing to hear his voice again before the day erected its barrier of triple brass? Did her surcharged heart ache for one last assurance of his undying love? Surely no figment of law, unhallowed by the greater law of a discriminating

Providence should restrain him now from her waiting arms.

Alas, poor David! All the tortures he had endured since Mirabel thrust him forth from Paradise by telling him of her marriage were concentrated now into one divinely bitter drop of gall and wrath. He was glad to remember, afterward, that he did not betray his anguish; yet he took scant credit for a self-control that was merely physical, a trick acquired in savage deserts and tropical forests, where death lurked ever for the unwary. His soul seemed to fuse in a fervor of passion; his eyes, he knew, must have glistened; and his lips, suddenly grown parched, demanded moistening by a tongue apparently swollen and itself dry.

At that supreme moment, when honor and desire raged and grappled in mortal conflict upon the battle-ground of conscience, it was well that Lindsay's life of adventure had trained eye and ear to act independently. While his eyes were devouring Mirabel's figure, poised up there in the moonlight like some embodied dream born of romance and the night, his ears caught again the sound which had attracted his attention before she appeared. Now he knew for certain that he was listening to the *chug-chug* of a small engine.

A glance to the eastward channel showed him the red and green lights of a vessel—a steam launch, in all probability, because the masthead light nearly formed an equilateral triangle with the side-lights. At once he shook himself free from the transport of passion and rebellion which had bewitched him. A vessel of some sort was heading straight for the island, and those on board meant to come close inshore. He was sailor enough to realize that she was feeling her way cautiously, and her engines moved only in obedience to the signals of a watchful pilot.

He sprang upright.

"Mirabel!" he cried, low and eager.

He awaited her reply before he told her of his discovery, because she could not see the steamer from where she stood, and it was possible, too, that the faint blasts of the exhaust were audible only to one who, like himself, happened to be almost at sea-level.

She started, uttered a little wail of dismay, and vanished. With a lover's intuition he knew why she ran. Even while he sped after her across the shingle and up the path, he found a grim humor in the conceit

that Mirabel was flying from him only because she was afraid of herself, whereas his sole motive now was to warn her of pursuers whom she feared most thoroughly, and with cruel cause.

When he reached the crest of the cliff, she was already half-way to the ridge where he had fixed the tripod. He had reason to respect her prowess as a runner, but she was tired after a long day of strain, and he gained on her rapidly. As soon as he came within ear-shot, without incurring any risk—that is, of being overheard on the approaching vessel, for on such a night sounds would travel far—he called to her.

"Mirabel! Mirabel!"

Still she ran, so he pressed on at the utmost speed attainable on this rugged ground. He dreaded lest she should stumble, but he must overtake her at any cost.

"Mirabel!" he panted again. "For Heaven's sake, stop!"

Then she seemed to understand that her endurance was unequal to the strain, for she turned and faced him.

"Oh, David!" she sobbed, with broken utterance and laboring breast, "why have you followed me? If I am weak, my love, you must be strong. Let me return to Argos, David! I ought not to have come!"

She swayed, and looked like to fall, but David took her in his arms. She raised a tear-stained, frightened, yet adoring, face to his, and he kissed her squarely on the lips.

"Sweetheart," he said, "you shall never have cause to fear me. I was sitting on the cutter's deck, and saw your dear little head the instant it rose above the line of the cliff. I watched you—how long, I cannot tell, nor can you, perhaps—but I would not have stirred hand or foot till you went again, had I not heard and seen a vessel coming to Lunga. It is barely half a mile away, just clear of the Red Reef. Come, my dear one, show that you have not lost trust in me! We must watch these people, and learn their business. For the time we must be scouts, not lovers."

He kissed her once more, and she gave him a thrill of exquisite delight by putting her arms around his neck and whispering:

"David, you are my own true love. No matter what befalls in the future, believe that, for I shall hide my love from none, and shall proclaim it with my latest breath!"

So David kissed her a third time, and who shall blame him? Yet, six hours earlier, Mirabel had been broken-hearted

because of the one fixed and irrevocable fact that David never would kiss her!

Could it be possible that some well-disposed seraph had chanced upon Lunga in the celestial atlas, and had suddenly decided to give an eye to its affairs? Evidently, something of the sort had happened, or David would never have dared to kiss Mirabel three times in one minute.

XVII

AFTER that passionate avowal, Mirabel withdrew herself shyly from David's embrace. With a wrench, they both became sane again.

"A steam-launch coming here at this hour!" she said. "Her occupants are taking a dreadful risk. Even Donald himself would think twice before crossing the reefs by night. Are you sure you are not mistaken, David?"

He laughed softly. His misery had given place to a far more dangerous happiness, for those kisses had sealed Mirabel to him eternally, and he would cede her to no man, for in such wise do young men reason when seized by moon-madness.

"I may have blundered, for my mind was not dwelling on steam-launches," he admitted. "If the vessel exists, she is quite near by this time. Will you come with me to the east side, or would you prefer to remain here while I reconnoiter?"

"A hundred yards count for little in a day's march, dear. Follow me up this gully. We shall cross the saddle in a couple of minutes."

"Ware the sky-line, sweetheart! The light is behind us."

There is a kink in the path. By dodging behind the rocks we cannot be seen."

They climbed in silence, and David smiled at the girl's quick perception of the first principles of scoutcraft. The track was new to him, but she moved with the silent confidence of an Indian stalking an unconscious quarry. Once, on the very crest of Cruachan's northerly slope, they crept a few yards, bent almost double. Then they plunged into deep shadow, and at that instant they saw a small steamer lying under the cliff, within a cable's length of the great boulder named Storm of Storms.

A boat was being lowered, and the squeaking of pulleys would drown any slight noise they made in the descent.

"It is mostly grass here," she whispered. "No loose stones. There is little fear of

slipping, if we take care. The pilot must know Lunga well, as the boat will probably make for the Carrick Fadha—the landing-rock near the Dorlin, you remember. Shall we hurry and see them land?”

“First let us make sure of their direction,” said the cautious David.

They waited, but Mirabel's guess was right. Though they heard the splash of the boat striking the water, and the rattle of oars and stamping of feet as men climbed overboard, the steamer lay in such a patch of blackness cast by the great bulk of Cruachan that they could not distinguish figures until the boat drew away from the vessel's hull. It was heading south. There were four men in it—one rowing, one perched in the bows, and two huddled up astern.

“Come, now, and believe,” murmured Mirabel, with just a touch of her wonted sprightliness, leading the way swiftly, and bearing along the side of the hill rather than toward the cliff.

Before they had gone many paces, David read her intent. At a point a little higher than the spot whence he had first discovered the house, there was a transverse rent in the rock. Hidden in this, they could survey the whole of the big natural horseshoe, with the building itself and the garden, as well as the Dorlin and the landing-place.

Mirabel whispered instructions, or David would certainly have stumbled more than once in negotiating the pitch-dark depths of the cleft. Arrived at its lip, from which the semicircular cavity fell steeply, David felt about for a smooth ledge.

“Be careful! What are you doing?” she breathed.

“This!” He drew her gently nearer until she was seated on his knees. “Though you won't admit it, you are dead beat, sweetheart. Now you can sit comfortably, and, if there is need to talk, your voice will not have far to carry.”

She said nothing, but he heard a little sigh of content, and her arm stole around his neck. This love-making was rather wild and reprehensible, but David could no more bring himself to regard Mirabel as another man's wife than Pygmalion could look on Galatea as a marble statue. Be that as it may, their billing and cooing was destined to end almost as suddenly as it began.

The boat appeared from behind a broken wall of cliff, and was deftly turned on its keel by the oarsman in order to back up

alongside the causeway. One of the men seated aft stood up and leaped ashore. He slipped on a colony of mussels and fell heavily. The two watchers, threescore yards inland and fully a hundred feet higher, distinctly heard the thump of his body on the rock.

The man in the forward part of the boat sprang to help the fallen one, but he picked himself up and said angrily:

“I was sure it was a fool's trick to land here, Locksley! How the deuce can you, with your bad eyesight, hope to climb the cliff?”

“Your superior eyes did not avail to keep you upright on a flat stone,” said another voice. “I don't purpose climbing any cliff. If you bear a little to the right, you will find a strip of beach leading to the Dorlin.”

“I had no idea we would be so late in arriving. I wish now we had waited till the morning!”

There was no answer, but the second speaker rose, steadying himself by grasping the rower's shoulder.

“Oh, yes, I admit you urged delay,” went on the injured one. “But the skipper of that rotten little tub has been going dead slow for nearly an hour. Anyhow, I'll have the satisfaction of telling that skunk, Macdonald, what I think of him. Come along. Give me your hand!”

“No,” said the other. “Unless I have your absolute pledge to leave such discussion as is necessary to me, I go straight back to the launch. I am still master here, Mr. Hawley.”

“Who's disputing it? Not I. Guess you'd feel a bit sore yourself after a welt like that. Come right along! Now, Graham, take Mr. Locksley's left hand. Easy does it! Be careful how you walk on those infernal shells.”

His companion turned to the boatman.

“You need not wait, Graham,” he said. “The Hawk will drop down a little on the tide, and one of us will hail you in half an hour with orders.”

David, sitting up there in the darkness, holding Mirabel in warm embrace, was glad that he had heard the voices of the two men without seeing their features. If asked to explain the feeling, he might have failed; but the fact remained that he preferred to estimate them in that way at the outset.

The older man spoke with the quiet, cultured accents which fall from the lips of a scholar and a gentleman. His manner was

restrained and dignified, and it might be assumed that he had agreed to this midnight visit only after protest and argument.

Hawley, even when allowance was made for irritation and no slight bruises—for his feet had gone clean from under him, and his left shoulder and hip would be black and blue for a week—might be summed up instantly as of a lower order than Locksley. His voice was harsh and strident, but singularly forcible and far-reaching. It reminded David of the vibrant, strenuous, and wholly unmusical speech he had heard in a Broadway bar into which he had gone one day to see the proprietor, a famous expugilist. There, of course, he had listened to New York's choicest slang, which offers almost insuperable difficulties to the unaccustomed ear. Hawley's words, on the other hand, were rather more than intelligible—they literally compelled attention—but they had the same coarse timbre, the same innate brutality, as the utterances of the prizefighter's adherents.

That such a suitor for Mirabel's hand should win the favor of the elderly scientist who delighted in hearing his daughter read Vergil was now a thing more than ever monstrous and stupefying. Given a fair field, Hawley might conceivably have won the girl's love and commanded her father's respect by sheer force of character. In that event, he would surely have been called on to surmount steeper rocks than guarded Lunga; yet David knew that the man had literally overborne all obstacles from the outset.

It is strange how the mind wanders, even in the gravest of crises. At that moment, despite the strain of overhearing the talk on the rock, David thought of the jackdaw, and recalled the wealth of scorn and loathing which that remarkable bird threw into its rendering of Hawley's name. He shook with silent laughter, which Mirabel, whose thoughts were anything but mirthful, interpreted according to her mood.

"I suppose you are thinking of what Donald would say if he heard himself called a skunk," she whispered. "But, David dear, what is to be done? They will arrive at the house in a few minutes, and Donald does not know where I am. I—I could meet them in the morning, David, but not to-night. Oh, my dear, I cannot face them to-night!"

"There is Macdonald's boat. Shall I row you to the mainland?"

"Of what avail is that? It means further pursuit, even scandal, and the wretched gibes of strangers. No, I must dree my weird on Lunga—but to-morrow, not now! If I faced them now, I should scream and say things I might regret forever."

Lindsay pressed her closely, as if to reassure her.

"What is your plan, dear? Have you one? Dare I say that I have a right to know?"

"David, I have been searching my very soul all day, and I realize that I can never be that man's wife in other but name. If my father is in his power, I must be told the why and the wherefore. I am not a mere chattel to be bought and sold, even at the whim of one whom I love. If a sacrifice is demanded of me, surely I am worthy of a confidence that my father may share with a man like Hawley! That is all, David—not much light, no clear guidance. The path is dark and dim, but the call of duty is clear. If my father's needs warrant the sacrifice, I will endure Hawley to save him, and then, when my sky closes irrevocably, and my ears throb with the sound of deep waters, I shall not hesitate to end my agony in the only possible way."

David placed a finger on her lips.

"You must neither say nor even think such foolish things, dear," he murmured. "I agree that it is best to tackle an intolerable situation here rather than postpone it uselessly. Now I, too, have been agitating my brains, and I want you to take my advice. No matter when you come face to face with your father, you must urge your just claims. It is hard for me to discuss this matter, so you must bear with me, dear, if I speak plainly. You have already obeyed your father's wishes, and a marriage has taken place which may, or may not, be binding in law. But, as I understand it, there were stipulations, and you ran away on your wedding-day because you feared that those stipulations would not be observed. Insist, then, on remaining with Mr. Locksley. Avoid a definite quarrel, but stick to your guns on that point. Meanwhile, I shall have made the acquaintance of both your father and Hawley, and, unless I am grievously in error, I shall be able to deal with the latter in such shape that you will be legally freed from him in a few months."

"Ah, what can you do?"

"It seems to me that money might accomplish much."

"I fear not. I do not know, but I suspect, that my father tried to arrange matters in that fashion when he discovered how bitterly opposed I was to the notion of marriage. And we have plenty of money. Dad once explained to me that, as his heiress, I shall inherit eight hundred pounds a year."

David smiled in the darkness. To Mirabel such an income represented an extravagant fortune.

"Still, I have hopes—"

Then his own well-trained hearing, no less than a warning pressure of Mirabel's hand on his shoulder, put an end to their talk for the time.

XVIII

THE low-lying south part of the island was now only a darker blur on the deep blue plain of the sea. The moon was sinking rapidly, and such light as still streamed over the horizon was shut off by Cruachan and and towering crags on the west. But there was not a breath of wind, and the distant murmur of the tide served rather to enhance than disturb the stillness of nature.

While Locksley and his companion were yet hidden in the trench of the Dorlin, their footsteps could be heard distinctly; then they appeared, spectral shapes in the gloom, hurrying across the few feet of level ground in front of the house.

But there were other alert ears on Lunga that night. No sooner had the two men emerged from the Dorlin than Carlo began to bark loudly.

The sound drew an excited shout from Hawley.

"She's here!" he cried, with an oath that might be pardoned as the expression of a doubt finally set at rest. "That's the dog. He could not get here without her."

"Yes," said the other in a voice that was either curiously unemotional or thoroughly under restraint. "Nothing would persuade her to abandon the dog."

Hawley did not seem to find the remark comforting.

"Anyhow, you'll be able now to convince yourself that I was not romancing," he said roughly. "She vanished from Dover as completely as if she had fallen down a pit-shaft. I believe you half suspected me of making up the tale to annoy you."

"That was hardly necessary. I was annoyed already."

"Hello, Carlo! Good dog! Don't you know me?"

But Carlo either did not know Hawley, or, knowing him, harbored a thoroughgoing dislike for him, and kept up a din that threatened developments if the man entered the house in the dark.

"Sorry, Locksley, I ought to have waited to help you," he said, though with ill-concealed impatience, when the older man felt his way through the gate. "Perhaps you had better come and speak to this brute. He is vicious with fright, and may attack me."

Locksley came nearer, and the instant his halting pace became audible Carlo's challenge changed to a whine of recognition. Other sounds, not so distinct, came from within the house, but a shrill and piercing whistle identified them with the jackdaw.

Then the listeners on Cruachan heard the click of the sneck, followed by a violent shaking of the outer door.

"A strange thing!" said Locksley. "I have never before known a key to be turned in Argos."

"Knock, man, knock! Mirabel must have been aroused by the uproar of the dog, to say nothing of that imp of a bird."

"I didn't lock the door," breathed Mirabel in David's ear.

"Macdonald learned a bit while with Lovat's Scouts," chortled David.

"But—I don't understand."

"He heard you go out, and was awaiting your return. The moment he became aware of the presence of others on the island he bolted the door, thinking to gain time and gather his wits—possibly hoping to warn you by reason of the racket. I rather fancy you will find that Mac is very sound asleep."

David had read the situation accurately. A good deal of banging on the door and more noise by dog and jackdaw were needed before an upper window was raised and a slow voice inquired:

"Wha's there?"

"You know quite well 'wha's' here!" cried the irate Hawley. "Who the deuce do you expect would be here but those whom you humbugged—"

The speaker stopped suddenly. It was probable that he had recalled his undertaking to Locksley, who now said quietly:

"Is Miss Mirabel here, Donald?"

"Aye, she'll be here," came the answering growl.

"Very well, then. Tell her that I have arrived. Then come down and light a lamp, and let us in."

There was a long wait.

"Surely Mirabel herself is stirring by this time," said Hawley, breaking a silence which was evidently proving irksome.

"Possibly she is in no real hurry to meet you."

"Say, Locksley, I've stood a heap more than most men would put up with—"

"Ah, be quiet! You try my patience too severely."

Hawley evidently fumed. He walked to and fro on the rough stones of the pathway, and Carlo signalized the fact by a fresh outburst.

Macdonald appeared again at the bedroom window.

"I'm thinkin' Miss Meerabel will hae gone out," he said.

"Gone out!" echoed two voices, and Locksley went on, in a sterner tone than he had used hitherto:

"Cease this fooling, Donald. What do you mean?"

"She's no i' the hoose."

"When did you last see her?"

"I canna tell rightly."

"Come down-stairs and open the door," said Locksley, and Donald could but obey.

Now, David, in his campaign against the Boers, had picked up a few dodges in the art of disconcerting an opponent. Chief among these, though applied by many a strategist before De Wet or Delarey attained fame, was that of cutting off a detachment from its supports when the said detachment firmly believed that no possible enemy was within the sphere of operations.

"Do you know this vessel, the Hawk?" he whispered.

"No. A tug was chartered years ago to bring the materials for the house from Oban, but her name was the Earl of Montrose," said Mirabel.

"The men will all be strangers to you, too?"

"I suppose so. That man, Graham, is."

"You don't want to be rushed off to the mainland and London to-morrow, sweetheart?"

"David, how can you ask?"

"Come with me to the edge of the cliff. Macdonald will surely badger the inquirers for another five minutes."

"What do you mean to do?"

"Send that launch back to the place she came from."

"But how?"

"No time for explanations. Hurry,

there's a dear! Please pilot me again. I must avoid a tumble now more than at any other time in my life."

After a brief scramble, they reached the summit of the small promontory overlooking the Carrick Fadha. The steamer was anchored not fifty yards away, easing the strain on her cable in a bad holding-ground by an occasional turn of the propeller.

"Ship ahoy!" shouted David, making a megaphone of his hands.

"Ahoy there!" came the answering hail.

"Is that the Hawk?"

"Aye."

"You are to put Mr. Locksley's and Mr. Hawley's baggage ashore in the Dorlin, and then return to Mull. The gentlemen will send orders by Macdonald of Calgary when they want you. Where will Macdonald find you?"

"At Tobermorey. The baggage, did ye say? Will ye be meanin' the bit portmantes?"

"Yes, of course."

"An' what'll be yer name, mister?"

"David Lindsay."

"Not Sir David Lindsay, of the Firefly cutter?" and the unseen speaker's voice clearly expressed his amazement.

"Yes."

"Gosh, but that's gr-reat, Sir David! Yer man jumped until the forefoot of the trawler that struck yer boat, an' reported you and his mate deid."

"Poor Farrow was killed, but I am all right. Get some one to telegraph the news to the Royal Yacht Club, Cowes. That is all. Macdonald will bring orders."

"One wor-r-d, Sir David. Is the young leddy a' recht?"

"Absolutely. She is here at this moment."

"Good-by, Hawk!" cried Mirabel, entering into the spirit of the thing.

"Good-by, miss. Better not bide ower lang on Lunga. We're like tae hae anither bit blaw anny day."

Anxious moments passed while the newcomers' belongings were tumbled into the boat. To make sure there was no hitch, David ran down to the Dorlin—indeed, he nearly fell into it—and received two leather portmanteaus. He gave the sailor who came ashore a sovereign "to pay for the telegram," and, by the time he had rejoined Mirabel on the cliff, the Hawk was taking a wide détour to avoid the Red Reef.

(To be continued)

THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND*

BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

AUTHOR OF "BEVERLY OF GRAUSTARK," "TRUXTON KING," ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

CHALLIS WRANDALL, a member of one of the leading families of New York, is found murdered in a suburban road-house. His companion, a woman, presumably the murderer, has disappeared. The dead man is identified by his wife, who comes from New York by a late train. Although it is a stormy winter night, Mrs. Wrاندall refuses to stay at the scene of the tragedy. As the last train has gone, she starts back toward the city alone, in a motor-car which her husband left at the inn.

On the way, she encounters a young woman, lost and wandering on the lonely, snow-covered road, whom she recognizes as answering to the description of her husband's companion. Taken into Mrs. Wrاندall's car, the stranger admits her identity, confesses her crime, and asks to be taken back to the inn, that she may give herself up to the law. Moved by emotions she herself scarcely understands, Sara Wrاندall refuses this request. Instead, she takes the fugitive to the city, shelters her in her own apartment, and keeps her as a companion. The girl gives her name as Hetty Castleton, daughter of a British army officer. She had come to America expecting to find a position as governess, but had been disappointed, and Challis Wrاندall, who had met her on the steamer, had pretended to be anxious to help her. Of the tragedy that ensued, however, Mrs. Wrاندall will not let her speak.

Hetty's connection with the death of Sara's husband remains unknown, except to herself and Mrs. Wrاندall. She meets Challis's parents. Mr. and Mrs. Redmond Wrاندall, his brother Leslie, and his sister Vivian, but none of them suspects her. After the funeral, Sara takes her abroad, and soon the whole mysterious affair drops out of the public memory.

About a year later, Sara and Miss Castleton return from Europe, and go to Southlook, Mrs. Wrاندall's country house overlooking Long Island Sound, not far from New York. Here they are visited by Leslie Wrاندall and his friend, Brandon Booth, an artist, both of whom are very much impressed with Hetty's beauty. Booth takes a near-by cottage, and it is arranged that he shall paint a portrait of Miss Castleton. In answer to a casual question, she tells him that she has never posed before; but he is struck by the extraordinary likeness between her and a model used by an English painter of whose work he has seen engravings. She gives a possible explanation of this by saying that there is a London actress, Hetty Glynn, who closely resembles her.

Leslie Wrاندall's admiration for Hetty culminates in a proposal of marriage, which she rejects—of course without telling him why the idea horrifies her. A few days later the quietude of life at Southlook is broken by another unexpected incident. Sara learns from her lawyer that one Smith, a detective, claims to have found evidence that she herself was the murderer of her husband. Hetty, Brandon Booth, and old Mr. Redmond Wrاندall are present when this astonishing news is discussed.

XXVIII (continued)

BOOOTH was leaning forward, breathless with interest.

"May I inquire, Mr. Carroll, how the clever Mr. Smith accounts for the secrecy observed by Mr. Wrاندall and his companion if, as he proclaims, you were the woman? Is it probable that husband and wife would have been so mysterious?"

Mr. Carroll answered.

"He is rather ingenious as to that, Mr. Booth. You must understand that he does not specifically charge my cli— Mrs. Wrاندall with the murder of her husband. He merely arranges his theories so that they may be applied to her with a reasonable degree of assurance. He only goes thus far in his deductions—if, as he has gleaned, Challis Wrاندall was engaged in an illicit—er—we'll say distraction—with some one unknown to his wife, what could be more

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spectacular than her discovery of the fact, and the subsequently inspired decision to lay a trap for him? Of course, it is perfect nonsense, but it is the way he goes about it. It has been established beyond a doubt that Wrandall met the woman at a station four miles down the line from Burton's Inn. She came out on one of the local trains, got off at this station, as prearranged, and found him waiting for her. Two men, you will recall, testified to that effect at the inquest, sixteen months ago. She was heavily veiled. She got into the motor and drove off with him. This was at half past eight o'clock in the evening. Smith makes this astounding guess—the woman, instead of being the person expected, was in reality his wife, who had by some means intercepted a letter. Our speculative friend Smith is not prepared to suggest an arrest on such flimsy claims, but he believes it to be worth Mrs. Wrandall's while to have the case permanently closed, rather than allow these nasty conclusions to get abroad. They would spread like wild-fire. Do you see what I mean?"

"It is abominable!" cried Hetty, standing before them with flashing eyes. "I know she did not—"

"Hetty, my dear!" cried Sara sharply.

The girl looked at her for a moment in a frenzied way, and then turned aside, biting her lips to keep back the actual confession that had rushed up to them.

"It is blackmail!" repeated Mr. Wrandall miserably.

"In the most diabolical form," augmented Carroll. "The worst of it is, Wrandall, we can't stop his tongue unless we fairly choke him with greenbacks. All he has to do is to give the confounded yellow newspapers an inkling of his suspicions, and the job is done. It seems to be pretty well understood that the crime was not committed by a person in the ordinary walks of life, but by one who is secure in the protection of mighty influences. There are those who believe that your son's companion was one of the well-known and prominent young matrons in the city, many of whom were interested in him at one time or another. Smith suggests—mind you, he merely suggests—that the person who was to have met Challis in the country that night was so highly connected that she does not dare reveal herself, although absolutely innocent of the crime. Or, on the other hand, he says, it is possible that she may consider herself

extremely lucky in failing to keep her appointment, and thereby alluring him to take up with another, after she had written the letter breaking off the engagement—said letter not having reached him because it had fallen into the hands of his wife. Do you see? It is ingenious, isn't it?"

"What is to be done?" groaned Mr. Wrandall, in a state of collapse. He was sitting limply back in the chair, crumpled to the chin.

"The sanest thing, I'd suggest," said Booth sarcastically, "is the capture of the actual perpetrator of the deed."

"But, confound them," growled Carroll, "they say they can't!"

"I shall withdraw my offer of a reward," proclaimed the unhappy father, struggling to his feet. "I never dreamed it could come to such a pass as this. You *do* believe me, don't you, Sara, my child—my daughter? God hear me, I never—"

"Oh," said she cuttingly, "you, at least, are innocent, Mr. Wrandall!"

He looked at her rather sharply.

"The confounded fellow is coming to see me to-morrow," he went on, after a moment of indecision. "I shall be obliged to telephone to the city for my attorney to come out, also. I don't believe in taking chances with these scoundrels. They—"

"May I inquire, sir, why you entrusted the matter to a third-rate detective agency, when there are such reputable concerns as the—" began Mr. Carroll biting.

Mr. Wrandall held up his hand deprecatingly.

"We had an idea that an unheard-of agency might accomplish more than one of the famous organizations."

"Well, you see what has come of it!" growled the other.

"I was opposed to the reward, sir," declared Mr. Wrandall, with some heat. "Not that I was content to give up the search, but because I felt sure that the guilty person would eventually reveal herself. They always do, sir. It is the fundamental principle of criminology. Soon or late they falter. My son Leslie is of a like opinion. He has declared all along that the mystery will be cleared up, if we are quiescent. A guilty conscience takes its own way to relieve itself. If you keep prodding it with sharp sticks, you encourage fear and stealth and all that sort of thing, without really getting anywhere in the end. Give a murderer a free rope, and he'll hang himself—"

that's my belief. Threaten him with that self-same rope, and he'll pay more attention to dread than to conscience, and your ends are defeated."

Sara was inwardly nervous. She stole a glance at the white, emotionless face of the girl across the table. What she saw there filled her with apprehension.

"Can you be sure, Mr. Wrاندall," she began earnestly, "that justice isn't the antidote for the poisonous thing we call a conscience? Suppose this woman to have been fully justified in doing what she did, does it follow that conscience can force her to admit, even to herself, that she is morally guilty of a crime against man? I doubt it, sir."

She was prepared for a subtle change in Hetty's countenance, and was not surprised to see the light of hope steal back into her eyes.

"Fully justified?" murmured the old gentleman painfully.

"Perhaps we had better not go into that question too intimately," suggested Mr. Carroll.

"My son Leslie has peculiar views along the very line—" began Mr. Wrاندall, in great distress of mind; but he fell into a reflective mood, and did not finish the sentence.

"I shall see this man Smith," announced Sara calmly.

Her father-in-law stood over her, his face working.

"My dear," he said, "I promise you this absurd business shall go no farther. Don't let it trouble you in the least. I will attend to Smith. If there is no other way to check his vile insinuations, I will pay his price. You are not to be submitted to these dreadful—"

She interrupted him.

"You will do nothing of the kind, Mr. Wrاندall," she said evenly. "Do you want to convince him that I *am* guilty?"

"Good Heavens, no!"

"Then why pay him the reward you have offered for the person who is guilty?"

"It is an entirely different propo—"

"It amounts to the same thing, sir. He tells you that he has discovered the woman you want, and you fulfil your part of the bargain by paying him for his services. That closes the transaction, so far as he is concerned. He goes his way, fully convinced that he has put his hands on the criminal, and then proceeds to wash them

in private instead of in public. No. Let me see this man. I insist!"

"He will be at my place to-morrow at eleven," said Wrاندall resignedly. "I wish Leslie were here. He is so level-headed!"

Sara laid her hand on his arm. He looked up and found her regarding him rather fixedly.

"It would be just as well to keep this from Mrs. Wrاندall and Vivian," she said meaningly.

"You are right, Sara. It would distress them beyond words."

She smiled faintly.

"May I inquire whether Mr. Smith is to report to you or to Mrs. Wrاندall?"

He flushed.

"My wife—er—made the arrangements with him, Sara," he said, but added quickly: "With my sanction, of course. He reports to me. As a matter of fact, now that I think of it, he advised me to say nothing to my wife until he had talked with me."

"Inasmuch as he has already talked it over with me, through counsel, I don't see any reason why we should betray his gentle confidence, do you?"

"I—I suppose not," said her father-in-law uncomfortably.

"Then bring him here at eleven, Mr. Wrاندall," said Sara serenely. "He has already paved the way. I imagine he expects to find me at home. Put the things here, Watson."

Watson had appeared with the tray. It being a very hot day, he did not bring tea.

XXIX

SMITH arrived at eleven o'clock. Mr. Wrاندall met him at the station and escorted him in a roundabout way to Southlook, carefully avoiding both the main village thoroughfare and High Street, where the fashionable colony was entrenched.

Mr. Smith, being an experienced detective, was not surprised to find—after the introduction—that Mr. Wrاندall's attorney had been a fellow passenger from town. If he was impressed, he did not once betray the fact during the four-mile spin to Sara's. On the contrary, he seemed to be entirely absorbed in the scenery.

Mr. Wrاندall had said, without shaking hands:

"We will repair at once to Mrs. Challis Wrاندall's house, Mr. Smith. She is expecting you. I have informed her of your mission."

"I think we'd better discuss the matter between ourselves, Mr. Wrاندall, before putting it up to—"

"There is nothing in connection with this unhappy affair, sir, that cannot be discussed first-hand with her," said his employer stiffly.

"Just as you like, sir," said Smith indifferently. "I have talked it over with Mr. Carroll. He understands."

"I am quite sure he does, Mr. Smith," said the other with emphasis.

Mr. Smith successfully hid a smile. He took his seat beside the chauffeur.

"I am surprised," he observed to the driver, as a "feeler," "that you haven't changed bodies."

"Mr. Wrاندall ordered the limousine, sir," said the chauffeur.

"Oh, I see! Keeps it on hand for rainy days, I suppose?"

"It's Mrs. Wrاندall's idea," explained the man. "Women are fussy about their hair. We always have a limousine handy."

"It is a handy thing to have about," said Mr. Smith dryly, as he looked out of the corner of his eye and remarked the two men behind him. They were in very close conversation.

"The boss usually takes the other car," the chauffeur went on. "He likes the wind in his face, he says. I don't know why he ordered the limousine to-day."

"Probably there's something in the wind to-day that he doesn't like," remarked Smith.

After this he devoted himself assiduously to the road ahead, not being a practised motorist. As they were ascending the steps in Sara's exotic garden, however, he ventured a somewhat sinister remark.

"These steps are not good for a man with a weak heart, Mr. Wrاندall. I hope yours is sound?"

"Quite, Mr. Smith. Have no fear," said Mr. Wrاندall, with an acute sense of divination. "You will also find it to be in the right place."

"Umph!" said Mr. Smith.

Sara did not keep them waiting long in the morning room. She came in soon after they were announced, followed by Mr. Carroll, who had spent the night at Southlook. Hetty Castleton was not in evidence.

She motioned them to seats, after Mr. Wrاندall had ceremoniously introduced his lawyer, and as unceremoniously neglected to do as much for Smith.

"This is Mr. Smith, I presume," said she, with a slight uplifting of her eyebrows, as she took a chair facing the detective.

"Yes, my dear," said her father-in-law; "Joseph Smith."

"Benjamin, if you please," corrected Mr. Smith.

"I regret to state that my memory for names does not go back to the Old Testament," said Wrاندall, with a frosty smile.

"There are no Smiths in the Old Testament," said the detective grimly.

"I understand, Mr. Smith, that you are prepared to charge me with the murder of my husband."

Sara said it very quietly, very levelly. Smith was a bit staggered.

"Well, I—er—hardly that, Mrs. Wrاندall," he said, disconcerted.

"Will you be good enough to come to the point at once?"

"My report in this matter, madam, is to be made to Mr. Wrاندall here, as I understand it," said the detective, his jaw stiffening. "We don't as a rule report our findings to—well, to the person we suspect. It isn't what you'd call regular. Mr. Wrاندall has employed me to make the investigation. He can hardly expect me to reveal my findings to you."

"My dear Sara—" began Mr. Wrاندall.

"As this is a rather intimate conference, Mr. Smith," interrupted Sara, with a gracious smile for her father-in-law, "I fancy we have nothing to gain, one way or another, by recriminations. You have already consulted Mr. Carroll, and I have talked it over with Mr. Wrاندall. That was to have been expected, I believe. As I understand the situation, you are somewhat curious to know just how much it is worth to me to have the matter dropped."

Smith eyed her steadily.

"That is the case, precisely," he said briefly.

"Then you are not really interested in having the guilty person brought to justice?"

"I am not an officer of the law, madam. I am a private individual, working for private ends. It is for Mr. Wrاندall to say whether my discoveries shall be related in court. I respectfully submit that I am acting within my rights. My deductions have been formed. That is as far as I can go without his authority. He has offered a reward, and he has gone further than that by engaging us to devote our time, brains, and

energies to the case. I am in this position at present—our firm cannot accept the reward he has offered without deliberately declaring to the world that we can put our hand on the slayer of his son. As I cannot produce the actual proof that we have found that person, I am in honor compelled to submit our findings, so far as they have gone, and then either to withdraw from the matter or carry it on to the end, as he may elect. Our time is worth something, madam. We have made a careful and exhaustive investigation. We have come to the point where we can go no further without more or less publicly associating you with our theories. I spoke to Mr. Carroll yesterday, it is true, and I am here to-day to lay my facts before Mr. Wrandall—and his attorney, I see. Mr. Carroll chose to call me a blackmailer. He may be correct in his legal way of looking at it; but he is wrong in assuming that my motives are criminal. I submit that they are fair, open, and above-board."

There was a moment's silence following Smith's astonishingly succinct summing up of his position. The three men had not taken their eyes from his shrewd, frank face during that clever speech. They had nothing to say. It had been agreed among them that Sara was to do the talking; they were to do the watching.

"You put the case very fairly, Mr. Smith," said she seriously. "I think your position is clear enough, assuming, of course, that you have any real evidence to support your theories, whatever they may be. I am perfectly free to say that you interest me."

"Interest you?" he said, in some exasperation. He had expected her to fly into a passion. "Don't you take me seriously, madam?"

"As far as you have gone, yes."

Mr. Wrandall could hold in no longer. He was most uncomfortable.

"See here, Smith, out with it! Let us have your story. My daughter-in-law is not in the least alarmed. You've been on the wrong track, of course; but that isn't the point. What we want now is to find out just where we stand."

"You put it in a rather compromising way, Mr. Wrandall. The pronoun 'we' is somewhat general, if you will permit me to say so. Do you expect me to discuss my findings in the presence of Mrs. Wrandall and her counsel?"

"Certainly, sir; certainly. You need

have no hesitancy on that score. I dare say you came here knowing that what you were to say would go no further than these four walls."

"Would you say that, sir, if I were to submit proof that would make it look so black for Mrs. Wrandall that you couldn't very well doubt her complicity in the crime, even though you saw fit to let it go no further than these four walls?"

Mr. Wrandall hesitated. A heavy frown appeared between his eyes; his fingers worked nervously on the arm of the chair.

"I may say to you, Mr. Smith, that if you produce conclusive proof, I shall do my duty as a law-respecting citizen. I would not hesitate on that score."

Sara looked at him through half-closed lids. His jaws were firmly set.

Smith seemed to be reflecting. He did not speak for a long interval.

"In the first place, it struck me as odd that the man's wife did not take more interest in the search that was made immediately after the kill—after the tragedy. Not only that, but it is of record that she deliberately informed the police that she didn't care whether they caught the guilty party or not. Isn't that true?"

It was Sara who answered.

"Quite true, Mr. Smith. And if it will interest you in the least, I repeat that I don't care even now."

"You were asked if you would offer a reward in addition to the small one announced by the authorities. Why didn't you offer a reward?"

"Because I did not care to make it an object for well-meaning detectives to pry into the affairs of indiscreet members of society," she said.

"I see," said he reflectively. "May I be so bold as to ask why you don't want to have the guilty party punished?"

Sara looked at Mr. Wrandall before offering a reply to this direct question.

"I can't answer that question without wounding Mr. Wrandall."

"We understand each other, Sara," said the old man painfully. "I think you had better answer his question."

"Because my husband courted the fate that befell him, Mr. Smith. That is my reply. While I do not know what actually transpired at the inn, I am reasonably certain that my husband's life was taken by some one who had suffered at his hands. I can say no more."

"The eye-for-an-eye principle, eh?" There was deep sarcasm in the way Smith said it. As she did not respond to the challenge, he abruptly changed tactics. "Where were you on the night of the murder, Mrs. Wrاندall?"

She smiled.

"I thought you knew, Mr. Smith."

"I have reason to believe that you were at Burton's Inn," he said bluntly.

"But you wouldn't be at all sure about it if I said I wasn't there, would you, Mr. Smith?"

"I don't quite get you, Mrs. Wrاندall."

"I mean to say, if I made it worth your while to change your opinion," she said flatly.

He cleared his throat.

"You couldn't change my opinion, so there's an end to that. You could stop me right where I am, if that's what you mean. I'm perfectly frank about it, gentlemen. You needn't look as if you'd like to kill me. I'm not anxious to go on with the investigation. I don't know enough up to date to be sure of a conviction, but I guess I could get the proof if it is to be found. This is a family affair, I take it. Mr. Wrاندall here doesn't want to—"

Mr. Wrاندall struck the arm of his chair a violent blow with his clenched fist.

"You have no authority, sir, to make such a statement!" he exclaimed. "I want it distinctly understood that I would give half that I possess to have the slayer of my son brought to justice."

"But you don't want this thing to go any further, so far as Mrs. Challis Wrاندall is concerned," said Smith coolly.

"Of course not, you miserable scoundrel!" cried the other in a rage. "She is no more guilty than I am."

"Don't call names, Mr. Wrاندall," said Smith, a steely glitter in his eyes. "I am prepared to lay before you certain facts that I have unraveled, but I am not willing to give them to Mrs. Wrاندall."

"My daughter-in-law spent the night at her own apartment, waiting for my son," said Wrاندall, regaining control of himself. "That is positively known to me, sir—positively!"

"How can you be sure of that, Mr. Wrاندall?" asked Smith sharply.

The gaunt old face, suddenly very much older than it had been before, took on a stern, defiant expression.

"I spoke with her over the telephone at

half past nine o'clock that night," said he steadily.

Smith was not the only one to be surprised by this startling declaration. Sara Wrاندall's eyes widened ever so slightly, and one might have detected a sharp catch in her breath.

"She called you up?" asked Smith, after a moment to collect his wits.

Mr. Wrاندall was not to be trapped. He had made up his mind to lie for Sara in this hour of need, and he had considered his methods well.

"No. I called up the apartment."

"How did you know she was at her apartment?"

"I did not know it. I called up to speak with my son. She answered the call, Mr. Smith."

He arose from the chair. Smith also came slowly to his feet, the look of astonishment still on his face.

"And now, sir," went on the old man, leveling a bony finger at him, "I think we can dispense with your services. I will give you credit for one thing—you are plain-spoken and aboveboard. You want money, and you don't beat about the bush. If you will instruct your office to send me a bill for your services, I will pay it. I engaged you, and I am ready to pay for my stupidity. My car will take you back to the station."

Smith picked up his hat and fumbled with it for a moment, plainly dismayed.

"If I have been on a wrong lead, Mr. Wrاندall, I am willing to drop it and start all over again. I suppose your reward still stands. I am sure we can—"

"It does not stand, sir. I shall withdraw it this very day. If I had thought it would lead us to this pass, it would never have been offered. Now, go, sir!"

Smith held his ground doggedly.

"There are a few points I'd like to—"

"No!"

"For the sake of justice and—"

Sara interrupted the man. She had crossed to Mr. Wrاندall's side, a queer light in her eyes. Her hand fell upon his trembling old arm, and he felt a thrill pass from her warm, strong fingers into the very core of his body.

"Mr. Smith, will you give me an off-hand estimate of what your services amount to in dollars and cents up to date?"

"You don't owe me anything, Mrs. Wrاندall," said Smith, flushing a dull red.

"You came here to give me a chance, Mr. Smith, feeling that I was actually implicated. You had a price fixed in your mind. You still have your doubts, in spite of what Mr. Wrandall says. It occurred to you that it would be worth a good deal to me if the investigations went no further. You realized that you could not have brought this crime home to me, because you could not have found real, satisfying evidence; but you could have gone to the newspapers with your suspicions, and you could have made one-half the world believe that an innocent person was guilty of a foul crime. The world loves its sensations. It would have gloated over the little you could have given it, and it would have condemned me unheard. I owe you something for sparing me a fate so wretched as that. Your price—what is it?"

"Sara!" cried Mr. Wrandall, aghast.

"My dear Mrs. Wrandall," cried Carroll, blinking his eyes, "you are not thinking of—"

"I am thinking of paying Mr. Smith his price," said Sara calmly.

"Why, confound it all," roared Carroll, "you actually countenance his ridiculous assertions—"

"No, I do nothing of the sort, Mr. Carroll, and Mr. Smith knows it quite as well as you do. He still has it in his power to set the tongues to wagging. We can't get around that, gentlemen. I want to pay him to drop the case entirely. The reward has been withdrawn. Will it satisfy your cupidity, Mr. Smith, if I agree to pay to you a like amount?"

"Good Lord!" gasped Smith, staggered.

"I really cannot permit—" began Mr. Wrandall.

She looked him squarely in the eye, and the words died on his lips.

"I prefer to have it my way," she said.

"I will not accept favors from Mr. Smith—or any other man." Wrandall alone caught the significance of the last four words. She would not accept the favor of a lie from him; and yet she would not humiliate him by contradicting him in the presence of others. "Mr. Carroll will attend to this matter for me, Mr. Smith, if you will call at his office at your convenience. I shall make but a single stipulation in addition to the one involved—you are to drop the case altogether. Mr. Wrandall has already dismissed you. You are under no further obligations to him or his family. I re-

spectfully submit to all of you, gentlemen, that, when the investigations go so far astray as they have gone in this instance, it isn't safe to let them continue, with the possible chance of injuring other innocent persons, toward whom, in some justice, attention might be drawn. The young woman now in the far West is a sickening example. I refer to the Ashtley girl. If, by any chance, the right person should be taken, I will do my part, Mr. Wrandall, with the same purpose, if not the same spirit, that actuates you; but I am opposed to baring skeletons in order to gratify the morbid curiosity of a public that despises all of us because, unhappily, we are what we are. I trust I make myself plain to you. I loved my husband. I have no desire to know the names of women who were his—we will say, who were in love with him."

Mr. Wrandall bowed his head and said not a word. His attorney, who had been a silent listener from the beginning, spoke for the first time.

"If Mr. Smith will call at my office tomorrow, I will attend to the closing of this matter to his entire satisfaction. Mr. Wrandall has already authorized me to settle in full for his time and—patience."

"I don't like to take money in this way—"

"We won't discuss ethics, Mr. Smith."

"Just as you like, then. I'm only too happy to be off the job. Good morning, madam! Good morning, gentlemen!"

He stalked from the room. Watson was waiting in the hall.

"This way," the butler said, indicating the big front door.

Smith grinned sheepishly.

"Gad, they don't even think I can find a front door," he said.

Redmond Wrandall turned to the two men after he heard the door of his automobile slam in the porte cochère.

"Gentlemen, I believe it is unnecessary to tell you that I did not speak over the telephone with my daughter-in-law on that wretched night," he said slowly.

They nodded their heads.

"I am not a good liar. Do you think the fellow believed me?"

"No," said Sara instantly. "He is accustomed to better lying than you can supply. But it doesn't in the least matter. He knows that you spoke the truth when you said I was in my apartment, even though you are not sure of it yourself, Mr. Wran-

dall. I will not presume to thank you for what you did, but I shall never forget it, sir."

He regarded her rather austere for a moment.

"I am glad you do not thank me, Sara," he said. "You are not to feel that you are under the slightest obligation to me."

"I regret that you felt it necessary to perjure yourself," she said, and then broke into a soft little laugh as she laid her hand on his arm once more. "Come, let us now have a semipublic view of Hetty's portrait."

He looked up alertly at the mention of the girl's name.

"By the way, where is Miss Castleton?" he asked, drawing a long breath as if the air had suddenly become wholesome.

"She is back yonder in the living-room, having her last sitting to Brandon Booth—just a few finishing touches, that's all. I hear them laughing. The day's work is done."

She led the way down the long hall, followed by the old gentlemen, who came three abreast, hoary retainers at the heels of youth.

XXX

LATER ON, Sara, in sober reflection, indorsed what had appeared at the time to be a whimsical, quixotic proceeding on her part. She brought herself completely to the point where she could view her action with complacency.

At first, there was an irritating, nagging fear that Mr. Wrاندall had been genuinely soul-sacrificing in his effort to defend her; that his decisive falsehood was a sincere declaration of loyalty to her, and not the transparent outburst of one actuated by a sort of fanatical selfishness, in that he dreaded the further dragging in the dust of the name of Wrاندall. She knew that her father-in-law had no doubt in his mind that she could successfully combat any charge Smith might bring against her; that her innocence would prevail even in the opinion of the scheming detective. But behind all this was the Wrاندall conclusion that a skin was to be saved, and that skin the one which covered the Wrاندall pride.

His lie was not glorifying. She even consented that it might be the first deliberate falsehood this honorable, discriminating gentleman had told in all his life. At the moment, he may have been actuated by a motive that deceived him, but even unknown

to him the Wrاندall self-interest was at work. He was not lying for her, but for the Wrاندalls! And she would have to remain his debtor all her life because of that amiable falsehood!

Her abrupt change of front, her suddenly formed resolve to pay the man his price, was the result of a natural opposition to the elder Wrاندall. She acted hastily, even ruthlessly, in direct contradiction to her original intentions, but she now felt that she had acted wisely. There could be no doubt in the mind of the keen-witted Smith that Mr. Wrاندall had lied; his lips were sealed therefore, not by the declaration, but by her own surprising offer to remunerate.

When she told Hetty what she had done, the girl, who had been tortured by doubts and misgivings, threw herself into Sara's arms and sobbed out her gratitude.

"I could die for you, Sara! I could die a thousand deaths!" she cried.

"Oh, I dare say Smith is quite delighted," said Mrs. Wrاندall carelessly. "He had come up against a brick wall, don't you see? He could go no further. There was but one thing for him to do, and he did it. He had no case, but he felt that he ought to be paid, just the same. Mr. Wrاندall would never have paid him—he was sure of that. His game failed. He thinks better of me now than he ever did before, and I have made a friend of him, strange as it may appear."

"Oh, I hope so."

Sara stroked her cheek gently.

"Don't be afraid, Hetty. We are quite safe."

Hetty secretly gloated over that little pronoun "we." It spelled security.

"And wasn't it splendid of Mr. Wrاندall to say what he did?" she mused, lying back among the cushions with a sigh of relaxation.

Sara did not reply at once. She smiled rather oddly.

"It was," she said. "I am sure Leslie will go into raptures over his father's decline and fall."

"Must he be told?" asked Hetty, in some dismay.

"Certainly. Every son should know his own father," Sara explained, with a quiet laugh.

The next day but one was overcast. On cloudy, bleak days Hetty Castleton always felt depressed. Shadowless days, when the sun was obscured, filled her with a curious

sense of apprehension, as if when the sun came out again he would not find the world as he had left it.

She did not mope; it was not in her nature. She was more than ever mentally alert on such days, for the very reason that the world seemed to have lapsed into a state of indifference, with the sun nowhere to be seen. There was a queer sensation of dread in knowing that that great ball of fire was somewhere in the vault above her, and yet unlocated in the sinister pall that spread over the skies. Her fancy pictured him sailing in the west when he should be in the east, dodging back and forth in impish abandon behind the screen, and she wondered if he would be where he belonged when the clouds lifted.

Leslie was to return from the wilds on the following day. Early in the morning Booth had telephoned to inquire if she would go for a walk with him before luncheon. The portrait was finished, but he could not afford to miss the morning hour with her. He said as much to her in pressing his invitation.

"To-morrow Leslie will be here, and I sha'n't see as much of you as I'd like," he explained rather wistfully. "Three is a crowd, you know. I've got so used to having you all to myself, it's hard to break off suddenly."

"I will be ready at eleven," she said.

She was surprised to find that her voice rang with new life, new interest. The grayness seemed to lift from the view that stretched beyond the window.

A little before eleven she set out briskly to intercept Brandon at the gates. Unknown to her, Mrs. Wrاندall sat in her window, and viewed Hetty's departure with gloomy eyes. The world was gray for Sara, too.

They came upon each other unexpectedly at a sharp turn in the avenue. Hetty colored with a sudden rush of confusion, and had all she could do to meet Booth's eager, happy eyes as he stood over her and proclaimed his pleasure in jerky, awkward sentences. Then they walked on together, a strange shyness attending them. She experienced the faintness of breath that comes when the heart is filled with pleasant alarms.

As for Booth, his blood sang. He thrilled with the joy of being near her, of the feel of her all about him, of the delicious feminine appeal that made her so wonderful to him. He wanted to crush her in his arms,

to keep her there forever, to exert all his brute physical strength so that she might never again be herself, but a part of him.

They uttered commonplaces. The spell was on them. It would lift, but for the moment they were powerless to struggle against it. At length he saw the color fade from her cheeks; her eyes were able to meet his without the look in them that all men love. Then he seemed to get his feet on the ground again, and a strange, ineffably sweet sense of calm took possession of him.

"I must paint you all over again," he said, suddenly breaking in on one of her remarks. "Just as you are to-day—an outdoor girl, a glorious outdoor girl in—"

"In muddy boots," she laughed, drawing her skirt away to reveal a shapely foot in an American walking-shoe.

"How much better-looking our American shoes are than the kind they wear in London!" Booth remarked.

"Sara insists on American shoes, so long as I am with her. I don't think our boots are so villainous, though—do you?"

"Just the same, I'm going to paint you again, boots and all. You—"

"Oh, how tired you will become of me!"

"Try me!"

"Besides, you are to do Sara. She has consented to sit to you. She will be wonderful, Mr. Booth—oh, how wonderful!"

There was no mistaking the sincerity of this rapt opinion.

"Stunning," was his brief comment. "By the way, I've hesitated about asking how she and Mr. Wrاندall came out with the detective chap."

Her face clouded.

"It was so perfectly ridiculous, Mr. Booth. The man is satisfied that he was wrong. The matter is ended."

"Pure blackmail, I'd call it. I hope it isn't ended so far as she is concerned. I'd have him in jail so quick that his—"

"She's tender-hearted and sensitive. No real harm has been done. She refuses to prosecute him."

"You can't mean it!"

"If you knew her as I do, you would understand."

"But her lawyer, what had he to say about it? And Mr. Wrاندall? I should have thought they—"

"I believe they quite approve of what she has done. Nothing will come of it."

"I have a feeling that they will never know who killed Challis Wrاندall," he

said. "It is a mystery that can't be solved by deduction or theory, and there is nothing else for them to work on, as I understand the case. The earth seems to have been generous enough to swallow her completely. She's safe, unless she chooses to confess, and that isn't likely. To be perfectly frank with you, Miss Castleton, I rather hope they never get her. He was something of a beast, you know."

She was looking straight ahead.

"You used the word generous, Mr. Booth. Do you mean that she deserves pity?"

"Without knowing all the circumstances, I should say yes. I've had a feeling that she was more sinned against than sinning."

"Would you believe that she acted in self-defense?"

"It is quite possible."

"Then will you explain why she does not give herself up to the authorities and assert her innocence? There is no proof to the contrary."

She spoke hurriedly, with an eagerness which he mistook for doubt.

"For one reason, she may be a good woman who was indiscreet. She may have some one else to think of besides herself. A second reason—she may lack moral courage."

"Moral courage?"

"It is one thing to claim self-defense and another thing to get people to believe in it. I suppose you know what Leslie thinks about it?"

"He has not discussed it with me."

"He believes his brother deserved what he got."

"Oh!"

"For that reason he has not taken an active part in hounding her down."

She was silent for a long time—so long, indeed, that he turned to look at her.

"A thoroughly decent, fair-minded chap is Leslie Wrandall," he pronounced, for want of something better to say. "Still, I'm bound to say, I'm sorry he is coming home to-morrow."

The red crept into her cheeks again.

"I thought you were such pals," she said nervously.

"I expect to be his best man if he ever marries," said he, whacking a stone at the roadside with his walking-stick. Then he looked up at her furtively and added, with a quizzical smile: "Unless something happens."

"What could happen?"

"He *might* marry the girl I'm in love with, and, in that case, I'd have to be excused."

"Where shall we walk this morning?" she asked abruptly.

Brandon had drawn closer to her in the roadway.

"Is it too far to the old stone mill? That's where I first saw you, if you remember," he suggested.

"Yes, let us go there," she said, but her heart sank.

She knew what was coming. Perhaps it was best to have it over with; to put it away with the things that were always to be her lost treasures. It would mean the end of their companionship, the end of a love-dream. She would have to lie to him, to tell him that she did not love him.

One would go many a fruitless day in quest of a more attractive pair than Brandon Booth and Hetty Castleton as they strode swiftly down the shady road. They lagged not, for they were strong and healthy, and walking was a joy to them, not an exercise. She kept pace beside him, with her free step; half a head shorter than he, she did not demand it of him that he should moderate his stride to suit hers.

He was tall and long-limbed, but not camel-like in his manner of walking, as so many tall men are apt to be. His eyes were bright with the excitement that predicted a no uncertain encounter, although he had no definite purpose in mind. There was something singularly wistful, unfathomable, in her velvety blue eyes that gave him hope, he knew not why.

Coming to the jog in the broad macadam, they were striking off into the narrow road that led to the quaint old mill, long since abandoned, in the forest glade beyond, when their attention was drawn to a motor-car, which was slowing down for the turn into Sara's domain. A cloud of dust swam in the air far behind the machine.

A bareheaded man, on the seat beside the driver, waved his hand to them, and two women in the tonneau bowed gravely. Both Hetty and Booth flushed uncomfortably, and hesitated in their progress up the forest road.

The man was Leslie Wrandall. His mother and sister were in the back seat of the touring-car.

"Why—why, it was Leslie!" cried Booth, looking over his shoulder at the rapidly receding car. "Shall we turn back, Miss Castleton?"

"No!" she cried instantly, with something like impatience in her voice. "And spoil our walk?" she added in the next breath, adding a nervous little laugh.

"It seems rather—" he began dubiously.

"Oh, let us have our day!" she cried sharply, and led the way into the by-road.

XXXI

THEY came, in the course of a quarter of an hour, to the bridge over the mill-race. Beyond, in the mossy shades, stood the dilapidated structure known as Rangely's Mill, a landmark with a history that included incidents of the Revolutionary War, when eager patriots held secret meetings inside its walls and plotted under the very noses of Tory adherents to the crown.

Pausing for a few minutes on the bridge, Brandon and Hetty leaned on the rail and looked down into the clear, mirror-like water. Their own eyes looked up at them; they smiled into their own faces. Suddenly he looked up from the water and fixed his eyes on her face. He had seen her clear blue eyes fill with tears as he gazed into them from the rail above.

"Oh, my dear!" he cried. "What is it?"

She put her handkerchief to her eyes as she quickly turned away. In another instant she was smiling up at him—a soft, pleading little smile that went straight to his heart.

"Shall we start back?" she asked, a quaver in her voice.

"No!" he exclaimed. "I've got to go on with it now, Hetty. I didn't intend to, but—come, let us go up and sit on that familiar old log in the shade of the mill. You must, dear!"

She suffered him to lead her up the steep bank beyond, and through the rocks and rotten timbers to the great beam that protruded from the shattered foundations of the mill. The rickety old wheel, weather-beaten and sad, rose above them, threatening to topple over if they so much as touched its flimsy supports.

He did not release her hand after drawing her up beside him.

"You must know that I love you," he said simply.

She made no response. Her hand lay limp in his. She was staring straight before her.

"You *do* know it, don't you?" he went on.

"I—God knows I don't want you to love

me. I never meant that you should," she was saying, as if to herself.

"I suppose it's hopeless," he said dumbly, as her voice trailed off in a whisper.

"Yes, it is utterly hopeless," she said, and she was white to the lips.

"I—I sha'n't say anything more," said he. "Of course, I understand how it is. There's some one else. Only I want you to know that I love you with all my soul, Hetty. I—I don't see how I'm going to get on without you. But I—I won't distress you, dear!"

"There isn't any one else, Brandon," she said in a very low voice. Her fingers tightened on his in a sort of desperation. "I know what you are thinking. It isn't Leslie. It never can be Leslie."

"Then—then—" he stammered, the blood surging back into his heart, "there may be a chance—"

"No, no!" she cried, almost vehemently. "I can't let you go on hoping. It is wrong—so terribly wrong! You must forget me. You must—"

He seized her other hand and held them both firmly, masterfully.

"See here, my—look at me, dearest! What is wrong? Tell me! You are unhappy. Don't be afraid to tell me. You—you *do* love me?"

She drew a long breath through her half-closed lips. Her eyes darkened with pain.

"No, I don't love you. Oh, I am so sorry to have given you—"

He was almost radiant.

"Tell me the truth," he cried triumphantly. "Don't hold anything back, darling! If there is anything troubling you, let me shoulder it. I can—I will do anything in the world for you. Listen—I know there's a mystery somewhere. I have felt it about you always. I have seen it in your eyes, I have always sensed it stealing over me when I'm with you—this strange, bewildering atmosphere of—"

"Hush! You must not say anything more," she cried out. "I cannot love you. There is nothing more to be said!"

"But I know it now. You *do* love me! I could shout it to—" The miserable, whipped expression in her eyes checked this outburst. He was struck by it, even dismayed. "My dearest one, my love," he said with infinite tenderness, "what is it? Tell me!"

He drew her to him. His arm went about her shoulders. The final thrill of ecstasy

bounded through his veins. The feel of her! The wonderful, subtle, feminine feel of her! His brain reeled in a new and vast whirl of intoxication.

She sat there very still and unresisting, her hand to her lips, uttering no word, scarcely breathing. He waited. He gave her time.

After a little while her fingers strayed to the crown of her limp, rakish panama. They found the single hatpin, and drew it out. He smiled as he pushed the hat away and then pressed her dark little head against his breast. Her blue eyes were swimming.

"Just this once, just this once!" she murmured, with a sob in her voice.

Her hand stole upward and caressed his brown cheek and throat. Tears of joy started in his eyes—tears of exquisite delight.

"Hetty, Hetty, I can't do without you!" he whispered, shaken by his passion. "Nothing can come between us. I must have you always like this!"

The minutes passed, and neither spoke. His rapt gaze hung upon the glossy crown that pressed against him so gently. He could not see her eyes, but somehow he felt that they were tightly shut, as if in pain.

"I love you, Hetty. Nothing can matter," he whispered at last. "Tell me what it is!"

She lifted her head and gently withdrew herself from his embrace. He did not oppose her, noting the serious, almost somber look in her eyes as she turned to regard him steadfastly, with an unwavering integrity of purpose in their depths.

She had made up her mind to tell him a part of the truth.

"Brandon, I am Hetty Glynn."

He started, not so much in surprise as at the abruptness with which she made the announcement.

"I have been sure of it, dear, from the beginning," he said quietly.

Then her tongue was loosed. The words rushed to her lips.

"I was Hawkright's model for six months. I posed for all those studies, and for the big canvas in the Academy. It was either that or starvation. Oh, you will hate me—you must hate me!"

He laid his hand on her hair, a calm smile on his lips.

"I can't love and hate at the same time," he said. "There was nothing wrong in what you did for Hawkright. I am a

painter, you know. I understand. Does—does Mrs. Wrandall know all this?"

"Yes—everything. She knows and understands. She is an angel, Brandon—an angel from heaven! But," Hetty burst forth, "I am not altogether a sham. I *am* the daughter of Colonel Castleton, and I *am* the cousin of all the Murgatroyds—the poor relation. It isn't as if I were the scum of the earth, is it? I *am* a Castleton. My father comes of a noble family. And, Brandon, the only thing I've ever done in my life that I am really ashamed of is the deception I practised on you when you brought that magazine to me and faced me with it. I did not lie to you. I simply let you believe I was not the—the person you thought I was. But I deceived you—"

"No, you did not deceive me," he said gently. "I read the truth in your dear eyes."

"There are other things, too. I shall not speak of them, except to repeat that I have not done anything else in all my life that I should be ashamed of."

Her eyes were burning with earnestness. He could not but understand what she meant. Again he stroked her hair.

"I am sure of that," he said.

"My mother was Kitty Glynn, the actress. My father, a younger son, fell in love with her. They were married against the wishes of his father, who cut him off. He was in the service, and he was brave enough to stick. They went to one of the South African garrisons, and I was born there; then to India, and then back to London, where an aunt had died, leaving my father quite a comfortable fortune. But his old friends would have nothing to do with him. He had—well, he had made life a hell for my mother in those frontier posts. He deserted us in the end, after he had squandered the fortune. My mother made no effort to compel him to provide for her or for me. She was proud. She was hurt. To-day he is in India, still in the service, a martinet with a record for bravery on the field of battle that cannot be taken from him, no matter what else may befall. I hear from him once or twice a year. That is all I can tell you about him. My mother died three years ago, after two years of invalidism. During those years I tried to repay her for the sacrifice she had made in giving me the education, the—" She choked for a second, and then went bravely on. "Her old manager made a place for me in

one of his companies. I took my mother's name, Hetty Glynn, and—well, for a season and a half I was in the chorus. I could not stay there. *I could not*," she repeated with a shudder. "I gave it up after my mother's death. I was fairly well equipped for work as a children's governess, so I engaged myself to—"

She stopped in dismay, for he was laughing.

"And now do you know what I think of you, Miss Hetty Glynn?" he cried, seizing her hands and regarding her with a serious, steadfast gleam in his eyes. "You are the pluckiest, sandiest girl I've ever known! You are the kind that heroines are made of. There is nothing in what you've told me that could in the least alter my regard for you, except to increase the love I thought could not be stronger. Will you marry me, Hetty?"

She jerked her hands away, and held them clenched against her breast.

"No! I cannot. It is impossible, Brandon. If I loved you less than I do, I might say yes; but—no, it is impossible."

His eyes narrowed. A gray shadow crept over his face.

"There can be only one obstacle so serious as all that," he said slowly. "You—you are already married."

"No!" she cried, lifting her pathetic eyes to his. "It isn't that. Oh, please be good to me! Don't ask me to say anything more. Don't make it too hard for me, Brandon. I love you—I love you. To be your wife would be the most glorious—no, no! I must not even think of it. I must put it out of my mind. There is a barrier, dearest. We cannot surmount it. Don't ask me to tell you what it is, for I cannot. I—I am so happy in knowing that you love me, and that you still love me after I have told you how mean and shameless I was in deceiving—"

He drew her close and kissed her full on the trembling lips. She gasped and closed her eyes, lying like one in a swoon. Soft, moaning sounds came from her lips. He could not help feeling a vast pity for her, she was so gentle, so miserably hurt by something which he could not understand, but which he knew to be tremendous in its power to oppress.

"Listen, dearest," he said, after a long silence. "I understand this much, at least—you can't talk about it now. Whatever it is, it hurts, and God knows I don't want

to make it worse for you in this hour when I am so selfishly happy. Time will show us the way. It can't be insurmountable. Love always triumphs. I only ask you to repeat those three little words, and I will be content. Say them!"

"I love you," she murmured.

"There! You are mine! Three little words bind you to me forever. I will wait until the barrier is down. Then I will take you!"

"The barrier grows stronger every day," she said, staring out beyond the tree-tops at the scudding clouds. "It never can be removed."

"Some day you will tell me—everything?"

She hesitated long.

"Yes, before God, Brandon, I will tell you. Not now, but—some day. Then you will see why—why I cannot—" She could not complete the sentence.

"I don't believe there is anything you can tell me that will alter my feelings toward you," he said firmly. "The barrier may be insurmountable, but my love is everlasting."

"I can only thank you, dear, and—love you with all my wretched heart!"

"You are not pledged to some one else?"

"No."

"That's all I want to know," he said with a deep breath. "I thought it might be—Leslie."

"No, no!" she cried out, and he caught a note of horror in her voice.

"Does—does he know this—this thing you can't tell me?" he demanded, a harsh note of jealousy in his voice.

She looked up at him, a little hurt by his tone.

"Sara knows," she said. "There is no one else. But you are not to question her. I demand it of you!"

"I will wait for you to tell me," he said gently.

XXXII

SARA had kept the three Wrandalls over for luncheon.

"My dear," said Mrs. Redmond Wrandall, as she stood before Hetty's portrait at the end of the long living-room, "I must say that Brandon has succeeded in catching that lovely little something that makes her so—what shall I say?—so mysterious? Is that what I want? The word is as elusive as the expression."

"Subtle is the word you want, mother," said Vivian, standing beside Leslie, tall, slender, and aristocratic, her hands behind her back, her manner one of absolute indifference. Vivian was more than handsome; she was striking.

"There isn't anything subtle about Hetty," said Sara, with a laugh. "She's quite ingenuous."

Leslie was pulling at his mustache, and frowning slightly. The sunburn on his nose and forehead had begun to peel off in chappily little flakes.

"Ripping likeness, though," was his comment.

"Oh, perfect," said his mother. "Really wonderful. It will make Brandon famous."

"She's so healthy-looking," said Vivian.

"English," remarked Leslie, as if that covered everything.

"Nonsense!" cried the elder Mrs. Wrاندall, lifting her lorgnette again. "Pure, honest, unmixed blood, that's what it is. There is birth in that girl's face."

"You're always talking about birth, mother," said her son sourly, as he turned away.

"It's a good thing to have," said his mother with conviction.

"It's an easy thing to get in America," said he, pulling out his cigarette-case. "Have a cigarette, mother? Sara?"

"I'll take one, Les," said Vivian.

She selected one, and passed the case on to her mother. Sara shook her head.

"No, thanks," she said.

Mrs. Redmond Wrاندall laid her cigarette down without attempting to light it, a sudden frostiness in her manner. Vivian and Leslie blew long plumes of smoke from the innermost recesses of their lungs.

"Nerves?" asked Vivian mildly.

"I don't like Leslie's brand," explained Sara.

"They're excellent, I think," said Mrs. Wrاندall, and thereupon accepted a light from Leslie.

"Well, let's be off," said he somewhat irritably. "Tell Miss Castleton we're sorry to have missed her."

It was then that Sara prevailed upon them to stop for luncheon.

"She always takes these long walks in the morning, and she will be disappointed if she finds you haven't waited—"

"Oh, as for that—" began Leslie, and stopped; but he could not have been more lucid if he had uttered the sentence in full.

"Why didn't you pick her up and bring her home with you?" asked Sara, as they moved off in the direction of the porch.

"She seemed to be taking Brandy out for his morning exercise," said he surlily. "Far be it from me to—umph!"

Sara repressed a start of surprise. She had supposed that Hetty was alone.

"She will bring him in for luncheon, I suppose," she said carelessly, although there was a slight contraction of the eyelids. "He is a privileged character."

It was long past the luncheon hour when Hetty came in, flushed and warm. She was alone, and it was evident that she had been walking rapidly.

"Oh, I am so sorry to be late," she apologized, darting a look of anxiety at Sara. "We grew careless with time. Am I shockingly late?"

She was shaking hands with Mrs. Redmond Wrاندall as she spoke. Leslie and Vivian stood by, rigidly awaiting their turn. Neither appeared to be especially cordial.

"What is the passing of an hour, my dear," said the old lady, "to one who is young and can spare it?"

"I did not expect you—I mean to say, nothing was said about luncheon, was there, Sara?" She was in a pretty state of confusion.

"No," said Leslie, breaking in; "we butted in, that's all. How are you?" He clasped her hand and bent over it. She was regarding him with slightly dilated eyes. He misinterpreted the steady scrutiny. "Oh, it will all peel off in a day or two," he explained, going a shade redder.

"When did you return?" she asked. "I thought to-morrow was—"

"Leslie never has any to-morrows, Miss Castleton," explained Vivian. "He always does to-morrow's work to-day. That's why he never has any troubles ahead of him."

"What rot!" exclaimed Leslie.

"Where is Mr. Booth?" inquired Sara.

"Wouldn't he come in, Hetty?"

"I—I didn't think to ask him to stop for luncheon," she replied, and then hurried off to her room to make herself presentable.

"Don't be long," called out Sara.

"We are starving," added Vivian.

"Vivian!" exclaimed her mother in a shocked voice.

"Well, I am," declared her daughter promptly.

"You know you never eat anything in the middle of the day," said her mother, frown-

ing. As Sara was paying no attention to their remarks, Mrs. Wrاندall was obliged to deliver the supplemental explanation to Leslie, who hadn't the remotest interest in the matter. "She's so silly about getting fat!"

Hetty was in a state of nervous excitement during the luncheon. The encounter with Booth had not resulted at all as she had fancied it would. She had betrayed herself in a most disconcerting manner, and now was more deeply involved than ever before. She had been determined at the outset, she had failed, and now he had a claim—an incontestible claim against her. She found it difficult to meet Sara's steady, questioning gaze. She wanted to be alone.

"I suppose you have heard nothing recent from poor Lord Murgatroyd?" Mrs. Wrاندall was saying to her in a most sympathetic tone.

Hetty scarcely grasped the importance of the remark. She looked rather blankly at their guest. Sara stepped into the breach.

"What do the morning despatches say, Mrs. Wrاندall?"

"He is sinking rapidly, I fear. Of course, his extreme age is against him. How old is he, Miss Castleton?"

"I—I haven't the remotest idea, Mrs. Wrاندall," said the girl. "He is very, very old."

"Ninety-two, the *Sun* says," supplied Vivian.

There was an unaccountable silence.

"I suppose there is—ah—really no hope?" said Mrs. Redmond Wrاندall at last.

"I fear not," said Hetty composedly. "Except for the heirs-at-law."

Mrs. Wrاندall sat up a little straighter in her chair.

"Dear me!" she said.

"They've been waiting for a good many years," commented Hetty, without emotion. "Of course, Mrs. Wrاندall, you understand that I am not one of those who will profit by his death. The estate is entailed. I am quite outside the walls."

"I did not know the—ah—"

"My father may come in for a small interest. He is in England at present, on furlough; but there are a great many near relatives to be fed before the bowl of plenty gets to him."

"Dear, dear!" murmured Mrs. Wrاندall, quite appalled by her way of putting it. Leslie looked at her and coughed.

"What a delicious dressing you have for these alligator pears, Sara," she went on, veering quickly. "You must tell me how it is made."

After luncheon Leslie drew Sara aside.

"I must say she doesn't seem especially overjoyed to see me," he growled. "She's as cool as ice."

"What do you expect, Leslie?" she demanded with some asperity.

"I can't stand this much longer, Sara," he said. "Don't you see how things are going? She's losing her heart to Booth."

"I don't see how we can prevent it."

"Well, I'll have another try at it—to-night. I say, has she said—anything?"

"She pities you," said Sara, a malicious joy in her soul. "That's akin to something else, you know."

"Confound it all, I don't want to be pitied!"

"Then I'd advise you to defer your try at it."

"I'm mad about her, Sara! I can't sleep, I can't think, I can't—yes, I *can* eat, but it doesn't taste right to me. I've just got to have it settled. Why, people are beginning to notice the change in me. They say all sorts of things—about my liver, and all that sort of thing. I'm going to settle it to-night. It's been nearly three weeks now. She's surely had time to think it over—how much better everything will be for her, and all that. She's no fool, Sara. And do you know what Vivian's doing this very instant over there in the corner? She's inviting her to spend a fortnight over at our place. If she comes—well, that means the engagement will be announced at once."

Sara did not marvel at his assurance in the face of what had gone before. She knew him too well. In spite of the original rebuff, he was thoroughly satisfied in his own mind that Hetty Castleton would not be such a fool as to refuse him the second time.

"It is barely possible, Leslie," she said, "that she may consider Brandon Booth quite as good a catch as you, and infinitely better-looking at the present moment."

"It's this beastly sunburn!" he lamented, rubbing his nose gently, thinking first of his person. An instant later he was thinking of the other half of the declaration. "That's just what I've been afraid of," he said. "I told you what would happen if that portrait nonsense went on forever. It's your fault, Sara!"

"But I have reason to believe that she will not accept Brandon, if it should go so far as that. You are quite safe in that direction, Leslie."

"I'd hate to risk it," he muttered. "I have a feeling she's in love with him."

Vivian approached.

"Sara, you must let me have Miss Castleton for the first two weeks in July," she said serenely.

"I can't do it, Vivian," said the other promptly. "I can't bear the thought of being alone in this big old barn of a place. Nice of you to want her, but—"

"Oh, don't be selfish, Sara!" cried Vivian.

"You don't know how much I depend on her," said Sara.

"I'd ask you over, too, dear, if there weren't so many others coming. I don't know where we're going to put them. You understand, don't you?"

"Perfectly," said her sister-in-law, smiling.

"But I've been counting on—Hetty."

"I say, Sara," broke in Leslie, "you could go up to Bar Harbor with the Williamsons at that time. Tell her about the invitation, Viv!"

"It isn't necessary," said Sara coldly. "I scarcely know the Williamsons." She hesitated an instant, and then went on, with

sardonic dismay: "They're in trade, you know."

"That's nothing against 'em," protested he. "Awfully jolly people—really ripping. Ain't they, Viv?"

"I don't know them well enough to say," said Vivian, turning away. "I only know we're all snobs of the worst sort."

"Just a minute, Viv," he called out. "What does Miss Castleton say about coming?"

It was an eager question. Much depended on the reply.

"I haven't asked her," said his sister succinctly. "How could I, without first consulting Sara?"

"Then you don't intend to ask her?"

"Certainly not!"

"Oh, I'll fix it up with Sara," said he confidently. "Eh, Sara?"

"I'd suggest that you 'fix it up' with Miss Castleton," said Sara pointedly.

Vivian shot a swift glance over her shoulder at her sister-in-law, and then broke into a good-humored laugh. She joined Hetty and Mrs. Redmond Wrاندall.

"Sometimes I feel that I really like Vivian," observed Sara, as much to herself as to Leslie. "She's above the board, at least."

"Disagreeable as she can be at times, though!" said he, biting his lip.

(To be continued)

TO ONE SEEKING SOLITUDE

FROM all the world's unresting
You would be free?
From its endless questing
And mirthless glee?

The din of fevered jangling
You would forget?
Pass from the ceaseless wrangling
Without regret?

But no! Though you might hasten
To mountain lone,
Thy hut with iron fasten,
And pile with stone;

Within are care and longing,
Feast and fast,
Thoughts and memories thronging
From the past.

Where one heart is beating
In earth's ken,
Ever is it meeting
Worlds of men!

Arthur Wallace Peach

THE STAGE

LOOKING BACK ON THE SEASON 1911-1912

TO the man in the street who follows the plays, two striking facts stand out in connection with the theatrical year now passing into history. While the plaint of hard times, owing to the over-supply of theaters, has been raised more loudly than ever, nevertheless New York has seen no fewer than seven plays attain to

more than two hundred performances each. When I name them, the second surprise feature of the season will dawn upon you.

The successful seven are George Arliss in "Disraeli," David Warfield in "The Return of Peter Grimm," Otis Skinner in "Kismet," "The Garden of Allah," "Bunt Pulls the Strings," "The Woman,"



ELEANOR PENDLETON, WHO WAS IN THE MUSICAL COMEDY, "THE MAN FROM COOK'S"

From a photograph by White, New York

and "Bought and Paid For." The year has been distinctly a man's year. Not only have all the stars with long runs to their credit been of the male sex, but conversely

Grace George tried first "The Earth," and again "Just a Wife," and has remained idle most of the year.

Gertrude Elliott was seen in "Rebellion,"



HOPE LATHAM, SUPPORTING HENRY MILLER IN "THE RAINBOW"

From her latest photograph by White, New York

the women have fared notably ill in seeking to please the public with new vehicles. Witness the following record:

Mrs. Fiske has essayed no fewer than three plays, and has fallen short in all of them.

but dropped that for "White Magic," which was a case of jumping from the frying-pan into the fire. Even Pinero's "Preserving Mr. Panmure" could not retain her in town long enough to keep the Lyceum from turning to motion pictures.



FRANCES STARR, STARRED BY BELASCO IN "THE CASE OF BECKY"

From her latest photograph by White, New York



BLANCHE RING, STARRING IN THE MUSICAL COMEDY,
"THE WALL STREET GIRL."

From her latest photograph by the Otto Savony Company, New York

Marie Doro failed so decisively with "A Butterfly on the Wheel," in Chicago, that Mr. Frohman relinquished his rights to the play. It reverted to Lewis Waller, who scored with it minus a star.

There was no popular appeal in two of the four plays presented by Mme. Simone.

Charlotte Walker found "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" a short one.

Margaret Anglin came a distinct cropper with Henry Arthur Jones's "Lydia Gilmore."

Zelda Sears twinkled out of sight almost overnight in "Standing Pat."

Dorothy Donnelly had two broken reeds to lean upon in "The Princess Zim Zim" and "The Right to Be Happy."

In fact, if we stick to box-office statements, Rose Stahl in "Maggie Pepper," a hold-over from last spring's tour, appears to be the only member of the fair sex who has made glad the heart of her management between August and May. Even in the two farce hits of the year, "The Million" and "Officer 666," the women were negligible quantities in achieving success so far as the casts are concerned.

If we turn now from the bookkeepers' ledgers, and look at a less sordid side of the year's doings, I am afraid, to use a "Chantecler" figure, that we shall scratch in vain to unearth many kernels of wheat among the chaff. In the entire dramatic output there was scarcely anything that can be called real literature. "Peter Grimm" perhaps represents the nearest approach to it.

Looking at the Chicago record, I cannot ignore musical comedy, as I have done thus far in my preliminary retrospect of the New York

season. In the Western metropolis the one outstanding feature of the year was the successful career of "Louisiana Lou," at the La Salle, which ended in May, after three hundred and fifty consecutive per-

anteed season of the Drama Players resulted in the discovery of only one new offering of any promise; and of this one, "June Madness," there were varying opinions, some regarding the unpleasantness of



CHARLOTTE WALKER, WHO WAS FEATURED IN THE PLAY BY HER HUSBAND, EUGENE WALTER, "THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE"

From her latest photograph by the Otto Savony Company, New York

formances. Of the plays, "The Woman," with a special company, had more than one hundred representations, and "Officer 666" promises to do as well for Douglas Fairbanks in Chicago as for Wallace Edginger in New York. The ten weeks' guar-

the subject as nullifying the good points of the play.

For the rest, "Bunt Pulls the Strings" did not go nearly as well in Chicago as in New York. On the other hand, Winchell Smith's favorite play among all he has

written, "The Only Son," after failing on Broadway, registered comfortable receipts at two houses in Chicago. Belasco also created a favorable impression with another psychological play, Edward Locke's "The Case of Becky," with Frances Starr.

Across the Atlantic, London has had nothing extraordinary on its score-sheet for the theatrical year. H. B. Irving has been absent in Australia. Sir Beerbohm Tree brought out in succession "Macbeth," "Orpheus in the Underground," a revival of "Trilby," and "Othello." New York took away Lewis Waller early in the autumn for "The Garden of Allah," and kept him here on an acting managerial footing that seems to be more or less permanent. After one or two misfits, Sir George Alexander found favor with a dramatization of Robert Hichens's "Bella Donna"; but Cyril Maude's strongest card was a piece in which he had only a monetary interest—"Bunt Pulls the Strings." The Scottish comedy, like George Bernard Shaw's "Fanny's First Play," has held the boards steadily throughout the year.

A striking novelty of the spring in London has been "Milestones," by Edward Knoblauch and Arnold Bennett, showing three widely separated periods—1860, 1885, and 1912—in its three acts. Pinero stirred up something of a tempest in musical-



LILLIAN LORRAINE, WHO WAS WITH EDDIE FOY
IN "OVER THE RIVER"

From her latest photograph by White, New York

comedy circles with his "The Mind-the-Paint Girl," satirizing the penchant of peers for marrying into the Gaiety casts. Apropos of the latter house, its latest output, "The Sunshine Girl," is evidently more of a hit than its immediate predecessor, "Peggy." At Mr. Edwardes's other theater, Daly's, Franz Lehar's "The Count of Luxembourg" finished on May 4 with a record of fifty weeks' run.

HITS AND MISSES IN THE FIRST TWO MONTHS

To consider the New York year more in detail, the season opened early—it is closing early, too—on August 7, at the Criterion, with a musical comedy, "The Girl of My Dreams." The piece came to New York *via* Chicago, but Broadway did not take kindly to it, though I understand that its subsequent road career was quite satisfactory. This latter experience was repeated by the next offering—"The Real Thing," a comedy

by Catherine Chiselm Cushing, with Henrietta Crosman as the star.

The last week in August brought Douglas Fairbanks forward in "A Gentleman of Leisure," a comedy revolving about that familiar stage figure—a man who is mistaken for a burglar. The play had many good points, but John Stapleton, who made it out of P. G. Wodehouse's book, did not stir them in with much dexterity. At times



ANNA DEXTER, WHO WAS WITH KITTY GORDON IN "THE ENCHANTRESS"

From a photograph by White, New York



ISABEL IRVING, WHO WAS WITH GERTRUDE ELLIOTT IN "PRESERVING MR. PANMURE"

From her latest photograph

the piece was farce, at others melodrama, and after a couple of months Fairbanks dropped the thing. It was taken up by Cyril Scott, who fared no better, and "A Gentleman of Leisure" was put on the shelf. It had, however, given Elmer Booth the opportunity to score a rousing hit as a real burglar.

"The Siren," a musical play from Vienna, presented Donald Brian as a star at the Knickerbocker, where he remained until Christmas-time, Julia Sanderson adding much to the charm of the performance.

September 1 brought Rose Stahl to open the new Harris Theater, done over from the old Hackett. So pleased was the public with her and Charles Klein's latest play, "Maggie Pepper," that both were kept in town until January 6.

Of the many openings on Labor Day, success perched high on the banner of "Around the World," the spectacle at the Hippodrome, where the devisers of entertainments have wisely come to limit themselves almost exclusively to an appeal to the eye, save for some ear-tickling melodies in the songs by Manuel Klein, brother to the Charles mentioned above. At the Hudson, George Bronson-Howard gave fat Frank McIntyre a new vehicle in "Snobs," with many good points, but with a last act too fragmentary to achieve complete triumph for the author. Nevertheless, this satirical farce ran in New York until November, and after that did well on the road.

John Drew, as usual, went to England for his play, and brought forward another of those "teacup and saucer" drawing-room comedies which the British dramatist is so expert in constructing. Hubert Henry Davies wrote "A Single Man," and while there was no "punch" in it, there was much clever dialogue, and it gave Mr. Drew an opportunity to act without overtaxing himself. But he did not remain in town quite as long as usual.

Decidedly weak in the knees was a home-made comedy, "Thy Neighbor's Wife," by Elmer Harris, which opened the year at the Lyceum, but did not tarry there for long. A like fate overtook "Speed," an automobile play by Lee Wilson Dodd, at the Comedy. Mr. Dodd split on the rock which wrecked "A Gentleman of Leisure"—a mixture of genres. "Speed" was partly farce, partly comedy, and partly serious drama, and its different elements were not smoothly blended.

His unsuccessful New York engagement formed an unwonted interlude for Julian Eltinge, in "A Fascinating Widow." Both before and after it this non-obnoxious and exceedingly artistic female impersonator met with extraordinary success in the play built around his specialty by Otto Hauerbach. Such are the chances one runs in the theatrical game, and Mr. Eltinge is only one among the increasingly large number of stars who find the cold shoulder turned to them only in Manhattan.

The first serious play of the year was put on at the Criterion in the middle of September and aroused almost universal favorable comment both for itself and for the acting of its cast. This was Charles Frohman's production of a London importation—"Passers-By," written by Haddon Chambers, and played by Richard Bennett as the hero, Ernest Lawford as a Thames Embankment derelict, A. G. Andrews as a night-hawk cabman, and Louise Rutter as an appealing heroine.

At this point the new season seemed to take an unlucky turn, and four failures followed in quick succession. I mention them merely as a matter of record—"A Man of Honor," with Edmund Breese; "When Sweet Sixteen," with music by Victor Herbert; "The Rack," a melodrama by Thompson Buchanan; and "A Modern Marriage," with Cyril Scott.

The next-day reviewers are not always true prophets. One of them declared that "The Kiss Waltz," another of those operettas from Vienna, brought out at the Casino in mid September, was "going to be in New York until the cows come home next spring, and then some more." As a matter of fact, it left Broadway soon after New Year's, and did not linger very much beyond that time on the road. But a drama produced on the same evening, at Wallack's, proved to be one of the long-distance runners of the season. This was Louis N. Parker's "Disraeli," with George Arliss as the star. Critics and public have been at one with regard to this remarkable play, which takes a few historical facts, dry enough in themselves, one would think, and conjures them into four acts which have charmed old and young alike. "Disraeli" ran from September 18 to May 18, and it is quite on the cards that Mr. Arliss will bring it back to the same house in the autumn.

The very next night revealed another

winner along serious lines—this time at the Republic, where David Belasco played up the telephone in "The Woman," by William C. De Mille. Again, as in "Disraeli," politics were made vitally interesting to the women in the audience, as well as the men. Mary Nash's telephone-girl was a distinct creation, admirable both for what she did and for what she refrained from doing. "The Woman" filled the entire season at the Republic, until the house closed April 20.

But the mascot for the week lost his magic wand after Tuesday night, for at the Astor, on Wednesday, failure sat again in the seat of judgment. "What the Doctor Ordered," a comedy by A. E. Thomas, was soon relegated to the storehouse, whence it emerged later on as a one-act piece for the vaudeville. Little better fate was meted out to Thursday's offering, for neither its author, Edgar Selwyn, nor Robert Edeson, who subsequently fell heir to the melodrama, could make a go of "The Arab."

Just about this time came the beginning of the end for the Folies-Bergère. With the collapse of a skit called "A la Broadway," the management decided to give up attempting to make the public eat, look, and listen all at the same time; so the tables were taken out, and the place with the ornate front became the Fulton Theater. Meanwhile George M. Cohan, returning to the stage with his mother and father after a long absence, found a hearty welcome at his own theater for his new piece, "The Little Millionaire," which lasted him until he revived an old favorite, "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway," in March.

September's final dramatic offering was notable in that it promises to outlast any of the others, as at this writing the advertisements for "Bought and Paid For," at the Playhouse, read—

Seats until July 1.

This play, built about a novel phase of the drink problem, was hurried into New York by Mr. Brady to replace "The Rack." Tried out on the road with a different company, it had failed to make much of an impression, but with Charles Richman, Julia Dean, Frank Craven, and Marie Nordstrom in the cast of seven it carried the New York first-nighters fairly off their feet. Frank Craven's comedy as *Jimmie*, the fresh shipping-clerk, would alone insure the success of a much less

deserving play than this exceedingly clever one by George Broadhurst.

Following close on the vanishing of the music-hall features in the Folies-Bergère, the Winter Garden, where one may smoke and lounge comfortably, attracted wide attention by featuring Gaby Deslys in a series of musical satires. Having been an actress before her real or alleged connection with the Portuguese revolution made her a celebrity, Mlle. Deslys proved to have more reason to be on the boards than have many of the American freaks placed there by some overnight sensation. Whatever measure of attention she drew was attracted by what she did rather than by what she was.

MID-AUTUMN FEATURES

October brought to town with its first week three plays in which an actress was featured. One of them, "Next," presenting Helen Lowell as a female barber in the West, can be briefly dismissed, in proportion with the length of its career. Nor did Gertrude Elliott find favor with Joseph Medill Patterson's plea for divorce under the name "Rebellion"; but Margaret Anglin proved delightful in A. E. W. Mason's comedy, "Green Stockings."

New York failed to indorse Chicago's favorable verdict on "The Great Name," a play from the German, in which Henry Kolker starred as the waltz king who seeks reputation for something more stable than ear-ticklers. In spite of its strong cast, "The Never-Homes," which Lew Fields presented at the Broadway as a successor to "The Hen-Pecks," fell short of its predecessors in the series inaugurated a few years ago with "The Midnight Sons." It held the boards in town barely until Christmas. Only a lukewarm welcome awaited Billie Burke in a comedy from the French, "The Runaway."

But many poor plays were atoned for in the rare treat provided by "Bunt Pulls the Strings," the Scottish comedy by Graham Moffatt, brought over from London. Played with infinite skill by the imported actors, the novelty of its setting and the quaint fun of its lines and situations combine to make this genre picture of the strait-laced Highland folk thoroughly deserving of the hit it has achieved. No end to the run of the piece at Collier's Comedy Theater has yet been placed.

Short, if not particularly sweet, was the

career of "The Sign of the Rose," elaborated by George Beban from a vaudeville sketch of his own. Of the brief New York showing of "The Only Son," I have already spoken in connection with my Chicago comment. Mme. Simone, the noted French actress, for whom Bernstein wrote "The Thief," made her American debut in that drama, but failed to please the reviewers in it as much as did Margaret Illington in the same part a few years ago. But she won them with "The Whirlwind" a little later, and was a feature of metropolitan theatricals for the greater part of the winter in her repertoire at Daly's and the Hudson.

Special interest attached to David Warfield's appearance in the new play written for him by David Belasco, "The Return of Peter Grimm," not only because there are few opportunities of seeing Warfield in a fresh part, but also on account of the unusual character of the piece, which was known to deal with the leading character's reappearance after death. Very adroitly is this managed, and in the best of taste, no clap-trap theatrical tricks distracting the attention of the spectators from the dominant purpose which brings Peter back to the scene of his earthly existence. The play ran until May 4, when the season at the Belasco ended.

Franz Lehar, composer of "The Merry Widow," was represented at the Globe with his "Gipsy Love" under a handicap, as Marguerita Sylva, the star, collapsed during the performance, and her understudy, Phyllis Partington, finished out the evening in the part. The score is far from having the popular appeal of the airs in the famous "Widow," and although Chicago did better by the venture than did New York, this high-class offering cannot be set down on A. H. Woods's ledgers as a shining monetary success. "The Enchantress," on the other hand, with Victor Herbert's music, instantly landed in the winning column. With Kitty Gordon in the name-part, it remained in town for several weeks.

If you have read this department throughout the season, you will recall that personally I did not think much of "The Garden of Allah," presented at the old New Theater, now the Century, on October 21. The side of the production—more loudly advertised in advance than any other piece that ever struck Manhattan—which appealed most forcibly to the critics of the daily press is best conveyed by a glance at

the head-lines which stare back at me from my scrap-book:

"Garden of Allah" Is Scenic Success.

"Garden of Allah" Is a Picture Play.

Play Has All Money Can Give.

No Poorer Play Was Ever So Magnificently Gilded.

"The Garden of Allah" a Crystallized Dream.

A fine cast was thrown away on this exhibition of the scene-painter's skill, in which Lewis Waller, on his first visit to America, did the best work and Mary Mannering the worst. But long before the end of the run was reached—on May 18—the management got rid of its expensive people, reduced the prices for seats, and thus permitted the thing to win out on its only legitimate appeal—that of being something to look at, not to listen to or to examine too closely.

"The Quaker Girl," a London musical-comedy hit, became an instant New York success when H. B. Harris brought it out at the old Majestic, renamed the Park. With its exquisite music by Lionel Monckton, and a notably competent cast, headed by Clifton Crawford, the piece showed a drawing-power that carried it straight through to May 20, when it was jumped to Chicago with the same company for the spring and summer. Still another October winner was "The Million," this time a farce from the French, with a pace of almost dizzying swiftness, and a company in which Taylor Holmes and William Burress carried off chief honors. "The Million" remained in town to fine business until March.

No such good fortune attended a distinctly American farce, "Uncle Sam," by Anne Caldwell and James O'Dea. It is difficult to conceive how any management could bank on a piece which required John Barrymore and Thomas A. Wise to play at being effeminate. Mr. Barrymore subsequently went into his sister's company, Mr. Wise into vaudeville, and "Uncle Sam" to the shelf. This limbo also opened its capacious arms for "The Cave Man," a futile farce by Gelett Burgess, which even Robert Edeson's fine work could not save from its own inanities. Mr. Edeson took up vaudeville for a while, and then, in the spring, tried another play, "The Indiscretions of Truth," with doubtful results.

These last days of October appeared to be fatal to farces, for, on the 31st, May Robson came a swift Broadway cropper

in "The Three Lights," written by herself and Charles T. Dazey, whose "In Old Kentucky" still continues to be one of the big money-getters of the boards. Amateurish to a degree, it is amazing to think that a woman of Miss Robson's ability and intelligence could believe for an instant that New York would accept such puerilities as made up this play about a grandmother of sporty tastes.

THE IRISH PLAYERS AND OTHERS

November 1 found Helen Ware at the Hudson in "The Price," another play by George Broadhurst, totally different from his "Bought and Paid For," and equally different from such old favorites as his "What Happened to Jones" and "Why Smith Left Home." While all the reviewers commended Miss Ware, as they always do, for her excellent work, only one was wildly enthusiastic over the play, calling it a "powerful, admirably constructed drama with real characters." The New York run lasted until the second week in January, when Mme. Simone opened a season at the Hudson with "The Return from Jerusalem," from the French of Donnay.

Another widow, whose popularity entitles her to rank with those other captivating ladies of similar nomenclature, the "College" and the "Merry," took up her abode at the Astor as "The Red Widow." Raymond Hitchcock was the star in this musical comedy by Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf, with score by Charles J. Gebest, which entertained Broadway for four months.

Again a triple-named piece came to grief in "The Three Romeos," a musical show on which much money was spent and lost, and which may therefore be dismissed without further comment.

It was at this time that the Drama Players, to whom I have already adverted, advanced upon New York. The company was an eminently capable one, headed by its director, Donald Robertson. Its performance of Pinero's masterpiece, "The Thunderbolt," was almost as fine as that shown at the New Theater the previous season. Hedwig Reicher, Herbert Kelcey, Effie Shannon, Edward Emery, and Renée Kelly may be mentioned among the players who started out with the least inviting piece—from the standpoint of the box-office—in their repertoire, Ibsen's "The Lady from the Sea." Molière's "The

Learned Ladies," followed, and was effectively acted, but the very name of the organization was enough to keep away from the house playgoers who had come to associate the Lyric with either musical comedy or dramas of crime like "The Deep Purple."

"The Fascinating Widow" was followed at the Liberty by yet another play that did better on the road than in New York. This was "The Littlest Rebel," a drama of the Civil War, written by Edward Peple, and starring the brothers Farnum—Dustin and William. It remained in town a little more than two months. Chicago had been much more enthusiastic over the piece, which contained thrills galore and pathos by the bushel, but which lacked smoothness in construction.

November 20 signalized the début of the Irish Players at the Maxine Elliott, where, on the 27th, occurred the riot over J. M. Synge's three-act comedy, "The Playboy of the Western World"—perhaps the most exciting episode of the kind that had taken place in this country since the Forrest-Macready fracas in 1849. There were no casualties, but many missiles were thrown, amid such an uproar that the first act of the piece had to be played over again after the malcontents had been put out by the police. The whole affair was a most extraordinary manifestation. As one of the comments ran at the time, the play was written by an Irish author, produced under Irish auspices, acted by Irish actors, and egged by Irish rioters, who were arrested by Irish policemen and taken before Irish magistrates for examination.

The objectors did not carry their point, for "The Playboy" continued for its scheduled number of representations in a repertoire that was highly diversified and most interesting, set forth as it was by a troupe of young actors exceedingly competent in giving realistic pictures of the grave and the gay in Irish life. A notable variant in the list was Bernard Shaw's travesty on our own Far West, "The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet," which had been barred by the London censor. The piece was acted in admirable spirit, considering its alien atmosphere, particularly by Fred O'Donovan, in the name-part, Arthur Sinclair, and Sara Allgood. The Irish Players remained in town until after the holidays, attracting audiences of the finest quality.

About the same length of time covered

the run of "The Senator Keeps House," an old-fashioned comedy by Martha Morton, in which William H. Crane sought to "come back," under his own management. He appeared at the Garrick, and was the only attraction that succeeded in keeping that now luckless theater open for any considerable period.

In his "Lady of Coventry," written for Viola Allen, fate reminded Louis N. Parker that he could not always strike twelve, as he has done recently with both "Pomander Walk" and "Disraeli." With Godiva's famous ride through the streets left to the imagination of the audience, there was small chance for a play on such a theme to win out, and this one certainly didn't. Nor did Willie Collier's new offering, "Take My Advice"—written mostly by himself—last long at the Fulton. It began there on November 27, and was retired in January, after an offer to join the Weber-Fields turned up as a life-saver for this talented but rather headstrong young actor.

Scotland again triumphed in "Little Boy Blue," with its charming music by Henri Bereny, a captivating impersonator of the name-part in Gertrude Bryan, and an effective low comedian in Otis Harlan. It ran at the Lyric to fine business from January 27 to April 20.

Early December saw four feminine stars essay new rôles on Broadway. Ethel Barrymore proved more effective than her play, "The Witness for the Defense," by the English novelist, A. E. W. Mason, which was replaced by a revival of "Cousin Kate," plus Barrie's afterpiece, "A Slice of Life," on January 29.

Margaret Illington delighted a few self-appointed uplifters of the stage by appearing at Daly's in "Kindling," by Charles Kenyon. Because Broadway did not rally to the support of this drab representation of a defiant mother of an unborn child, a little coterie of its admirers undertook to "root" for it on tour.

Nazimova, now under Charles Frohman's management, did not do exactly a land-office business at the Lyceum in "The Marionettes," from the French of Pierre Wolf. She took the road again at the beginning of February.

In "Betsy," a musicalized version of Kellett Chambers's best, but never successful play, "The American Widow," Grace La Rue failed to make a box-office success. A similar fate overtook "Peggy," a musical

comedy which was last season's feature at the Gaiety, in London.

Elsie Ferguson entertained very pleasantly for six weeks at the Gaiety in Charles Nirdlinger's historical comedy of Dolly Madison, "The First Lady in the Land." The failure of Wilton Lackaye in "The Stranger" closed the Bijou, which had been open only intermittently, for the rest of the season, and, in spite of its De Koven music, "The Wedding Trip" was not a very extensive journey.

On Christmas night, however, there arrived one of the season's most notable offerings—Otis Skinner in "Kismet." The combination of a cleverly maneuvered drama, written by Edward Knoblauch, a star who has few superiors in his art, and a production that utilized to the full a picturesque Arabian background—all this found instant response both from critics and from public. It was evident from the outset that this unusual play by an American author would duplicate in New York the hit it had already achieved, with Oscar Asche, in London.

MIDWINTER OFFERINGS MOSTLY MEDIOCRE

After this windfall, the season dropped back into the doldrums again for a while. James K. Hackett failed to register at the Criterion the success he gained both before and after on the road with a dramatization of David Graham Phillips's popular novel, "The Grain of Dust." A musical version of "The Girl in the Taxi," called "Modest Suzanne," went directly from the Liberty to the store-house. And Grace George, in what one of the reviewers called a "caramel comedy," soon sent her English importation—"Just To Get Married," by Cicely Hamilton—to the same haunt of misfires.

But with the arrival of Eddie Foy at the Globe, on January 8, the new year brightened. In the old Du Souchet farce, "The Man from Mexico," set to music by John L. Golden and rechristened "Over the River," Foy kept Broadway audiences laughing until the end of April. On the same night "The Talker," by Marion Fairfax—a comedy that sounded once more the much-twanged string of matrimonial infelicity—started on a career which, in spite of lack of novelty in theme and divided opinions among the reviewers, lasted until almost the middle of May. The leading character was acted by Tully Marshall, husband of the author of the piece.

Hawaii supplied an unhackneyed background for "The Bird of Paradise," written by Richard Walton Tully. By reason of the interest of its story, the cleverness of its acting, and the striking nature of its scenic investiture, this venture fully deserved the success it attained, remaining in town from early January until mid April.

An even longer lease of town life fell out to "The Butterfly on the Wheel," made in England by Edward G. Hemmerde and Francis Neilson, and presented here by an English manager with an all English company, headed by Madge Titheradge as the woman who is put on the rack in the courtroom. She, Miss Titheradge, created the part in the London production, and won much praise for her work here. In fact, the acting in the piece was on a high plane, Sidney Valentine and Evelyn Beerbohm contributing notably.

A novelty of the winter was the importation of the wordless play, "Sumurun," at the Casino, where it ran for some six weeks—which was no doubt a disappointment to the management, after the sensation aroused at the outset by this frank exposé of harem life. Its subsequent career in Chicago was even briefer. Of the German company presenting the Max Reinhardt spectacle, Leopoldine Konstantin, as the *Beautiful Slave of Fatal Enchantment*, attracted special attention.

A remarkable achievement was that of Louis Mann in keeping "Elevating a Husband" in Manhattan from January 22 to May 4. Written for him by his wife, Clara Lipman, and by Samuel Shipman, the piece was a domestic comedy of inferior construction, and had by no means a warm greeting from the disinterested, but it was kept going, nevertheless, moving from the Liberty to the Criterion, thence to the Garrick for two weeks, then back again to the Criterion, until its migrations became one of the stock jokes of the Rialto.

Quick quietus, however, was administered to another poor play, "White Magic," a dramatization of another Phillips novel. Even the charm of Gertrude Elliott as the star could not make this queer hodge-podge convincing.

January 29 witnessed the start at the Gaiety, where it is still running, of the farce "Officer 666," by Augustin McHugh. The author—who had recently appeared as a burglar in the try-out of a one-act playlet at the Harlem Opera House—was

quite unknown to Broadway. Offered to various managers as "The Gladwin Collection," this clever melodramatic farce found scant favor. Finally Cohan & Harris accepted it, but they regarded it as no better than an ugly duckling until the result of its New York premiere, following an unpromising road tour, convinced them that they had found an unexpected winner.

Of the three offerings set forth in this same week, "Officer 666," by an absolutely new man, was the only one to "get over," as the players say. The two others, by such well-known dramatists as Eugene Walter and Henry Arthur Jones respectively, fell far short of the New York standard. These were "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," with Charlotte Walker, and "Lydia Gilmore," with Margaret Anglin.

THE WEBER-FIELDS REUNION

A big feature of February was the reunion of Weber & Fields, after a seven years' separation. In a skit reminiscent of their famous past, called "Hokey Pokey," they assembled about them such of the "old guard" as Lillian Russell, Fay Templeton, Bessie Clayton, Willie Collier, and John T. Kelly. With Ada Lewis and Helena Collier-Garrick added for good measure, they played to overflowing and delighted audiences at the big Broadway from February 8 to May 11, after which they went on a remarkable one-night-stand tour of five weeks.

"The Opera Ball," a new musical comedy for Marie Cahill, possessed a certain charm, but not sufficient to carry it for long, and "The Fatted Calf," Cyril Scott's third vehicle for the season, lasted him barely a week. On the other hand, the revival of as old a play as Dickens's "Oliver Twist"—the Comyns Carr version—ran from February 26 to May 4 with its notable cast of Nat Goodwin for *Fagin*; Constance Collier, *Nancy*; Lyn Harding, *Bill Sykes*; and Marie Doro, *Oliver*.

"The Truth Wagon," another newspaper play, found it rather hard going, and Mrs. Fiske brought her season to an end in March with "Lady Patricia," a temperamental comedy by the British writer, Rudolph Besier. Fascinatingly novel at the outset, Mr. Besier's play fell into a groove of monotony later on. Mrs. Fiske's staccato utterance did not help matters much.

In "Preserving Mr. Panmure" Gertrude Elliott had a vehicle worthy neither of her

own abilities nor of the dramatic skill of its author, Sir Arthur Pinero. February's final offering, "The Greyhound," another of the Armstrong-Mizner crook plays, this time aboard an ocean liner, found its strongest lure on the comedy side, which was purely incidental, with its most convincing interpreter in Elita Proctor Otis. It set no oceans afire in point of attendance, but was kept on at the Astor for many weeks.

Winthrop Ames inaugurated a promising enterprise on March 9 in the Little Theater. In an auditorium both luxurious and *in-time*, he presented as his first offering Galsworthy's comedy of misdirected altruism, "The Pigeon," which caught on at once and kept the boards until the season finished on May 4.

Henry Miller, one of our very few actor-managers, set paternal love on a pinnacle in the A. E. Thomas comedy, "The Rainbow," incidentally introducing a promising ingénue in Ruth Chatterton. He succeeded in bringing to the Liberty the longest succession of good-sized audiences it had housed since "The Spring Maid" left last summer.

"Baron Trenck," a comic opera with some good music, did not reign long at the Casino; but Walker Whiteside as a Japanese in "The Typhoon," from the Hungarian, found the reward of keeping persistently at it, for, after rather a discouraging career in Chicago, this somewhat somber play developed a drawing power which kept it on the boards until June 1.

Failure waited on "The Man from Cook's," a musical comedy of strange concomitants, also on a serious play by Kellett Chambers, "The Right to Be Happy." Meanwhile Lewis Waller was drawing a succession of fine audiences to Daly's in as old a play as "M. Beaucaire," which he followed with a three weeks' showing of Somerset Maugham's one serious piece, "The Explorer," first tried in London back in 1908.

SPRING SHOWS AND SUMMER POSSIBILITIES

Oddly enough, Easter Monday brought no openings, but on Tuesday, at the tiny Berkeley Theater, a couple of courageous actor-managers, Messrs. Oland and Burt, essayed to make a go of a Swedish tragedy, "The Father," by August Strindberg, which held the boards for a month. Later in the week yet another widow was added to the column of theatrical winners. As "A Win-

some Widow," the musicalized version of the old "Trip to Chinatown" promises to last all summer at the New York—or the Moulin Rouge, as the red windmill out in front reminds me that the place must now be called.

There is small doubt that without the hit of "Havana" there would have been no "Two Little Brides" for James T. Powers. But as Mr. Powers himself had a hand in the making of the new piece, one cannot blame him for wanting to do what he knows that he can do best.

The book is adapted from the German, and Gustave Kerker's music is of the haunting description. There were people with real voices to sing it, too—Frances Cameron as one of the brides, and Leila Hughes for the other.

Blanche Ring in "The Wall Street Girl" lasted from mid April until June 1. "The Rose Maid," with an unusually fine tenor and the attractive Adrienne Augarde in its cast, promises to run a neck-and-neck race for the all-summer stakes in the musical line with the Winter Garden. But a disturbing factor in this reckoning may be the whirlwind furor created on May 6 by the simultaneous revival, on opposite sides of Forty-Second Street, of two old-time favorites—"Robin Hood" and "Patience"—the latter for only four weeks, after which it was followed by the "Pirates of Penzance" with a similar really all-star cast.

The announcements for the New Amsterdam production of "Robin Hood" carried under the name of each participant a line or two explaining who he or she was; while in "Patience," at the Lyric, this was not considered necessary, with people like De Wolf Hopper (*Bunthorne*), Marie Doro (*Patience*), Cyril Scott (*Grosvenor*), Eugene Cowles (*the Major*), and Eva Davenport (*Lady Jane*). For "Robin Hood"—voices were the first requisite sought, and these were found in Bella Alten, of the Metropolitan Opera, for *Maid Marian*; Florence Wickham for *Alan-a-Dale*, and Basil Ruysdael, also of grand opera, for *Will Scarlet*. Oddly enough, Eugene Cowles, who first sang this part, was appearing across the way without a single solo falling to him, but giving a splendid account of himself in the ensemble work. "Robin Hood," in any case, looks like a summer feature.

Matthew White, Jr.

THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

IT was once said of Mr. James Bryce, the accomplished historian who is now British ambassador to the United States, that after inventing the Holy Roman Empire he had discovered the American Commonwealth. Mr. Bryce's early book on that shadowy realm which was known as the Holy Roman Empire—although it was not holy, not Roman, and not an empire—first established his position as a historian; but it was by his searching and sympathetic study of the United States that he consolidated his fame.

Many British travelers had ventured across the Atlantic to observe us from a car-window and to collect material for caustic comment on our manners and customs. Captain Marryat and Mrs. Trollope and Mr. Dickens had come and gone, and they had reported on what they had seen, or on what they had imagined. But no British student really discovered us until Mr. Bryce paid us the visits which gave him the solid knowledge that supports his great work on the "American Commonwealth." Then, for the first time since Tocqueville's acute study of "Democracy in America," was there a book about the United States which was profitable at once for the foreigner and for the native. In Mr. Bryce's volumes we could see ourselves as we appeared to a keen critic, whose friendliness did not forbid him to hint our failings and our faults.

It was characteristic of Mr. Bryce's shrewdness that in the first edition of his great work, issued a score of years ago, he pointed out the strange fact that we Americans, given at times to boasting about our institutions even when these were vulnerable, revealed a singular modesty in regard to that one of those institutions in which we were justified in taking the most pride. He noted that a quarter of a century ago there

was a tendency among us to speak deprecatingly and almost apologetically about our universities; and he saw no reason for this humble attitude, since to his mind our universities were worthy of far more praise than we ourselves seemed disposed to give them.

In the twenty years since Mr. Bryce made this acute and accurate observation, our American universities have been multiplying and expanding. They have been setting a higher standard for themselves, and they have been seeking more earnestly than ever to attain a higher ideal of usefulness to the public as a whole. In spite of the occasional attacks which are made upon them, it is probable that we have now outgrown the deprecatory and apologetic attitude which Mr. Bryce observed a quarter of a century ago. There is a more general recognition of the value of the work which the universities are doing, and of the constant improvement of the universities themselves.

AN AMERICAN INVENTION

One factor in this advance of the higher education in the United States, and also in the more general recognition of the university as a useful servant of the community, is the increasing prominence in public life accorded to the presidents of our universities. The university president is an American invention; that is to say, there is no corresponding official in the organization of any of the foreign institutions of higher education. In other countries there is no permanent officer of high authority who guides the growth of the institution, and who represents it to the world outside its walls.

In the German universities there is a rector, elected for a single year from among the professors, and lacking both permanence and authority. In the English universities,

the separate colleges have heads, who sometimes exercise a severe control, and who sometimes impress their individuality upon the college, as Jowett did on Balliol and Thompson on Trinity; but the university as a whole is practically headless, the office of the chancellor being almost entirely an ornamental one. In the four Scottish universities—St. Andrews, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen—there are principals; and this post is held to be so honorable that its occupants are always knighted, unless they are clergymen, when they merely take the title of "very reverend." Yet even the principals of the Scottish universities have not a position in the public estimation comparable with that accorded to the presidents of the leading American universities.

This position is due to the wide-spread feeling that only a man of exceptional qualifications is competent to guide the destinies of our largest institutions. So many and so various are the demands made upon the men in this difficult position, that those who succeed in holding their places must be possessed of unusual gifts. They must be picked men to stand up under the weight of their manifold responsibilities. They must be men of character, first of all. They must be men of ability, in the second place. They must be highly educated and yet broad in their sympathies. They ought to have been professors themselves, with a personal experience of teaching. Only very rarely has success followed the experiment of bestowing the arduous honor upon a man of affairs. A business man, even of proved capacity, but without educational experience, is not likely to fill this difficult post acceptably.

Yet the university president, teacher though he has been, must also be a business man of abundant initiative and of a wide grasp of detail, since he is placed in a position more or less analogous to the head of a great manufacturing corporation with immense capital and with thousands of employees. Comparatively few of the great corporations have resources exceeding those of some of our larger universities. There are half a dozen of these institutions in the United States with four or five thousand students in attendance, with a teaching force of three or four hundred, and with a capital account of ten or twenty millions of dollars. The largest of all, Columbia University in the city of New York, has a total enrolment of eight thousand students; it has a faculty

numbering nearly seven hundred; and it has assets—grounds, buildings, books, collections, apparatus, equipment, plant, and invested funds—amounting in all to more than fifty millions of dollars.

THE UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT'S DUTIES

Of course, the president of a university does not personally select the courses for all these students, direct the efforts of all these professors, and manage all the financial details. But none the less is he the center of all the activities of the institution; he is the pivot about which they revolve—or rather he is the mainspring of their movements. He has power, and he has the responsibility that goes with power. He is therefore entitled to much of the credit when the institution prospers, just as he must shoulder most of the blame when things go wrong.

The ultimate control is in a board of trustees, by whom the president is chosen. At Harvard, the president is not only a member of this board himself, but also its presiding officer; and ex-President Eliot is on record as believing that there are many advantages in thus making the president of the university also the presiding officer of the governing body. At Columbia, however, the president is not *ex officio* even a member of the board of trustees; and although he is always elected to membership, he does not preside at its meetings, the board electing its own chairman. President Butler is on record as preferring this to the Harvard plan, which has the high approval of ex-President Eliot. Either method will justify itself, if the trustees and the president are able to work together harmoniously, if the president consults the trustees and takes important steps only with their full concurrence, and if the trustees resolutely and loyally support the man they have chosen to be the chief of the institution.

That shrewd observer of men and affairs, Walter Bagehot, maintained that the directors of a bank had better not be bankers themselves. He held that they ought to be business men, not necessarily familiar with banking, but trained to judge human nature, and therefore competent to select wisely the banker to whom they ought to confide the control of all the technical details of the bank's operation. The most important duty of the directors, he said, was this choice of an expert, and he insisted that having chosen a fit head for their organization, they should give him a fairly free hand.

The board of trustees of a university—like the boards of education in our large cities—should not be made up of experts in education, who might be tempted to interfere in matters which are not really in their province; it should be made up of men of affairs, interested in education and loyally devoted to the university, but leaving the control of the educational program to the faculties of the several schools who make up the university as a whole. Through sub-committees on education, on buildings and grounds, and on finance, the trustees should, of course, exercise a vigilant supervision of the whole institution, but always with due regard to the authority of the president.

He presides over all the faculties; he knows what is being done in every school; he is the intermediary between the trustees and the teaching staff; he is the harmonizer of conflicting claims; and he it is whose duty it must be to bring up any flagging school to the standard of the university as a whole.

Half a century ago, when Dr. Eliot became the president of Harvard, he began to agitate for improvements in the medical school, until finally one of the elder professors protested, explaining that the meetings of the medical faculty used to be placid, and that now they were perturbed by discussion. He did not see why this should be. Whereupon Dr. Eliot said quietly:

"I can tell you the reason for the change. There is a new president."

In the days when there were no universities in the United States, but only small colleges, the president had personal charge of the discipline of the students, who were only a few. Now the college for undergraduates has its own dean, charged with this task; and so has every one of the other schools—law, medicine, engineering, and so forth. Thus the president of the university, relieved of these minor obligations, can give his full time and attention to the major problems of his position. This change is comparatively recent, and it is probably not yet appreciated by the public at large, which is a little inclined to assume that the duties of the head of a large institution differ not so much in kind as in quantity from those of the head of a small institution.

At the dinner which was given to President Butler by several hundred alumni to celebrate his ten years' service at the head of Columbia, the guest of honor discussed this prevalent belief.

"It is sometimes supposed," he said,

"that the university president unlocks the doors in the morning, opens the mail, type-writes the letters, appoints, pays, and dismisses the professors, licks the postage-stamps, sweeps out the rooms, and closes the buildings for the week."

Then he explained that, so far from doing daily any of these things himself, the university president does not even live in the present. He has to live in the future, having but little contact with the work of the current year, save as specific problems may be brought to him for consultation or advice. His concern is almost exclusively with the next year and with the year after, planning ahead for the immediate development of the university, and making ready to meet demands certain to be pressed in the course of the ensuing months.

Then Dr. Butler went on to consider what the function of a university president really is in any one of the more important American institutions.

"Speaking in terms of English political life," he said, "the president is a prime minister, holding the portfolios of foreign affairs and of chancellor of the exchequer. He is prime minister in that he is ultimately responsible for the policies of the administration, and is the consultant, the adviser, and the friend of every person charged with an academic duty. He holds the portfolio of foreign affairs in that it is his function to look personally after the external relations of the university—its relations to the surrounding public, to other universities, and to the affairs of the country at large. He holds the portfolio of chancellor of the exchequer in that if more expenditure is demanded than the stated income will provide, he has to find the additional income needed."

THE PRESTIGE OF THE OFFICE

If these are the duties which the American university president is called upon to undertake, and if these duties are discharged satisfactorily by the heads of our more important institutions of learning, we can see a chief reason why these institutions have been expanding in every direction and gaining influence. We can see, also, why it is that the American university president has come to occupy a prominent position in public life, and why his utterances on topics of immediate interest are likely to be listened to by the American people with full appreciation of their weight and their significance.

The conditions are now so onerous that only a man of exceptional gifts can meet them. Therefore, if a man succeeds as the head of one of our greater universities, this is proof positive that he is a man of exceptional gifts. The public at large is beginning to take almost a personal interest in the selection of men to fill the vacancies as they may occur in the presidency now of one university, and then of another. The promotion of Professor A. Lawrence Lowell to the presidency of Harvard had an importance extending far beyond the boundaries of the Harvard alumni; and the same might be said of the recent election of Professor John Grier Hibben to the presidency of Princeton.

The university president is no longer merely a local celebrity; he has become a national figure. No one saw anything incongruous in the stepping of Mr. Seth Low from the presidency of Columbia to the mayoralty of New York, or in the stepping of Mr. Woodrow Wilson from the presidency of Princeton to the Governorship of New Jersey, and thereafter to candidacy for the Presidency of the United States. But although no one saw anything incongruous in this, there were not a few observers who wondered why a mayoralty or a Governorship should tempt any man away from the wider opportunities and the more durable dignity of a university presidency.

President James B. Angell, of Michigan, went on leave more than once to serve the United States as ambassador. Ex-President Andrew D. White, of Cornell, also went abroad to represent us in Germany. President Hadley, of Yale, has recently been serving on an important commission by appointment from the President of the United States. President Eliot, of Harvard, and the late President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins, were widely recognized as men of commanding character and ability, to whom the whole people gladly listened when they were moved to express their opinions upon public affairs. And it may also be recalled that General Robert E. Lee, when he gave up the command of the disintegrated armies of the Confederacy, found a new sphere of honorable service in the presidency of the institution now known as Washington and Lee University.

It is partly because our American universities need such men as these to guide them, and partly because such men as these have responded to the call, that the university

president has come to occupy the commanding position he now holds in the eyes of the American people. It is a position from which its incumbents can speak to willing ears, because the position itself is outside of the turmoil of social debate and of political discussion.

It is a position not only outside of these things, but also above them. Most of the men who have attained it have no further personal ambition to gratify. They have reached the summit of their several ambitions while yet they are at the height of their activity. They are not candidates for any office, even for the loftiest. They stand aloof from political strife; and they are free, therefore, to apply eternal principles to temporary questions without fear of the immediate result upon partizan policies. It is beyond supposition that President Butler would be tempted to resign his place as head of Columbia, that President Lowell should resign from Harvard, or President Hadley from Yale, to accept any post connected with the government of the nation.

OUR UNOFFICIAL LEADERS

At the dinner given to President Butler, at which he made the speech already quoted in this paper, one of the keenest critics of public affairs, Dr. John W. Burgess, the dean of the school of political science at Columbia, made a striking and significant statement.

"From my childhood," he said, "I have heard the fact bemoaned that the best men of the republic are not to be found in its government stations, and I have pondered often and long over the significance of that fact. I have finally come to the conclusion that, for the safety of the republic, the very best men ought not to be in governmental positions—at least, not many of them; and the persistent fact that they are not has its philosophical justification. In the genuine and lasting republic, the finest work for culture and civilization must be done outside of the governmental positions, by great personalities and by private combinations of great personalities, exercising their power through rational and moral suasion rather than through force and compulsion. In the genuine and lasting republic, government must be held back from crushing out individual liberty and individual initiative, and from grasping the highest cultural functions of the nation. This must be done from the outside. Nine men in every ten who attain

to governmental station address themselves immediately and assiduously to the expansion of their jurisdiction and the intensification of their power."

The university president is a man of the kind we should like to see in public affairs, but who prefers to exert his influence upon the march of progress "from the outside." He seeks no governmental post, but none the less he holds a national position.

He is not doing his full duty when he is satisfied to be the president of his university only. He must be that, of course, and the

task is hard; but he must also be more than that, if he is to exert to the utmost his possible influence for the advance of civilization. By the bare fact that he has proved himself fit to preside over the destinies of a great American university, he has also undertaken the duty of serving the community as a whole, outside the university as well as within. The university supplies him with a platform and a sounding-board from which he can deliver his message, and from which he can utter unwelcome truths perhaps not otherwise likely to be uttered.

PHARAOH'S HEART

BY BANNISTER MERWIN

AUTHOR OF "THE NURSE," "THE GREATER GOOD," ETC.

"HERE'S an odd thing," said Corson, opening his fist and showing me a small object in his palm. "Scarab? No; it's a beetle, all right, and it's stone, but it never saw Egypt. A man gave it to me in Arizona last winter. As a matter of fact, it's the genuine bug—petrified—a few thousand years old, more or less."

I took the dull gray lump between thumb and forefinger. Centuries of sand and water had worn it almost smooth; the legs and antennæ were, of course, missing, and there was a rough incrustation over the greater part of the thorax; yet I could believe that it was, as Corson had said, a beetle turned to stone—a tiny, crawling thing that had dropped into some prehistoric limestone pool.

"I can see it swimming around and around," remarked Corson, as if reading my thought—"swimming around, while the stony water slowly soaked into its vitals."

I dropped the beetle into his palm.

"It's the same way with men," he went on, making one of his abrupt mental leaps. "Didn't you ever notice that there comes a time in a man's life when he hardens—"

"Or doesn't," I put in.

"Just what I was about to add. Some men never get hard; but if one swims around in the pool—you know the pool I

mean—the chances are that, sooner or later, the stone reaches his heart. At the last the change often seems very sudden, though the hardening process may have been going on secretly for years."

"Would you think of it as a disease, then?"

"No, it is choice—the choice between self and others." Corson spoke emphatically. "But the habit of life determines the choice when the time comes." He wrinkled his brow; a far-away look was in his eyes. "Perhaps," he muttered, "or, rather, I am quite sure of it—that's what is meant in the Bible, where it says God hardened Pharaoh's heart."

"You are thinking of a case," said I.

"Yes, I'm thinking of the Lewis brothers," he replied. "It was with them I most plainly saw the thing happen—the choice, I mean."

And then he told me the story.

II

ABOUT three years ago an inquiry came to us from a small city in Wisconsin. A man there had a chair-factory, an old-fashioned plant which he wanted to modernize and enlarge. His name was Lewis—Norman Lewis.

The firm sent me out to see him; and a couple of days later I got off the train at

one of those lively Middle Western towns that are almost more American than America. It had two ten-story buildings, an up-to-date trolley service, an automatic telephone system, and a large hope for the country's political salvation, according to the latest pattern of reform. The place was a tonic for any one who didn't believe in his country.

I went to the hotel; it was said to be the finest within such a distance of Chicago, and it certainly was complete and well conducted and—hotelly.

Well, I got right down to business. Information was easily had, for everybody knew Norman Lewis. Though he was not yet out of his thirties, he was included among the three or four leading citizens. His word was sound currency with his neighbors. He was president of the best club, and a member of the leading church.

It appeared that Norman Lewis and his brother Will had inherited the chair-factory from their father. Norman was the elder. He had given every ounce of his energy to making the business thrive. Will, who was said to have an irresponsible nature and habits which, if not actually bad, were careless, lacked interest in chair-making, and, after a year or two of desultory attention to his work as vice-president, got his brother to buy him out.

So Will, I learned, had spent a year abroad, and then had settled in Chicago. My informants hinted that he was "going the pace." That's an elastic phrase, you know; it doesn't always mean Monte Carlo and Russian countesses and champagne.

After all that I had been told about Norman Lewis, I rather expected to find him an estimable prig. As a rule, the man you come really to like is the man who isn't so much praised. But when I went to his office, every bit of my prejudice disappeared. He was as lovable a fellow as I ever met—good to look at; good to talk to. He was big and clean and engaging; kindly, clear-headed, unspoiled. There was no humming and hawing, no cigar-smoke diplomacy, no suggestion that we should take a run out to the country-club and defer business to the next day; but he went straight to the point.

"Sit down, Mr. Corson," he said, pulling an empty chair closer to his desk. "I want to tell you just how it is with me. As I said in my letter, I need those machines, but I can pay only fifteen thousand

down. That will leave me something to put up the new buildings."

I smiled a bit doubtfully.

"I've had this business to myself for five years," he went on. "It has paid. But I've only been able to set aside, on the average, six thousand a year. With the new machines, I can set aside thirteen. Look"—he opened a drawer in his desk and took out some sheets covered with figures—"I have it all down on paper."

He passed the sheets to me. At a glance I saw that they were concise and apparently complete.

"And you will go over my books," he added. "I want you to see for yourself that, if your people will just give me time, I can more than double my output, with a sure market."

"How about an issue of stock?" I suggested. "You know, of course, that by raising the cash you can get the advantage of our cash discounts."

He shook his head.

"Or you might go to your local banks," I added—though I had begun to recognize his proud scrupulosity.

His clean, firm lips tightened a little. "What the business is, I have made it," he said. "If I can't enlarge it by dealing with you direct, I'll wait till I can."

And then he gave me a plain view of his ambition. He wanted to make that factory the biggest of its kind in the Middle West, and to do it unaided, except by necessary business credit. The five years of his sole control had been years of struggling, careful management, always with an eye fixed upon future large development. He had sought no large personal profits—no such profits, that is, as stockholders might demand; and beyond the expenses of a fairly liberal scale of living, everything he made he put back into the business. This plan to double the output was the big plan of his life.

I never like to see a man give himself so completely to the mere doing of something. It's a large part of the job of life to be, as well as to do. But Norman Lewis seemed so boyish and so unspoiled, even in his business manner, that I said to myself:

"He will wake up. When this ambition is worked out, he will find a bigger one that will mean something more than the power to move pawns around on the chess-board."

Under the spell of his charm, I believed just that. After we had talked a few minutes longer, he insisted that I should take the papers away with me and study them overnight.

"I want you to see the case clearly," he said, "before you report to your people, and the sooner you can decide, the better for me."

No expansion on the social side—no invitation to dinner, no suggestion that there was a pretty good play in town that night. So I took the papers back to the hotel and spent the evening with his figures.

They were inexorably accurate. Every possible item of cost and overhead charges had been included. Even more than when we had talked together, I appreciated the thoroughness with which he had thought out the situation. Granting that his premises were correct—and a look at his books would satisfy me on that point—his proposition was a sound business risk.

The next afternoon—I didn't go near him in the morning, for I put in more than an hour talking with the New York office by long distance—I gave him a decision. He might have the machines by paying seventeen thousand five hundred down, and the balance at intervals which would be regulated by notes.

The extra twenty-five hundred on the first payment bothered him; it was a departure from the scheme which he had intended to be rigid and final; but after a half-hour of figuring, he came to the conclusion that he could manage it. So we shook hands. He drew a long breath, and his face broke into a sunny smile.

"You can't realize what this means to me, Mr. Corson," he said. "All my hopes have been centered in this thing that you are making possible. You won't regret it."

"I'm sure we sha'n't," I replied.

He glanced down at a framed photograph on his desk—a portrait of his wife, I supposed—and I could believe that he was mentally sharing his happiness with her.

"And now," he exclaimed, "since the contract and the notes won't be here for two days, I want you to forget business and have a good time. And the first thing will be to move your things from the hotel to my house." My face must have shown a flicker of surprise, for he added: "I didn't want to be too friendly till after you had reached your decision."

With this naïve confession, he reddened like a boy. I liked him for it.

And what a splendid time he gave me! We golfed, we motored, we lunched with leading citizens. We talked on every subject, from real estate to Roosevelt. But both evenings we dined simply at his home, with his merry-faced wife and their fine three-year-old, who was permitted to be at the table.

I've often been entertained by business friends, but I never had such an unaffected good time as Norman Lewis gave me. Soon I was praising him to myself as strongly as others had praised him to me.

III

THE third morning, the papers came on from New York, and I carried them over to his office. I remember how his face brightened as I took the envelope from my pocket, and how it then lengthened.

"I'm afraid this means we aren't going to see much more of you, old man," he said. "I hadn't thought of that."

"Oh, you'll see enough of me," I replied. "When the new plans work out, there'll be time for you and the wife to come on to New York once in a while."

"I wonder what there will be for me when the plans have worked out!" He had slipped into a momentary mood of self-questioning. There was an inward look in his eyes. "I can't seem to see beyond that."

I laughed. This big, unspoiled man-boy had much to learn about the possibilities of life; but I felt no fears for him. How could I see in him the secret processes of five years of business habit?

He was looking through the papers carefully. There would, no doubt, be a few explanations, the setting down of attested signatures, and—

The door behind me creaked open. I saw Lewis look up, saw an expression of pestering dread come into his face; and I glanced over my shoulder. Standing at the threshold was a young man as big as the man at the desk, and as graceful and easy of pose and movement; but the stranger's face was pasty, and his dull eyes showed a look of desperate indifference—an assumed indifference, I took it to be. You see plenty like him on Broadway; they burn life out in their twenties.

"I must see you, Norman," said the stranger.

His voice identified him. It was a hard, flat voice, but the traces of old quality were there, and I knew in a flash that this was Norman Lewis's brother—the scapegrace. I made a move to leave the room. Norman stopped me with a gesture.

"I can't see you now, Will," he said firmly. "Mr. Corson is here on business."

"I won't take long," pleaded the man at the door.

Norman showed his annoyance. I could imagine how trying it was to him—this unpleasant interruption; and I found myself admiring the restraint in his voice when at last he replied:

"Come back in an hour, Will. I'll listen to you then."

"You'll listen to me then?" the younger brother burst out. "But I can't wait an hour, Norman. Good God! If I don't out with it now, it'll kill me! You'll *have* to hear me. This man will *have* to wait!"

Norman straightened up in his chair. He was not accustomed to being thus crossed. His quick glance at me was a command to remain where I stood.

"I didn't mean to put it that way," Will spoke brokenly; the sudden fire had gone out of his voice. "You can kick me out, if you want to; but I'm all in, Norman."

"Then, go ahead," said Norman, with a trace of his inner annoyance. "I'll give you five minutes."

"Alone?" Will looked at me.

"No," exclaimed Norman impatiently. "Mr. Corson will stay."

I will do Norman Lewis the justice of saying that I don't think he suspected what was coming. Perhaps he counted on my presence to keep his brother within the time-limit—to hurry the unwelcome interruption to an end.

Will, setting his jaw, and ignoring me, began his explanation in sharp, staccato sentences:

"I've been plunging on wheat. Marsh & Wilson carried me on—on tick—for a week; then they gave it up. I must have ten thousand three hundred to-morrow, or—or I can't pay what I owe."

I walked quietly to the window, and stared out over the roofs of the town.

"For God's sake, Norman," the younger brother's voice came to me, "can't you say something?"

In the silent moments that followed I could picture the difficult interchange of looks. Then I heard Norman's answer:

"There isn't much to say, Will. You know my opinion of speculation."

Another silence. When it seemed as if I must cry aloud unless some one spoke, Will abruptly continued his story:

"I ran up against Big Jim. Didn't know he was back of the deal. I'd have stayed out if I had. My twenty thousand went. They carried me for about ten more."

"It seems queer to me that they'd do that," put in Norman doubtfully.

There was no immediate answer, but after a moment Will resumed:

"I'm tired of it all. I'm done with it. Help me out of this hole, Norman! Help me out, and I'll come back and work off the debt as a wage-hand in the factory."

I could hear Norman stir in his chair. It was plain enough to me what the granting of such an appeal would mean to him. To give to his brother would delay his plans—and he would not borrow.

"I mean it, Norman," Will was saying. "I'm done with the old ways. My lesson has come hard, but I've learned it." He laughed with bitter contempt of himself. "Yes, I've sunk pretty low. Norman, are you going to help me back?" His self-control left him. "Help me!" he cried. "Help me! It isn't too late for me to save myself, if only I get a chance—a chance to work here at day wages till the debt is paid. I mean it, Norman. Don't turn me down!"

"I can't spare—" Norman began in a careful voice.

"Spare! You can't spare—when it means my last chance!"

Norman answered more firmly:

"You'd better go into bankruptcy," he said. "Then Marsh & Wilson—"

"But, good God, Norman! You don't understand." Will caught himself, and lowered his voice; yet I could not help hearing. "It's—it's your name on a piece of paper. I—"

"What?"

"I put it there—for ten thousand three hundred. I'm a forger—a common forger! No, you needn't say it, I don't want to escape punishment. I deserve punishment, and I'm getting it, and plenty of it, from just realizing what I've done. But I do beg for a chance—a chance to make good—a last chance. You can give it to me, Norman. It isn't just to get me out of a scrape; it's to save me—to save me!"

I turned. Norman was tapping on the desk with his forefinger. The first expression of horror and disgust was leaving his face, and I could tell that he was weighing, weighing, weighing—casting up the light credit of the past against the heavy debit of the present. I didn't like the rigid, self-determined poise of his head.

Then I looked at Will. Color had sprung to his cheeks; his lips were parted; he breathed fast. The look in his eyes clutched at my sympathies. Yes, the fellow was not past saving. Little more than a boy, he had made his mistakes—bad ones—and now he was ready to atone.

But when I turned again to Norman, my hopes sank. His mouth was slowly tightening. He was no longer the man-boy I had known—the naïve, kindly, clear-sighted man-boy. The processes of the ambitious years had done their secret work in him. He was turning to stone—turning to stone there, while his brother waited desperately for the word that might mean all the difference between hell and heaven.

"I know it may be hard on Nell and the kid," said Will; "but you owe me something, too, Norman. And it won't break you."

Norman shook his head.

"It isn't that," he muttered.

I felt that the words were true. It wasn't just the wife and the three-year-old. It wasn't a grabby wish for larger money profit. It was the business for its own sake—the larger scope, the wider activity, the doing, doing, doing. So long had he lived for that one ideal, that he couldn't give it up—not even for a year or two. Every fiber of his heart was hardening in resistance to his brother's appeal. The immaturity of his experience in moral crises had hitherto prevented him from showing his inward tendency. And here he sat, with the choice thrust squarely upon him. The beetle had swum in the pool too long!

Suddenly, making an unconscious gesture of decision, he took up the papers which he had dropped on the desk, and said, without a sign of true feeling:

"I'm sorry, Will. I'd like to help you, if I could, but—"

"Norman!" The younger man put into the word all his agony. "Norman, you *can't* turn me down!"

"You'll have to raise the money somewhere else," said Norman, his eyes on the papers.

"And you won't honor that note? You won't—"

"I can't. It wouldn't be right." Norman raised his eyes. "Look here, Will," he exclaimed, "you and I never had much in common. I did what I could to set you straight, and when you went out of the business, I warned you against just this kind of thing. Do you remember? I pointed out the path you were following. You laughed at me."

"I have been a miserable fool," muttered Will, "but—"

"So I feel that I cannot interfere now," continued Norman. "You must lie in the bed you have made for yourself. I don't forget that I am your brother, but I am also a citizen, and—"

"Stop!" cried Will fiercely. "Don't preach! If you won't help me, you won't."

Young though he was, fool though he had been, Will Lewis knew the world; he knew how men cover selfishness with a sugar-coating of virtue.

Norman sighed resignedly.

"I'm sorry I can't help you, Will," he said.

"And I," said Will, seeming to have forgotten his own despair—"I am sorry for you."

In a silence like death, he slipped back across the threshold and closed the door after him.

I couldn't stand it. If I could have raised the money Will needed—but what's the use? Hurrying to the desk, I laid my hand on Norman's shoulder.

"Call him back!" I whispered. "It isn't too late. Call him back!"

I felt the restless movement of his shoulder under my hand.

"These papers—" he began dryly.

"They aren't worth it, Lewis," I cried. "They aren't worth it. Don't—don't do something you'll always—"

He wriggled free from my touch, and took up his pen.

"Suppose we get down to business, Mr. Corson," he said.

IV

THE story was ended. Corson sat staring moodily before him. He turned the stone beetle over and over in his hand.

"And what has become of Norman Lewis?" I asked.

"He is successful," replied Corson, with a world of painful irony.